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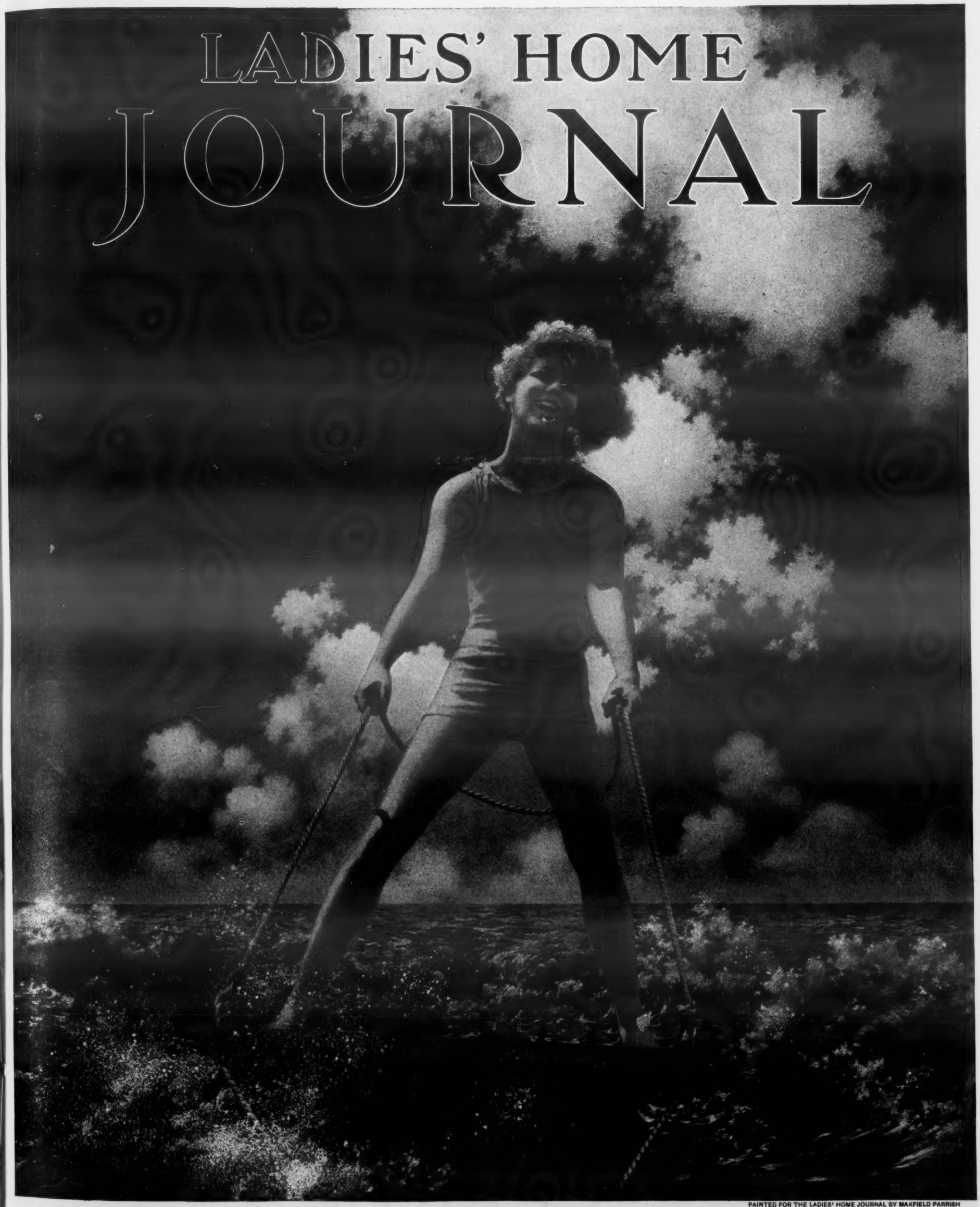
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



PAINTED FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

PAUL DE KRUIF—DOROTHY SPEARE—LYNN MONTROSS—MARY GARDEN
SOPHIE KERR—REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN—DAY EDGAR—JAY GELZER

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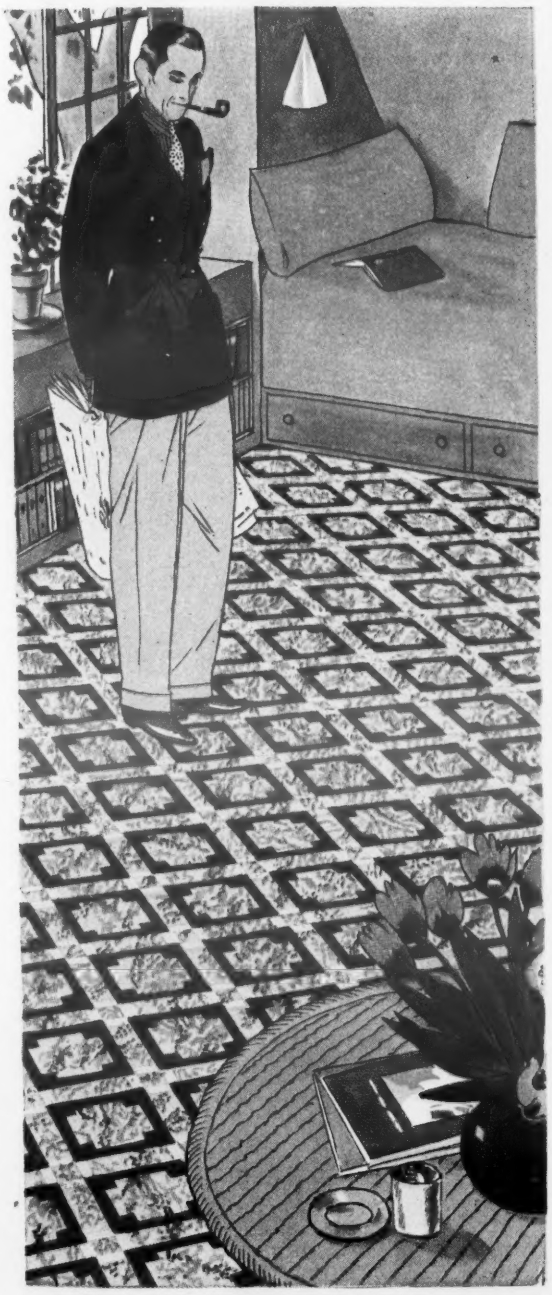

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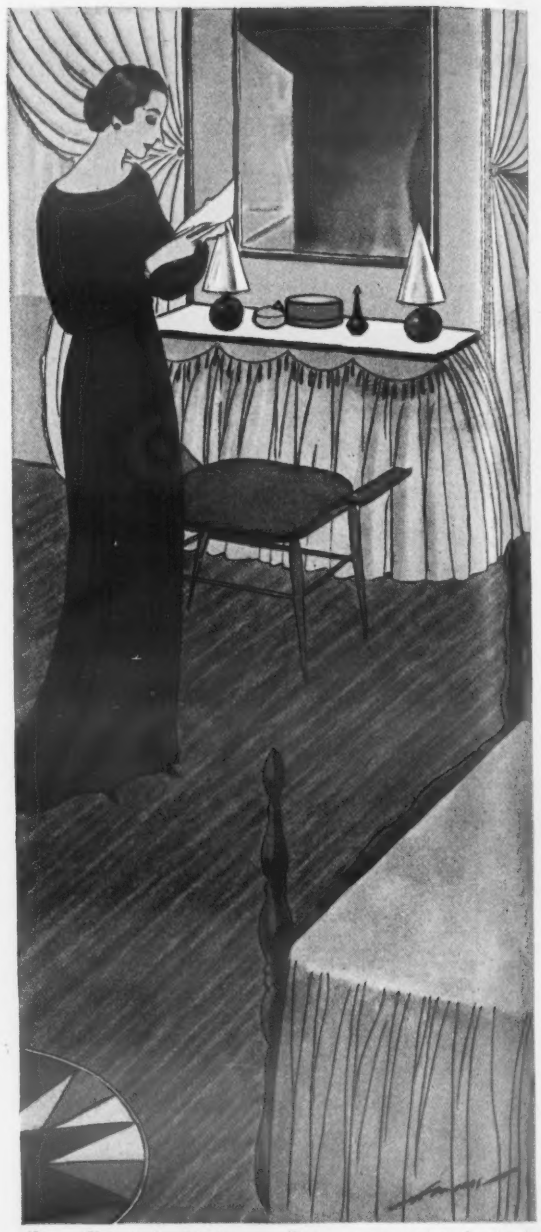

Above: Yes, Sealex Linoleum really is an appropriate flooring for bedrooms! The pattern shown is "ROSEGLOW," a lovely pastel shade. It is Sealex Jaspé Linoleum No. 1258. At the left: A design of sparkling freshness and gaiety—a fitting floor for this cheery sunroom —the gay "PATIO" pattern. It is Sealex Linoleum No. 7281.

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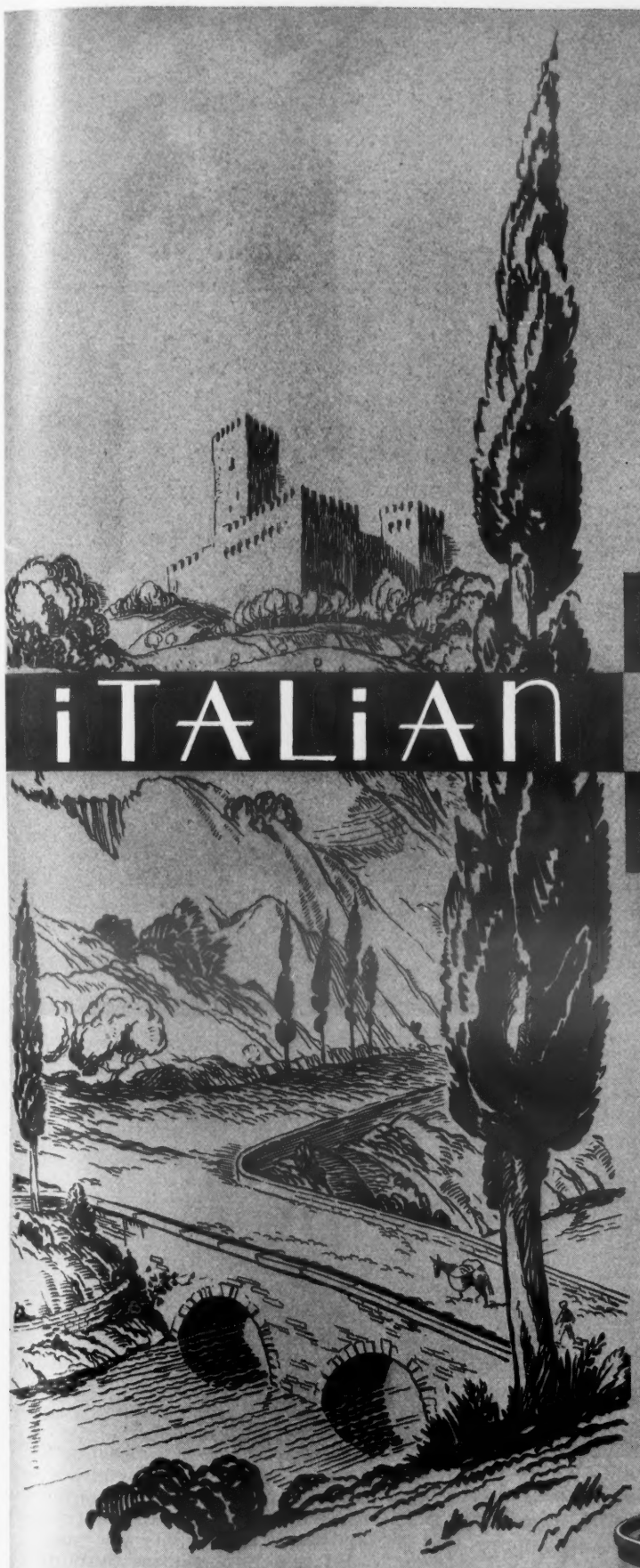


ITALIAN

THE VERY SOUL OF COOKERY . . . .

One taste of Franco-American Spaghetti sets it immediately apart from any you have ever known. Such piquancy of flavor! So truly Italian! Only a combination of perfections can produce spaghetti of such utterly distinctive qualities; a recipe of old Milan, the finest of ingredients, the most subtle of sauces, the pleasant tang of superb, sun-ripened tomatoes, all harmoniously blended with the unmistakable art of skilled French chefs in spotless American kitchens . . . Your grocer has it. Enjoy it—again and again.

Franco-American
Ready-cooked
Spaghetti
With tomato sauce and cheese
(à la Milanaise)

"Mama doesn't wash Daddy's hands – so I won't let her wash mine!"

"Oh, I know *you!*" said Mrs. McRae* one sunny afternoon recently when I had knocked at her door. Then she laughed, "at least I *feel* that I know you—I've read so many of your stories."

Now wasn't that a nice sort of welcome? When I meet women like Mrs. McRae I'm always glad that I'm the P AND G Naphtha visitor!

And you can imagine how quickly the two of us began to chat together about soap. "I use P AND G—lots of it," explained Mrs. McRae. "Goodness knows, I *have* to—with a youngster like George."

(Then I asked to see George, but Mrs. McRae said that the pride of the family was taking his afternoon nap.)

"He's a very small boy," she said fondly, "but he thinks he's grown up—so he doesn't want to let me wash his hands—"

Mrs. McRae laughed. "I always supposed I'd have to *make* him wash his hands. But he dotes on it! The only trouble is that every hand-wash means a soaking down the front of him. Yesterday he used the garden hose while it was running at full pressure. He had been making mud pies, so you can imagine the mess he was in."

*This is not her real name of course.

Mrs. McRae went on to say that washdays do not mean hard work even though George often needs three changes of suits in a day. "Our water is a little hard," she said, "but a P AND G soaking *alone* gets out most of the dirt. Really I do very little rubbing. P AND G is a splendid soap."

In practically every P AND G home women tell me that they have whiter, fresher clothes since they've changed to P AND G Naphtha Soap. They prefer this *fine, white soap.*

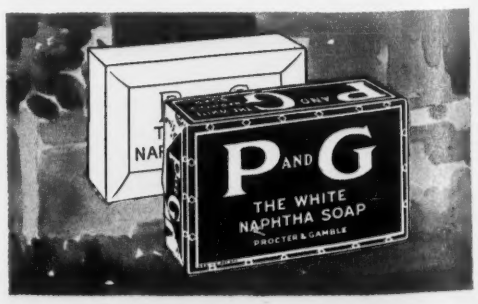
Perhaps you have wondered why P AND G—though so smooth and white and firm—actually costs less than ordinary soaps. Well, the reason is very simple. P AND G is made on an enormous scale (row after row of soap kettles three stories high, bubbling full all the time!)—so naturally it is produced very economically.

P AND G White Naphtha Soap costs you less because it is so popular. And it is so popular with millions of women because *it really is a better soap!*

ANN CUMMINGS

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains—how to lighten washday labor." These and other problems are discussed in a free booklet. Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. NJ-60, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For white clothes — white soap preferred! Wherever I go I find that women today have more confidence in *white* soaps. And the favorite white soap is *P AND G Naphtha.* The last town I was in 3 out of 4 women told me they were using it. And when I asked them why, the gist of their answers was—"We want really white clothes so we use good white soap — and that, of course, means P AND G!"



The largest-selling soap in the world

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Ladies'
HOME JOURNAL
(THE HOME JOURNAL)

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Why Take a Vacation?

By SOPHIE KERR

Illustrated by Robert E. Lee

"AND old Max always lets the garden go to rack and ruin!" said Mary Edsen. "Remember last year how everything was dried up, and Rena Levett said he never came near the place until the day before we were expected back. And then said he'd been sick."

"Yes, the old scoundrel! And we'd have had the best zinnias and asters in town if he'd done his duty. To say nothing of that sweet corn! Gosh, I was sore about that. Could I have a little more pudding, Mary?"

"Oh, do you like it? It's a new recipe, awfully easy to make. Well, of course, I enjoy going off to a nice place as much as anybody else, but this year, when we're saving for the extra bathroom, and the garden's so lovely, and after all, Frank, we've got to have clothes if we go anywhere that's good at all—and I do hate grubby resorts—and prices are so high, it does all pile up in to a fearful expense."

"That's just it. If we go to a cheap place we'll have rotten meals, and possibly typhoid in the water, and the tennis courts will be fierce and the links will be worse. Now my idea is that we stay home, laze around, get up late, go out to the Field Club for tennis or golf in the afternoon and have dinner out there, and some days we can take the car and go off into the back roads and have a picnic supper. And we'll go see some big-league baseball. When the two weeks is over we'll be sitting pretty, all rested and healthy and a couple of hundred dollars saved, and all the gang'll be back with sunburn and prickly heat, and broke besides. But you understand, Mary, if you really want to go away, I'm perfectly willing."

Mary Edsen's lips curved upward in an impish grin. "You're alibi-ing yourself, angel, I see that. But it was you who spoke of it first, remember. All the same, I think it's a darn good idea, even if it is yours. Let the Scotts and the Fearards and the Levetts go vacation where they will, the Edsens will stay at home and save money and have just as good a time. I'm thankful I don't have to go hunting for the two new frocks I'd've positively required. That's more money saved. And you won't need any new shirts or socks, nor shoes. At this rate we'll be filthy rich by September first."

"We can use it. We'll be five hundred to the good and the contractor says the bathroom will cost four hundred and eighty dollars."

The last crumb of the pudding having vanished, Frank Edsen leaned back in his chair and relaxed. "Let's have coffee outside," said Mary; "it's a lovely evening."

Leisurely they adjourned to the front of the house. There were comfortable wicker chairs on the porch, and they could look out across their twenty feet of front garden through a shadowy screening of moonflower and morning-glory and clematis vine. They could vaguely see other couples on other shadowy porches and hear voices coming with pleasant indistinctness through the June twilight. Avon Street was

composed entirely of picturesque small houses, seven, eight rooms—not forgetting the inevitable one-car garage—and no one who lived there had been married more than five years.

There was just enough change in the neighborhood to keep everyone interested, for after two babies the little houses were usually found inadequate and the family moved on to larger quarters—but there was always a newly-wed waiting to move in. Frank and Mary Edsen had been married three years and had no children, and so they were old settlers. The Levetts, next door, had one child and were thinking of moving; the Scotts, on the other side, had been there only three months; the Fearards, across the street, special friends of the Edsens, had a year of residence to their credit. The community was, Frank Edsen had said, rather like the governors of a club with one, two and three year terms. There was none of that deadly malicious feeling which comes with the enforced contacts of Army posts and college faculties, for as soon as a house on the street was vacant someone already there was sure to know of a friend who would like to get it. So the group retained a certain congeniality, due allowance being made for a certain natural popularity and unpopularity of various couples. For instance, at the end of the street where it joined the Boulevard lived the Martines, and though everyone thought her a sweet little thing, he was considered something of a blight. And as for the Stells, at the other end of the street, well, he was simply charming, so clever, and a perfect wizard at contract, whereas she was the sort who simply ruined any game, couldn't dance or talk, or do any stunts; an all-round dim bulb.

BUT, LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE, THEY NEEDED A VACATION

WHILE the Edsens sat on their porch sipping their coffee they saw the Stells coming down the street, and then the Scotts went past. "On their way to the movies," said Mary. "Blanche Scott told me this morning they're going down to her mother's place at Asbury Park for his vacation, so they won't spend any money either."

"I wish we had a generous-hearted relative who lived on the sea or in the mountains or one of these grand model farms."

"Grand model farm with nice golf links is what you want."

"Exactly."

A call came from the Levetts' porch. "Hoo-oo, Edsens, come on over."

"You come over here and have some coffee," called Mary.

"We were just talking about vacations," said Rena Levett as she reached the top step, "and we can't decide where to go. I like Atlantic City and George wants to go to a Maine camp."

"So you'll undoubtedly go to Atlantic City," said Frank.

"Where are you folks going?" asked George, bulking down into the largest chair.

"We're not going anywhere. We're going to stay at home and save our money for a new bathroom. And we're going to have a grand loaf, let me tell you."

"Oh, but Mary, don't you want to get off somewhere and get a real change? Don't you think you need it?"

Frank answered for his wife: "Hard beds, mosquitoes, bum meals, and a lot of nitwit people all dressed up and no place to go. No, we're tired of paying eighty dollars a week or so for all that. And maybe bring home a nice little shot of typhoid or ptomaine."

"Hang on the crape and send some flowers! Say, you're crazy. I tell you, Frank, let's send the girls to some dressy place and you come along with me into the woods. You'll come back feeling like a million dollars."

"Any time you go off without me!" protested Mary. "If there's anything forlorn it's a couple of women together in a resort hotel."

"You mean a couple of respectable women," said Rena.

"So that's out," sighed George. "Gosh, but us fellers need a friend. All the same, I think you're making a mistake. Going away for a couple of weeks sort of shakes you up, gives you a new deal, and even if you don't enjoy it so good home'll look extra sweet when you get back to it."

"My home'll look extra sweet while I'm staying in it," said Frank.

As time went on and the Edsens home-vacation intentions became known, Avon Street opinion ranged itself with the Levetts, and was not backward in saying so. There were but two exceptions, Mr. Martine and Mrs. Stell, the only two people on the street whose moral support wasn't worth a whoop. The Edsens would have much preferred to stand alone, without the advocacy of those two, but as both the Martines and the Stells were going to take vacations away from home, it didn't really matter what they said.

"I don't see why people make such a fuss," said Mary. "It seems so ridiculous. I wish they'd leave us alone."

"The world's a flock of sheep," said Frank, "and they hate anyone who isn't a sheep too. You're not weakening, are you, darling?"

"I should say not. When I think of the long elegant days of perfect comfort and doing nothing that we're going to have, no dress parade, no hotel pests to talk to, and no bills, I'd like to laugh in the face of everybody on Avon Street."

SO THEY went their superior way, and were just faintly disappointed when after a couple of weeks people stopped talking about them or trying to get them to change their minds. But when the Purdys' automobile was stolen right out of the garage, and the Jefferses had a young lady visitor who was obviously doing her best to vamp Arthur Jeffers away from Molly—why, how could Avon Street keep on being concerned over the Edsens' vacation!

Other excitements kept cropping up too. Cody Scott sprained his ankle jumping off the train one evening, and had to be carried home, and the Fearards pulled a Saturday-night party to which they asked some of their city friends as well as the greater part of their neighbors and which was notable for two things: It lasted until four o'clock Sunday morning with never a moment's let-up in the hilarity, and it introduced to Avon Street a good-looking bachelor named Pierce Townsend, who made the most enormous hit with everybody. He was good at cards, he danced divinely, he could play the piano and sing foolish popular songs like a professional entertainer, and he was all alive with the magnetic high spirits—not too high—which make the perfect party guest. When the Edsens told him about their vacation plan he said it was the sanest thing he'd heard in years, and why more people didn't do it was a mystery to him.

It was right after the Fearard party that the Fearards went away on their own vacation. The Scotts had gone a week before. Other people, too, so that Avon Street looked and sounded dull, with various houses shut up and fewer radios turned on an evening. The Levetts finally tossed a dime to see whether they'd go to Atlantic City or to a Maine camp, and George won, but Rena made a fuss and cried, so that they went to Atlantic City after all. They returned just when Frank Edsen's vacation began, and George came right over to see them and said that he'd never been so bored in his life, and perhaps, after all, Frank and Mary were right and that he personally welcomed

(Continued on Page 80)

"DAFFY'S FALLEN IN LOVE . . . WHAT'S HIS NAME, DAFFY, AND HOW DID YOU KNOW? I NEVER KNOW!"

The Man-You-Kiss Girl

By DOROTHY SPEARE

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

AS USUAL, The Grudge was doing her exercises. Daffy woke and groaned and heard from the opposite twin bed that Gen was doing the same. It was only ten o'clock and Daffy had not gotten home until after four, and although Gen had been asleep when Daffy crept in you would never think so now to listen to her.

"Ah-yah-gah!" Gen snarled. "When will we ever be rich enough to live alone?"

Down below, but not enough below, The Grudge was playing Wake Up and Dream on the phonograph and doing that thumping exercise which, as she often said, kept her legs long and rhythmic and beautiful. Daffy sat up in her little green-painted bed and stared around the room as if she had never seen it before.

It was a tiny room wedged into what should have been the attic space of an old sandstone-front house in the West Fifties. It was modernized with pale pink stucco walls and gay imitation French furniture painted in green with pink roses. Her bed was pushed up to the dressing table and Gen's bed rested against mansard windows peeking out into the street. Between the beds there jutted the room's sore thumb, a metal filing cabinet in which Gen kept her fan mail.

Gen raised herself on one elbow and shook her red hair out of her eyes. "I hate murder," she said; "it's so hard to explain. Otherwise ——"

It was incredible, but everything was just the same. Daffy got up and thrust her feet into mules sprayed with ostrich feathers and sat on the side of her bed where you had to sit to look in the dressing-table mirror.

This was not the same—her face. It was little and heart-shaped and usually if she hadn't slept it looked as white and peaked as a tea napkin folded in a triangle. Now it was pink and troubled with radiance and her brown eyes were so wide they did not need the emphasis of the mascara she had been too excited to take off, and her dark curls stood all on end like a cloud of little exclamation points.

"Gen—oh, Gen!" she cried. "I'm in love at last!"

Gen slumped back on her pillow. "For gosh sake," she moaned, "don't tell me about it until you get my coffee."

She went back to sleep until Daffy brought in the breakfast and put it on top of the filing cabinet. After her first cup of coffee she said, "Well, what's his name?"

The Grudge appeared at this point. She could smell toast if she was standing on her head.

They called her The Grudge because she was too permanent to be just a grouch. Her name was Lilac Budd. At least that was her story and it stuck to her. Her body might have been done by Praxiteles in a conscientious moment and her hair was the color of cornsilk and her face was like a frowning pansy. She was one of the six beauty-contest winners in George Caryll's Rumors and she had to think of her duty to her public, as she began rebutting now to Gen's vituperation while Daffy went and made more toast.

"Do you know what it says over the stage door where I walk in and out?" she was demanding when Daffy came back with ten buttered slices and a pot of raspberry jam. "'Through these portals pass daily the most beautiful girls in the world'—that's what it says. Is that an obligation or isn't it?"

She took three slices of toast.

"It's not an obligation to do exercises every morning at ten o'clock," said Gen. "You could try not eating so much ——"

"The starved look," said Lilac Budd, "has gone out. And if you thought of your career as I do of mine you wouldn't be out so late nights that you'd mind a little ten o'clock activity!"

"The only way I can stand my career," said Gen, "is not to think about it. If you can stand to think about yours, that's your mental defection and why should we take the punishment? Quit hogging that jam and pass some!"

"Careless, that's what you are," said The Grudge, passing what was left of the jam, which was not enough to pass. "Look at you! Green pajamas with Cupids embroidered on them to match the room and smoking a cigarette already, before you've had the decency to finish breakfast! What would that public whose fan mail you're always pretending to get think if they could see Sweet Genevieve Gray whom they listen to weekly on the radio in the Old-Fashioned Girl Hour for Old-Fashioned Girl Soap?"

Sweet Genevieve Gray seized the empty jam pot. "Don't look now," she warned Daffy; "read it in the papers."

The Grudge dodged the jam pot. "That's what comes," she said, "of having perfect muscular coördination. All I hope is when you're singing Be Kind to the Loved Ones at

Home tonight you'll remember what you did and blast on a high note; that's all I hope!"

"Shut up," said Sweet Genevieve. "Daffy's fallen in love and you put me off so I haven't found out a thing about it. What's his name, Daffy, and how did you know? I never know!"

"It is just that kind of cynical remark," said Lilac Budd, "which you have got to learn to curb if you intend to continue going on the air with Love's Old Sweet Song ——"

"His name is Jarvis McLean, Third," said Daffy, who had gotten dressed by this time.

"Third? Did he really say he was Third?" Gen hooted. "Sounds like a stuffed shirt to me!"

"No. Well. That is," said Daffy, "it was on his card."

Gen was intrigued at last. That was what came, she said, of working in a night club; it was the only place left in the world where men went formal on you and sent around their cards. She wanted to see the charming Victorian relic and Daffy reluctantly produced it.

"H'm—the East Sixties!" discovered The Grudge. "I'll get my Social Register!"

"I wish you wouldn't!" said Daffy. But Lilac had gone. Daffy had a sick feeling of betrayal. They always discussed each other's flutters and flurries with the round-table impersonality of a current-events club. Until now nothing had ever happened which she had been unwilling to share. And because of lack of precedent, she had not realized until it was too late that she could not talk about this in a current-events way.

GEN was asking all the questions that one would ask. How far had he committed himself and how seriously was she prepared to take it and what did he look like?

"He looks," said Daffy, "like—like I've always wanted someone to look."

"He's here," announced Lilac, returning and thrusting the Social Register in front of Daffy. "Harvard '25, Harvard Law '28, Knick and Rack clubs and his father belonging to all the conservative banking-crowd ones. With a background like that you'll have to tune in pretty carefully, if you don't want him thinking of you in a light, temporary way!"

"Will you please tell me," Gen demanded, "when Daffy has ever acted temporary? If she only would, what I always say, she wouldn't be doing two five-minute shifts in an out-of-town-trade gyp joint ——"

"It's what you always forget," said The Grudge, "that the public expects you to live up to your work. Here's Daffy singing hard-boiled songs that moreover she's written herself ——"

"My songs," said Daffy tremulously, "are not hard-boiled."

"They would hardly do," said Lilac, "for the Old-Fashioned Girl Hour which it is lucky there isn't television yet to show Sweet Genevieve up on. What about your Prom Girl number?"

"I wanted some men and I sought them,
I made myself up like a doll;
The other girls, oh, how I fought them,
They handed it to me for gall. . . .

Is it hard-boiled or isn't it to bring in a word like gall and rime it with doll and put such a picture of yourself before the public?"

"I'm going out," said Daffy, pulling on her hat without the encouragement of a mirror because The Grudge was reclining repletely in her bed and she could not get by to the dressing table. Gen gave an outraged shriek.

"Going out without doing the dishes when I'm so tired this morning?"

"I haven't time to do the dishes," said Daffy.

THERE was an aghast pause. Even Daffy was aghast at herself. She always got breakfast and cleaned up for the other two because she did not mind it and because she was so much less important than they. After all, what was she? As Gen said, a five-minute shift in a night-club show.

A shift was a number the patrons talked through between features. She played and sang two of her songs between Ross and Banana, the internationally known dancers, and the Shoulderblades Club Revue. It was one of those what-of-it propositions—that is, it had been until two weeks ago when a man who had actually heard all her words, which nobody usually did, came and made her an offer that ought to have eked a little respect out of Gen and Lilac, but they had been worse about it than they were being now about Jarvis McLean, Third.

He had offered her a part—a small one, but then—in a two-reel talkie, or a short, starring Damask Holliday, which the Larner Brothers were going to shoot over in their Brooklyn studio. She had accepted and the girls were pretty scornful about it. They were both waiting for something really big in the talkie field. It was bad enough to go into a short anyway, they told her, but to take a minor part in one simply sunk you into the small time.

Under the circumstances it was not very impressive to explain why she could not stop to do the dishes, but she felt so guilty that she had to.

"I've got to see Johnny Hofstader," she said weakly, "about the dress for my short."

"Thought you had your fitting yesterday," said Gen. "What's the matter with it?"

Daffy went to the door pretending not to hear. If she told them the truth they would only rub her unimportance in the more. What kind of costume could she expect when she was only playing a feeder to Damask Holliday? And so on and so forth.

"I want the living room at teatime this afternoon," she said. "I've asked Jarvis McLean for tea."

"It's a little too eager to be asking him to tea as quickly as this, I should say," observed The Grudge; "couldn't you get him to take you out?"

"Besides, it's impossible," said Gen; "I have to practice the When You and I Were Young Maggie Quartet and they have nowhere to come but here!"

"You can stir your stumps over to the National Broadcasting Studios," said Daffy; "it's the first time I've ever asked for the living room, and it won't be the last either!"

She shot away triumphantly down the tiny built-in flight of stairs that led to the living room, which stretched a generous length beneath theirs and The Grudge's bedrooms, making the apartment look like a noble duplex instead of a one-room suite with some remodeled attic space. There were four flights more to climb down before you reached the street, but no one ever dwelt on that.

Before last night she never could have spoken to the girls so. Nor would she have had the courage to complain about that costume for the short.

It had occurred to her to speak to Johnny Hofstader, the costume-and-set designer, but she shrank from the thought because she did not want to hurt Johnny's feelings or bother him about small details. But now she did not shrink any longer. She felt strong and sure that he would understand.

Johnny's name was known to all the powers in the show business and to very few of the chorus girls whose fate he molded by the costumes he dreamed onto them. He lived three blocks away from Daffy in a high, white apartment overlooking the Ziegfeld Theater, and she had never heard of him until Ed English, the Larner director, sent her over so Johnny could size her up for the pictorial part she would play in the Damask Holliday short.

A Jap in white livery had admitted her to a long white room without furnishings save a grand piano, an easel piled with sketches, an ivory telephone isolated like a disease in one corner and a fireplace by which Johnny sat drawing at a little table.

He did not look at her for the longest time, so she sat on the floor and looked at him. He was like a brownie. Little and funny-looking with black tufts of hair, eyebrows that skated upward away from a heaven-inquiring nose, and a cleft chin which, on almost anybody else, would have made wise women hesitate.

"Sorry," he had told her, making quick strokes with his pencil, "but I've been up two nights on this show already and they're coming for the drawings with a writ of replevin any minute."

Afterward she found out that he always said that. But then she was impressed and sat quietly until he told her to talk because he always worked better to an obbligato. She talked and he asked her to sing him one of her songs. When she finished he had laid his pencil aside and was looking at her.

"I like that," he said. "And I like you. Your songs are nice," he said. "Ed English says you write them?"

She told him how she had begun singing them for fun around at parties in Terre Haute, Indiana. And he told her that he had begun by designing his home-town pageant in South Bend, Indiana. They discovered that they knew all the same people around places in Indiana. He became very simple, because she had not seen that he was being august and intricate before, and they talked for an hour while he worked, and he asked her to drop in again.

DURING that hour the ivory telephone jangled many times and Ito, the valet, appeared with the names of those who were calling, and mostly Johnny would not go to the phone and when he did he said that he was sorry but he had been up two nights and was still working and he would go nowhere and nobody could come there.

That was how Daffy knew he meant it when he asked her to drop in again. So she had dropped in and sung more of her songs and talked, and he never looked at her and talked back while making sheet after sheet of designs, and they had become friends in a consequential small-town fashion, for,

"WHERE'S THE DRIP THAT DESIGNED THIS SET TO BE A VALENTINE?"

he insisted, Terre Haute and South Bend had brought them together, although Daffy always said it was just that they plain liked each other.

He had spoken of the short only once. "It's your chance," he had said then. "I'm going to see that it's your chance."

She had taken it for granted that he would invent a pretty costume for her as he always did for everybody. If he had prepared her it would not have been such a blow yesterday.

Johnny was hard at work when Ito ushered her in. "H'lo," he said without looking. "I haven't slept for two nights and I've got a whole new Broadway show to do and your darn short to stick together. Ito, bring mounds of coffee!"

The ivory phone jangled. "Answer," he told her.

It was one of those women who called all the time with no message she could possibly leave. "Isn't it funny?" said Johnny when Daffy had disposed of her. "In South Bend I had to call a girl weeks ahead to get a date—I was fat, too—and now just listen to that phone! This is a crazy town!"

Ito brought mounds of coffee which Johnny by this time had decided he ought not to drink. "It will make my hand shake," he prophesied, and he and Daffy drank it all and Daffy broached the subject of her costume.

She had read the script. It was naturally a night-club sequence, since it featured Damask Holliday, who had made her Broadway fame as a singing night-club hostess. Daffy was to come on for one song in the revue where Damask unselfishly introduced her little girls to the great big generous bright-lights public.

The whole revue was just a glittering feeder up to the moment where Damask, hiding a bleeding heart beneath a recently lifted face, would heave herself up on the piano and croon the big moment of the picture away with her famous Just a Man sonnet. There was not much chance here, Daffy remarked, especially if one sang one's own feeder in a perfectly plain costume.

Johnny snorted. "Did you notice that perfectly plain costume was just the same shape as your face, dim-wit? No? And did you know that that film's going to be done in color?"

"I don't see what color has to do with a perfectly plain cos ——"

"I hope," said Johnny, "that Damask Holliday will be as dumb as you. But she won't be, and there'll be a blow-up on the set tomorrow, and it will help a lot if you're innocent about it, so I'm not going to tell you any more!"

Relentlessly he shifted the subject and said that she could help him out for a change. He was designing the Spirit of Gloom for the Gossip of 1930 Revue and he couldn't think of anything symbolical of anti-whoopee to decorate his Spirit with. It was really this one design, which in the end would be worn by some darn chorus man, that had been keeping him awake for two nights.

"If I wasn't so conscientious," he said darkly, "I'd drape him in milk bottles and let him go to blazes. When you think of the crust of that skinny super holding me up on the whole revue ——"

"Why not let him carry a wet blanket?" Daffy suggested.

He sketched, scowled, erased. "Wouldn't get over. The public hasn't got our rich subtlety."

She rose to go. "Tell you what," said Johnny; "I'm stale. How about taking an afternoon off with me today and going places and dancing? You've never danced with me, and you'll be awfully surprised."

She knew Johnny well enough by now to realize the stupendousness of this offer. Johnny never went anywhere,

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PHOTO. BY C. BOESCH

ALFREDO ERNESTO BLANCO, ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE ANTINARCOTIC FIGHT

Tons of Poison

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

MANKIND'S legitimate opium requirements total 251 tons a year. Production runs to 4000. Mankind's legitimate cocaine requirements total five tons a year. One country alone exports the raw material for more than twice as much. The world has begun to realize that it is being drugged. America along with the rest of it.

For most of the world's seizures of illicit drugs are made at American ports—while nineteen times that amount escapes to us inland. The stuff has been compounded in Europe and Japan and shipped thence to the United States.

The Spot Goods Reporter was, until a few years ago, a prosperous monthly sheet, issued at Yokohama in both English and Japanese, declaring as its purpose the bringing together of all sorts of sellers and purchasers "confidentially and with the strictest discretion." On my desk lies one copy from which are taken the following advertisements frankly published with the cable-code words to be used in answering them, the prices given in Japanese yen:

No. 804, Code-word Magso—*Morphium Hydrochloride.* Offer 25/30 pounds genuine packing at 16 ounces, Y 20 per ounce.

No. 810, Code-word Mahto—*Cocaine,* crystal. Can supply any amount, up to 1000 tons, Y 21 per ounce.

Up to 1000 tons!

These were regular, periodic advertisements; experience taught the advertisers that they were going to sell. The open publication has been stopped, yet the market still carries on under cover, and these advertisements indicate the quantities handled.

American and British pharmacopœias agree on the average morphine dose for therapeutic purposes; it is one-sixth of a grain. There are 7000 grains to a pound avoirdupois—these merchants quote thirty-pound lots. They proffer in one month enough cocaine to meet man's scientific needs for twenty years.

What is being done about it?

The Drug Problem

NARCOTIC addiction has increased crime by 75 per cent. It fills jails, hospitals, asylums—imperils thousands of nonaddicts—endangers the happiness of unnumbered families, the future of children. It costs the United States, to take one instance, a billion dollars annually. No nationality is immune, no class, neither sex.

Don't confuse drug addiction with opium smoking. Viewed in the large, smoking is almost entirely confined to the Orient, despite popular, sometimes veracious, melodramas about Occidental cities' exotic dens. Moreover, a strongly advancing movement exists against it in China—as it exists there against the whole drug curse—started by the younger generation and supported by the government. Finally, although the "pipe" ruins body and wrecks soul, the requisite heat weakens most of the alkaloids—idiocy and death are delayed.

Not so with the manufactured drugs, the concentrated derivatives. Injecting morphia through a hypodermic needle does smoked opium's trick three times more thoroughly, more quickly—and even that is not nearly so quickly or thoroughly as sniffed cocaine or heroin performs the same task.

These are the terrible head devils of addiction:

MORPHINE. Principal alkaloid of opium. Whereas, in smoking a kilo of opium, the human system would absorb less than a gram of morphine, one kilo of manufactured opium gives 100 grams of morphine for injection with no loss at all. The drug begins as a nerve-soother; its ultimate effects are will-decay—often resort to cocaine or heroin—and eventually madness or death.

COCAINE. Derived from coca-shrub leaves. First, a violent stimulant, giving the taker falsely exalted impressions of his or her intellectual and physical powers. Later result, persecution mania, swiftly leading to general collapse. This slavery is worse than that to morphine.

HEROIN. The worst of the lot. Made from morphine and eight times as strong. Produces illusions of genius and grandeur—whence its name—then quick mental decay. Both its manufacture and importation lately forbidden by the United States—it enters anyhow.

Morphine and cocaine are often the attractive bases of preparations bearing apparently innocent titles; these, unless the prohibitive law contains blanket provisions, pass scot-free.

Nor can the specific statutes easily keep pace with invention and discovery. Not so long since, drug makers began to exploit *ma huang,* a plant common to West China and South Siberia. It is no member of the coca family; therefore, it is within the law. Yet, cheaper than cocaine, it has cocaine's effects—is exhilarating, habit-forming, deadly.

As a result of the treaties imposed after her war with Great Britain, in the middle of the past century, China was compelled to permit importation of foreign opium and, indirectly, augment her own poppy culture. Increased smoking led to drug taking; abuse of the opium exported from India and China to Europe, then converted into morphine, and some of it sent back to the Orient, in this concentrated form, for medicinal purposes.

Soon, by drugs from "civilized" Europe, by drugs from its own Japan, the East was pretty adequately poisoned. But the West wasn't surfeited—with profits. This was the start. We are now at a stage that may prove our finish.

When does a man or a woman become an addict? Almost as soon, say the problem's students, as he or she develops a drug craving.

Thousands of Addicts

COCAINE and heroin form habits more swiftly than does morphine, though morphine is swift enough and to spare. But people differ inordinately in their response to the various narcotics.

A few physicians assume that after eight consecutive morphine treatments the patient wants his ninth. More doctors deny this, asserting that, in legitimate dosing with morphine, heroin or cocaine, craving sometimes grows slowly, often not at all—but that there are thousands of instances where it leaps to activity practically at once.

In emergency cases, for the relief of excessive suffering, the most cautious practitioner must administer maximum doses, simply closing his eyes and praying that he will wake no slumbering tendency; but ordinarily he watches every reaction, and shifts his medicines whenever the first grim tokens reveal themselves. Contrary to a widespread belief, the habit rarely originates in scrupulous medical treatment.

Though curiosity and love of adventure proffer facile openings, one of addiction's favorite footholds is gained by an individual's lone resort to some "steadier" during moments of mental or physical fatigue.

A woman too socially at sea may seek drugs—"just this time"—as a buoy among the waters of submerging engagements. Impoverished weaklings will resort to cocaine for courage just before committing some remunerative crime. When the high-placed drunkard's nerves scream for soothing after an alcoholic debauch, he may discover brief ease in morphine; soon he needs the alcohol to counteract the morphine's after-effects, and then the morphine again to allay those of the alcohol.

When we think of drug takers we think only of crooks and prostitutes—wrongly. The habit-man is soon incapacitated from earning an honest living, is soon incapable of determining between right and wrong—but he must have his "shot" or "sniff," and will do anything to get it. Crooks and prostitutes are largely addicts, yet it is in part drug addiction that has made them prostitutes and crooks, while in part they take drugs to lull memory and conscience, or to gear them to their unhappy trades.

Although the vice thrives best in urban centers, within the last decade it has overrun Spain's once richest agricultural

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One Year: $1,000,000,000

Stephen G. Porter, Chairman, Foreign Affairs Committee, U. S. Congress:

"A billion dollars a year. When you count its part in hospital, prison and asylum upkeep, trials in court, loss of earning capacity, maintenance of 'narcotic squads' and destruction of property through robberies and holdups, drug addiction certainly costs the United States $1,000,000,000 per annum."

An International Gang

Professor J. Noel Baker, Member of Parliament, British delegate to the League of Nations Assembly, 1929:

"It is known that the smuggling and distribution [of drugs] is carried on by a great international gang, who have a stupendous capital behind them, and who are, in most countries, the kings of the underworld."

"I WON'T GO IN YET," SHE SAID QUIETLY. "THAT'S WHAT HE WOULD WANT ME TO DO—WAIT"

Consecration

By DAY EDGAR

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

A WHITE-CLAD interne, standing in the parlor of the private hospital suite, looked into the sunny bedroom. He watched the doctor turn from the bed, come out hurriedly and press a button on the mahogany desk.

"Anything new, Doctor Hutchinson?" the interne asked.

"He wants his secretary again," said Hutchinson. "And you run up after Mrs. Leaming. I just made her go out for some breakfast. Tell her I said she'd better ——"

A slim girl carrying a notebook, entered and looked anxiously at the man by the desk.

"Doctor Leaming wants you, Miss Britt."

She nodded quickly and hurried into the sick room.

"A tough assignment," said the interne.

"She's mighty accurate though. I've been reading the copy each day to Leaming. . . . You tell Mrs. Leaming I said she'd better come down right away."

The interne disappeared and the doctor glanced into the adjoining room. Already the secretary, at a table by the bed, was working intently over her notes. At ease among many pillows John Leaming, the city's greatest heart specialist, lay dying of heart disease. Occasionally his hand felt his pulse or explored his left side with patient, professional curiosity; and his voice, while he dictated, came to the outer room in a calm, indistinguishable murmur.

The door from the corridor swung inward and a uniformed nurse, with respectful awe, held it open. On the threshold Hutchinson saw the bulky figure of R. B. Otway, whose wealth for twenty years had supported John Leaming's research work. Approaching the desk, he regarded Hutchinson with a worried air.

"Good morning, Doctor Hutchinson," he said. "I suppose Doctor Leaming is no better?"

"No, Mr. Otway, he's worse."

Otway acknowledged the news with a slow, grave nod, his glance straying into the bedroom. For a moment he stared, then looked inquiringly at Hutchinson.

"He's dictating his final symptoms."

"Dictating—while he's dying?"

"He's completing his history of a victim of heart disease," Hutchinson explained. "He wants to leave a record of the sensations during the last moments of consciousness."

"And he knows he's dying?"

Hutchinson nodded. "In this case, you see, he's inside the patient—with a specialist's knowledge of the subject."

Again Otway looked into the next room, where the morning sun, falling across the lower half of the bed, crept imperceptibly toward the pillows.

"Could I go in and speak to him?"

Regretfully Hutchinson shook his head. "His wife is on her way down from her room, but the rest of us must let him alone. This is his last chance—it may be the biggest thing he's ever done."

Quick steps sounded in the corridor. A middle-aged woman came in and hurried to Hutchinson's side.

"How is he, Will?"

Without waiting for an answer she turned toward the door of the bedroom. She stopped before reaching the threshold.

"Oh, he's dictating," she said. "Do—do you think I should go in now, Will?"

Hutchinson hesitated. "Helen," he said, "you must decide that for yourself."

Her eyes on the man in the bed, she listened to the murmuring voice. Then she turned and took the chair Hutchinson placed beside the desk.

"I won't go in yet," she said quietly. "That's what he would want me to do—wait."

From the city streets outside floated remote sounds of the spring morning. The soft roar of an elevated train receded; a dray rumbled over cobblestones; the musical voice of a huckster, hawking his wares, soared up to the windows.

The woman by the desk seemed unaware of the presence of the two men. She sat motionless until, abruptly, the voice in the bedroom stopped.

"Oh! He's ——"

She rose quickly. The murmur of the voice resumed; she sat down and again stared fixedly into the other room.

Otway had been watching her white, drawn face. Now, hat in hand, he beckoned to Hutchinson and tiptoed out. In the corridor he frowned and jerked his head toward the parlor.

"This is awful!" he said harshly. "Why don't you tell her to go in?"

"She's a doctor's wife," said Hutchinson.

There was a pause.

"Well, I can't go back there," said Otway. "I'll wait out here. Will you let me know?"

As Hutchinson stepped inside the parlor, Helen Leaming swung around in the chair.

"He thinks I'm not here, Will," she said tensely. "He looked out this way twice."

"Couldn't you sit in there without disturbing him?"

"He's planned for weeks to make these last notes," she moaned. "Am I going to spoil it all now?"

"Go on in, Helen—say good-by to him."

"No, if I went in he'd stop." Suddenly she writhed in the chair. "I can't have him die this way, Will, I can't!" She leaped up, rigid. "He doesn't know why I'm staying away. The next time his voice stops, I'll—*John!*"

She flew into the bedroom. Hutchinson, following swiftly, saw that John Leaming, at the end, had turned his face toward the outer room; both arms lay across that side of the bed, outstretched as if in some last entreaty.

"He wanted me," said Helen Leaming. "I wish I—oh, Will, he died wanting me, and"—her voice broke in a wail—"he didn't know, he didn't *know!*"

The secretary, fingering the pages of her note book, looked up.

"Mrs. Leaming," she sobbed, "there's a message here for you."

"A message?"

"The doctor dictated it two pages back, in case he—so you'd be sure to get it."

Mrs. Leaming, with terror in her eyes, stared down at the neat, impersonal shorthand while the secretary read:

"I know you are outside, Helen, and I know why you don't come in. You have always understood."

There was a long silence; then Helen Leaming, bending over the sunny pillows, tenderly smoothed back the brown hair from her husband's forehead.

"YOU YOUNG FOOL!" SHOUTED HIS FATHER. "WILL YOU ALWAYS KISS THE HAND THAT STABS YOU?"

Blood of Our Blood

Beautiful His Feet on the Mountain

By HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

Illustrated by Henry J. Soulen

LACTANTIUS, a lean, brown, quiet man who loved children, obtained great influence over the charming young Crispus, and he put ideas into the lad's head that no embryonic emperor ever before had entertained. His method was concrete. Strolling with the boy through the streets of Rome he interpreted for him the common sights in the light of Christian thought. Certainly one of the commonest sights in the teeming city was the exposed baby.

Lactantius, with a shudder and a prayer, called the boy's attention one day to a baby that had been drawn from the Tiber in the net of an exasperated fisherman.

"That baby," said the tutor, "and those two whining under the shadow of the bridge tell of one of the most fearful leaks in your father's treasure of state."

Crispus turned his curly red head indifferently from one baby to another. "Parables again, my tutor?"

"No," replied Lactantius, "it is literally true that unless something is done to stay the lessening of population, there'll be fewer people for you to rule, my Crispus, than has your father."

"Fewer people?" cried the boy incredulously. "Why, Father Lactantius, look up that street! Look at any street in Rome or Milan or Cordoba!"

He pointed a brown young hand along the Via Aurelia. It was packed. Street peddlers competed with the business of the open-front shops. Wagons loaded with produce from the country sought to make room for the litters of the rich. Sailors, soldiers, guards crowded the ordinary pedestrians. Money changers with their tables made narrower the too narrow street. A funeral procession with its howling mourners mingled with dancing bears, with magicians carrying parrots and snakes, and with barbarian slaves, blond and tall. And beggars whined everywhere, hideously malformed beggars, old and young.

CRISPUS laughed, fingering the short sword that dangled against his embroidered tunic and squared his fine young shoulders. "Shall I clear a path for us, my tutor? What makes you think I'll lack people?"

"You see that girl, yonder, whispering in the ear of the soldier?"

"Yes, that's a prostitute," replied Crispus knowingly.

"Girls are the producers of the population," said Lactantius, trying to phrase the matter for a twelve-year-old understanding. "It can't be good for the empire that such an enormous number of fathers have to hire out their daughters as prostitutes in order to pay their taxes. Prostitutes can't be the mothers of the empire. One must think of it that way as well as to grieve that they lose their souls by their profession."

"Well, I'll forbid it when I become emperor," declared Crispus, "and I'll crucify anyone who disobeys me. Come on, my tutor. I want to get closer to those acrobats. They're Franks, I think."

Lactantius sighed but followed. One must not expect too much of youth, he reminded himself, or, with a wry smile, of middle age either! He had called the emperor's attention frequently to the obvious increase in infanticide but thus far had failed to rouse more than a passing interest. Constantine was always approachable and always listened carefully to any of the many theories of government the Christian fathers urged on him. His attitude was usually toward gentleness. He had abolished the terrible gladiatorial contests and the unspeakable execution by crucifixion. But Lactantius thought it was as much the naturally developing fineness of the man as the influence of Christianity that moved Constantine. Perhaps sometime the murder of babyhood would touch the emperor's heart.

In the meantime there were seemingly immeasurably more important diseases in the Western Empire than that of infanticide. And Constantine must be more concerned immediately with putting his people in the way of getting more food than in insisting that they produce more mouths to feed.

THERE were annoyances in the emperor's family life, too, which absorbed a good deal of his thought. His wife, Fausta, young, beautiful and vivacious, was a natural target for gossip and by her gay friendship with many of Constantine's advisers gave wagging tongues plenty of titbits. But far more annoying than her flirtations was the fact that she hated Crispus. He stood in the way of any sons she might have. Lovely as she was, deeply as she fascinated Constantine, he tried never to lose sight of the possibility that Fausta was capable of black intrigue against his heir. The emperor could ignore and scorn the gossip except as it threw light on the empress' character. But Fausta's attitude toward Crispus he beheld daily for himself, and it infuriated him. But even more, Crispus' blind devotion to his stepmother angered and worried him. She could torment the boy with one hand and the little fool would kiss the other. How would Fausta use this power later?

Lactantius, an intimate of the family, thought of these things as he followed Crispus up the Via Aurelia and decided that he would not add to the emperor's troubles for the moment. After all, God would appoint the time for the salvation of the babes. But he would not cease to work on Crispus.

That evening Crispus followed his father and stepmother to the little fountain court which was a favorite spot with the emperor. A full moon—the same moon that the boy Abraham had seen sated with Ahab's blood, that had watched Zillah in the Baal's sanctuary—gazed down on the marble faun from whose lips gushed a rainbow of cool waters, on the mosaics of the floor, on the statues among the shrubs and plants and on Fausta's exquisite face. Father and son both gazed at her as they waited for an answer to Crispus' query:

"My mother, they told me you know where to find Sostrata."

Fausta lifted magnificent languid eyes to the child and smiled. The curves of her delicate lips were extraordinarily sweet. Her voice was low and very gentle as she replied:

"I sold Sostrata to that handsome prince in the legation from India; traded her, rather, for the dwarf elephant you admired so much."

"No!" gasped Crispus, his oval face flushing. His deep-set tawny eyes, so like his father's, large and round, were full of sudden fire. "My foster sister?"

"Foster sister!" mimicked Fausta. "An exposed brat you brought in from the gutter. You were getting too fond of her, my son."

Constantine crossed his legs uneasily and allowed his purple toga to slip from him as he leaned forward. He invariably wore a diadem, and the moonlight turned the emeralds with which it was set to fire. His curls were red, like Crispus'. He was bull-necked and ruddy, with aquiline nose and round firm chin, and with the eyes of a lion in shape and color, eyes that to this day history has not forgotten, wonderful, steady eyes which no man could outstare. He turned them now on Fausta as Crispus shouted:

"I saved her from a dog when she was only just born! She is mine! My sister, my playmate! Where is that prince?" with his familiar gesture of clutching at his short sword.

"The envoy left tonight," replied Fausta, ignoring Constantine's gaze. "Sostrata will never be your concubine, young Crispus."

"Who wanted her that way?" half sobbed the child. "She is my foster sister and I love her. She's only five years old. What could a grown man want with her? Oh, father, send for Sostrata!" He ran toward the marble bench on which his parents were seated and flung himself on Constantine's great chest.

THE emperor clasped the boy to him and, still with stern gaze on his wife, said quietly—so only could one manage her—"Now, why did you do this, Fausta? Nothing could have been sweeter and purer than the friendship of these two?"

"But my lord emperor"—mockingly—"nothing could be poorer or more needy than Constantine's wife. I must sell my jewels next. The dwarf elephant brought me the equivalent of a year's spending money from Marcus Titus for the menagerie on his estate. He is richer by far than the emperor."

Constantine bit his full underlip and turned to a servant standing discreetly in the shadow of an orange tree, "Go find the whereabouts of Sostrata."

Lactantius, entering the court at the moment, held up a detaining hand. "Sire, I know where Sostrata is! Because my pupil and I both loved her, as soon this evening as I heard what had happened to her, I rushed to trace her. But I was too late. She was a tender little thing. She is dead."

Crispus screamed and fell to sobbing heavily. Constantine glared at Fausta. Her lower lip quivered. Like a child, she edged close to him and laid her beautiful black head beside the boy's on the emperor's jeweled silk tunic.

"Crispus," she whispered, "I'm so sorry! Oh, Crispus, don't you love me any more? How could I know you'd weep so for the little unknown? Go, my dearest, and rescue another from the Nurse and I'll help you raise her. You shall be tutor and I'll be nurse."

But for once Crispus did not respond to her caressing voice. He moved quickly from her touch and stood before them, a startling small replica of his father, even to the powerful neck and the depth of chest.

"Love you?" he cried, cheeks wet, tawny eyes anguished. "I hate you! Hate you!"

"Oh, Crispus, forgive me!" pleaded Fausta, holding out her beautiful hands in prayer.

"No!" stormed Crispus.

"Then you won't be my little cupbearer tonight?" in a voice that would have moved a lion indeed. "Who'll fetch me my beauty cup tonight, then, Crispus? Must a slave do that?"

Constantine, nostrils dilating, watched the two. Lactantius, naked arms folded on his thin chest, eyed the three, eyes burning.

Crispus wiped his tears on his wrist, his gaze caught by Fausta's tender, pleading gaze. The fountain murmured. Someone was singing softly to a lute in the garden beyond the court. After a long moment Crispus with a heaving breath that was almost a groan, muttered, "Perhaps I'll do it—tonight—only just tonight. But I did love her so ——" He choked and broke down again.

"You young fool!" shouted his father. "Will you always kiss the hand that stabs you?"

Crispus jerked his head and ran from the court.

Lactantius spoke quickly. "I beg your pardon, sire, for remaining at this moment, but God has made this moment for His purpose. My emperor, don't blame the empress for tiny Sostrata's death. Blame the brute heart of Rome that can breed a lady so indifferent to a baby's agony. Blame, sire ——"

"How dare you?" interrupted Fausta furiously.

Constantine clapped a firm hand on her shoulder. "Be quiet, Fausta, and be grateful if you have no heavier punishment than listening to the father's words. Go on, Lactantius."

The tutor moistened his lips and lifted his thin face full to the moonlight. "Blame the whole world of parents, sire, who breed girl babes for the sole purpose of prostitution, who throw their own flesh and blood to the dogs and the swine, who consign their half-grown children to slavery and the uses of indecency. Blame the empress, sire, only because she lies when she professes to believe in Him who said, Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not. You, my emperor, daily weigh the merits of Christianity and Platonism and set the gods to balance God in the hope of thus putting life into the corpse of empire. But this deed of the empress should serve to warn you again that the corpse is so rotten that God alone can raise it. Sire, come with me! I'll inspire you to pass a law that God will use as a miracle to cure one of the fatal diseases of Rome."

FAUSTA sat with her hand shading her eyes. There was that in her husband's face that forced her to take the Christian father's insolences in silence. But long after Constantine had followed Lactantius from the court, she sat in the moonlight thinking somberly.

The tutor led the way to a closed litter, which bore them from the palace along the slope of the Aventine Hill to the vegetable market. The market stalls were closed and the market deserted. The tutor bade the bearers wait and led the emperor to the foot of that moonlit column, the Nurse.

"I know this spot well, of course," said Constantine impatiently as Lactantius pointed to the dreadful meal over which dogs and swine were contending.

"Supposing that your son Crispus were being mauled thus, sire," suggested the tutor.

"Crispus as a newborn babe had no hold on my affections," replied the emperor.

"Then let's take the impersonal view! Here at the foot of the Nurse are laid each day what, but for the brute blindness that controls the Roman destiny, would be soldiers and mothers, with hearts beating in loyalty to the empire when Constantine shall be dead and Crispus shall rule."

"True, good tutor," agreed Constantine. "But who would feed those mouths?"

"God will provide," answered the father.

"But He didn't!" ejaculated the emperor turning away. "Let's go home, Lactantius, if this is the best you can do toward producing a miracle."

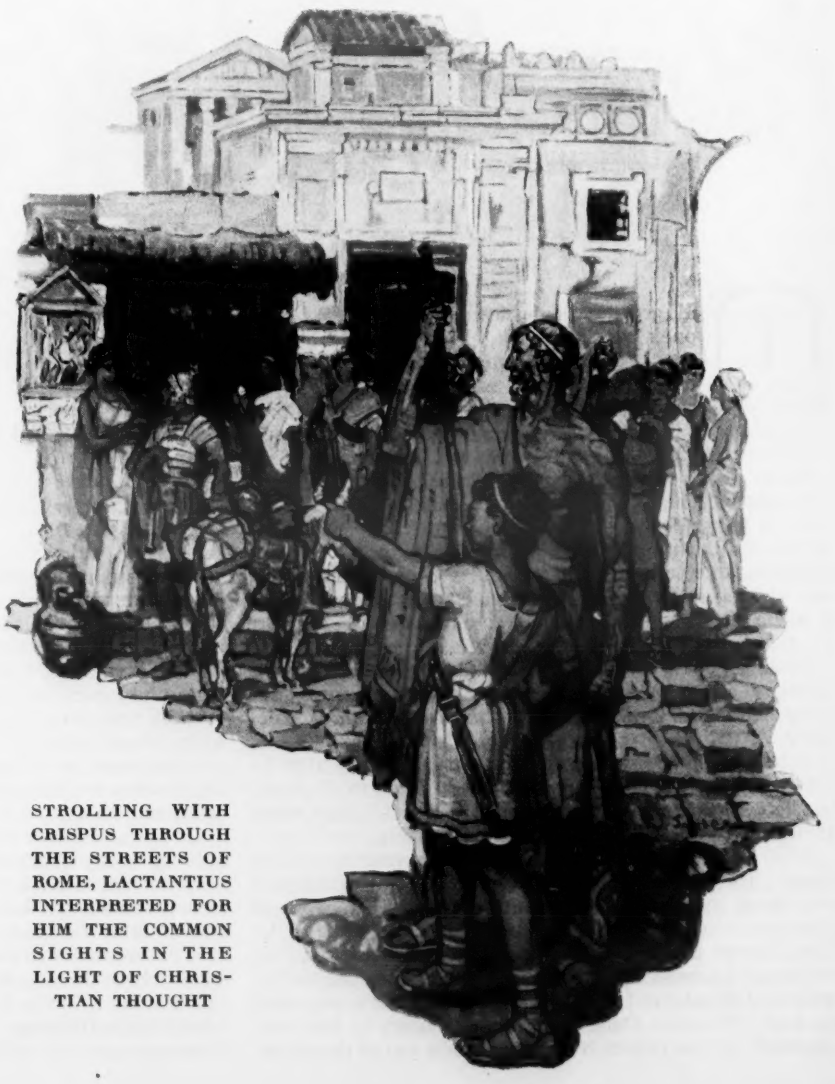
THE tutor smiled grimly. "I have one more curiosity on display, sire, if you'll accompany me to that closed stall, yonder." And as the emperor strode beside him he added, "I was returning from my search for the Indian envoy, by way of the right bank of the Tiber, and I found a treasure."

He unfastened the shutter of a stall. A torch burned within lighting a tiny figure that lay on the counter among withered leeks. Constantine started. It was Sostrata, naked, bruised, torn.

"Did this child live long enough to gain a hold on your affections, sire?" asked Lactantius.

Constantine did not reply. He stood with folded arms staring at Crispus' little playmate. He had been bred in

(Continued on Page 178)



STROLLING WITH CRISPUS THROUGH THE STREETS OF ROME, LACTANTIUS INTERPRETED FOR HIM THE COMMON SIGHTS IN THE LIGHT OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT

PHOTO. BY MISHKIN STUDIO

MARY GARDEN AS THAÏS

The Heights

By MARY GARDEN

Decoration by Earl Horter

THE greatest single element in anyone's career is work. This is the despot that escorts you to the winning post. I permit no one or anything to interfere with it and only remember one incident where, against my will, I was compelled to stop in the midst of it. I had gone to Rome to study Italian and was living there during one of my hard-earned vacations, when I received a message from Queen Alexandra of England asking me to sing at Windsor Castle on a certain night. The King of Greece, her brother, was visiting her and she wrote in her note to me, "There is no one I could ask that would give him so much pleasure as you would."

Singing before royalty bores me into a state of inertia. There isn't an ounce of stimulation or thrill in it—except the glory that comes from it and that has never been my idea of glory.

It was not for the reason that she was a queen or that he was a king that I broke upon my study to go to England, but because a few years before that I had met King George at Aix, and we had formed a sincere friendship.

Why will people take a foot rule as a measuring rod for kings? They take little black lines and twelve figures and print them on royalties, and then they expect them to live in those prescribed limits. Kings are real human beings. All King George asked was to be let alone with his family, his books and his music—which he adored. In the many walks we took daily at Aix I never found anything but a very simple man. He was a Dane, governing a country he little understood. Of the race of Nordics, he was a sort of monotone of composure and quiet. The people he ruled over were Greeks, impassioned and emotional. He lived in his palace at Athens in an inclosure ten months of the year; when he came to Aix he was like a schoolboy on a holiday, and like a boy on a vacation I used to treat him.

We had great fun on these walks, watching the crowd pass by and speculating on what niche in life they filled. I often think if people only knew what traffic signals their countenances are to their minds—what betrayers of character—they would be more careful of the thoughts that make the brush strokes.

On the occasion of the last walk I had with him he sent his aide up to my apartment to say he was waiting. When I went to him, after a few minutes, he unlocked a bracelet from his arm and asked me if I would wear it. It was set in the colors of his country—diamonds, pearls and sapphires. It is not my habit to dwell on gifts of jewels—most of them come only in the trappings of their own intrinsic value—but this bracelet held the fineness of a friendship based on much human understanding. That was why I was glad to go to Windsor.

It is not for nothing I have five thousand volumes of books in my library, for in the reading of some of them—the biographies—one cannot fail to be impressed by the working of the inexplicable thing called Destiny.

It takes desires and circumstances and wipes them out with a giant hand, then weaves them all back again into its own authentic pattern and you haven't a single thing to say in the matter. We think they are the tyranny of events. Not at all. The hand is stronger than that.

I crossed Italy into France. Stopped at Redfern's in Paris for a new evening gown and arrived at Windsor on a cold, raw, dark day.

Madame Melba was already there when I reached the castle and we both dressed in cavernlike bedrooms that resembled tombs. Even the long stone room we were ushered into after we were dressed was like an ice house, the only heat a very small blaze in a fireplace miles away at its other end. This room was up a few steps and looked down upon a scene I never knew could exist.

It was something you had read about kings and queens when you were very little, something you never believed was really true.

Every woman there wore a jeweled crown and every man a uniform. There were princesses and archduchesses, crown princesses and royal highnesses. Queen Alexandra had fifty royal guests in honor of King George and his daughter-in-law Sophie—sister of the German Emperor—and his son Constantine, who was then Crown Prince. The banquet hall was one hundred feet long; strung down the whole length of the ceiling hung colossal crystal chandeliers with thousands of

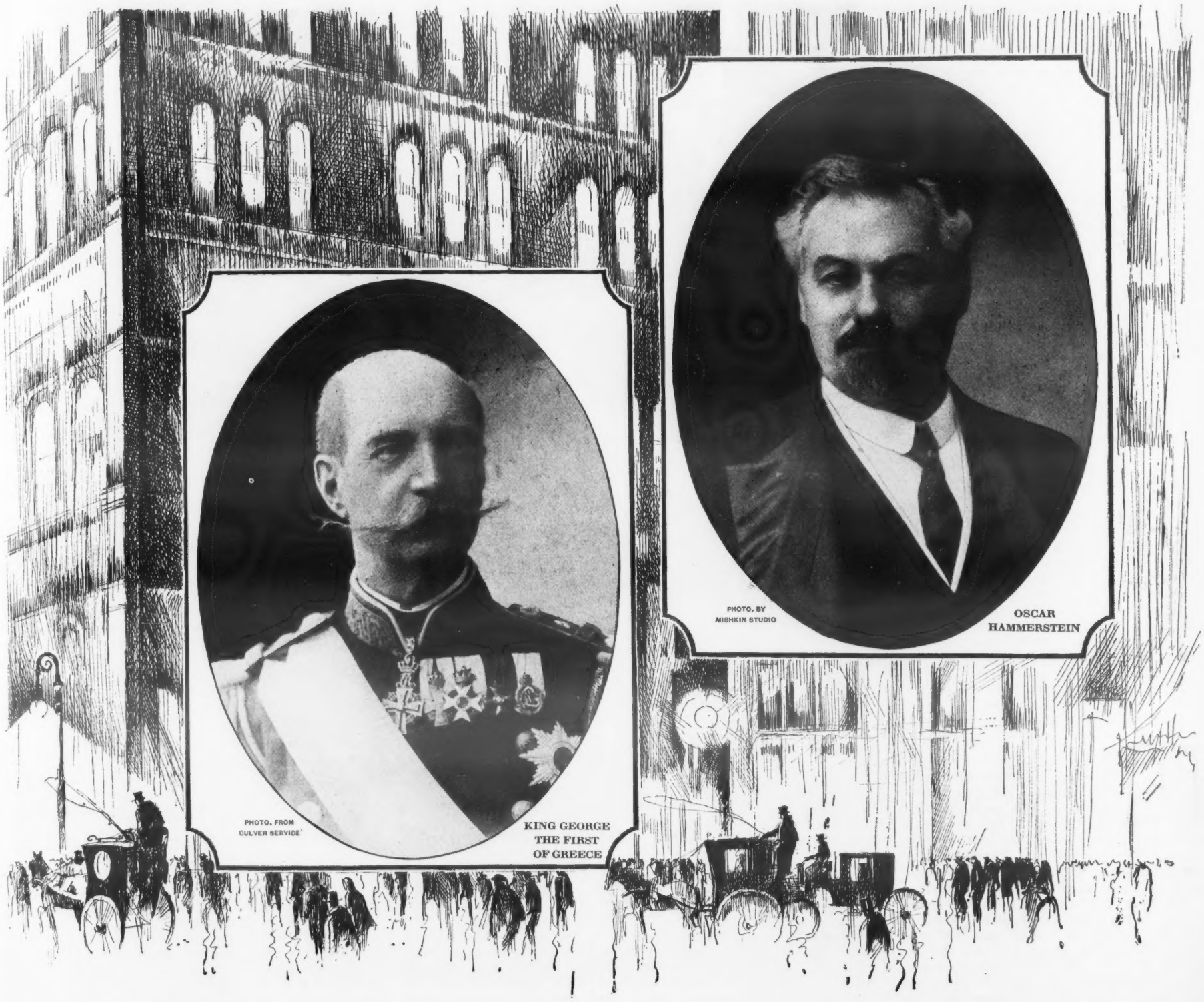


PHOTO. FROM CULVER SERVICE

KING GEORGE THE FIRST OF GREECE

PHOTO. BY MISHKIN STUDIO

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

lighted candles, and at intervals about the room, emblazoned on mammoth gold shields, the royal standard.

You were not just looking at a banquet, but at something that hundreds of years had gone into the making. You were seeing Plantagenets and Tudors and Stuarts—Marlboroughs and Nelsons and Drakes. They were all there in that room that night. There were their standards on the walls, their escutcheons—their torn pennants—their ragged flags—the imperishable trappings of Britain's magnificent armies—the solid gold service of the Georgian kings—all, all there, that had gone to make her grandeur and her glory. You were not just gazing down on men in uniforms with jeweled orders, with ribboned decorations strung across their breasts, and fifty crimson-satined lackeys in white wigs, and major-domos in black velvet, with huge silver chains about their necks, directing them . . . you were seeing more, much more than that, for you were seeing England—mighty England in all the panoply of her imperial power, of her impressive pomp and majesty. An England perhaps one will never see again, for kingdoms were then in fashion, pageantry was in style, and this night Britain in all her arrogance and her fabulous wealth was saying, "Look well; centuries have gone into this moment—dynasties have created it—strength and force have perpetuated it."

After the toasts were drunk, which they did standing, to the King and Queen, to the King of Greece, they entered the drawing-room, the men in their stunning gold-epauleted uniforms and the women like emphatic exclamation marks of their own lives—so brilliant and glittering—looking like figures in a magnificent tapestry woven for a special occasion.

Melba sang Caro Nome like one of the seraphs, with an exquisite purity of tone. After the concert was at an end the King and Queen mingled with the guests. Alexandra was dressed in a brown satin dress covered with iridescent paillettes—as they wore in those days—cut extremely low, and about her neck a parure of enormous pearls, some hanging below her waist. The long brown gloves on her arms were almost concealed by bands of diamond bracelets two inches broad, covering elbows to wrists. Her tiara, which was tipped with huge pear-shaped diamonds, narrowed down to the back and encircled her whole head. She came over and said a few words to me and thanked me for my singing. Alexandra had one of the finest human countenances I have ever looked on. Her face was one that made you believe the ancient myths were true. It might have been Andromache receiving the dead Hector at the Trojan gate, or Demeter, who protected the germinating earth. For pure nobility and race and distinction I have never seen its equal.

As I was standing talking with King George, King Edward crossed the room to us. Every time I saw Edward I never failed to be impressed by his peculiar and effortless dignity, although he was short, stumpy and inclined to fat.

"Did you ever hear anything so pure come out of a human throat?" he asked. He referred to Melba and he was quite right. I never had.

The royalties then left the drawing-room and we had supper with the gentlemen and ladies in waiting to their Majesties, and were informed that apartments had been provided us at Windsor to remain the night, or a special train was at our disposal to take us up to London. I chose the latter, not being able to brave the iced atmosphere of a Windsor Castle bedroom.

I crossed to Paris, expecting to return to Italy, but went directly to my bed in my apartment there with a good sound, heavy cold. So Destiny reserves the right to dictate her own authoritative road.

While I was trying to shake off the remains of a faint bronchitis, word came asking if I would receive Camille Erlanger. He was a very charming man and I was very glad to see him, and with the entrance of Camille Erlanger, Aphrodite arrived. He had just written a score to Pierre Louys' story and asked if he could play it for me. I heard but one act—the third—and when he had finished I was so *emballée*, I said to him, "Take it—take it at once to Carré."

I had that skyrocketing feeling, that emotion that comes from somewhere, instructing the mind that a thing that is meant for it is about to come to pass.

"I have done so," he replied with disappointment in his voice. "He has refused it."

"Refused it—why?"

It seems that though Carré did not think the subject of the pagan courtesan Chrysis offensive, he did think it dangerous, for people called it sensuous and erotic.

I said to Erlanger, "I will go to Carré immediately." Colds, bronchitis, all were thrown aside. I was off again fused with the fire of what I had listened to, and went straight to the Comique. When I told Carré that I had heard part of the score and was in a hot stew of enthusiasm over it, he said nothing for or against it—all he said in that quiet, impassive way of his was four words, "Will you do it?"

"At once," I cried.

"Very well, we will do it at once."

That was Albert Carré for you. And at once it was. So Rome and the Italian language were left behind and with

(Continued on Page 115)

"YOU ARE A LITTLE BUNCH OF WILLFUL, SPOILED IMPUDENCE," HER FATHER MURMURED AS IF THINKING ALOUD

Ladies' Choice

By

LYNN MONTROSS

Illustrated by Ben Dale

THE old clash, youth versus experience, had begun again, with Mr. Trimble's study as its prosaic arena. This was not the first time the contest had been waged there, but it was at least the most decisive battle. The opponents, Mr. Trimble and his daughter Betty, were as worthy opponents as could have been found in several centuries.

Mr. Trimble possessed a talent for saying "No." It was an accomplishment of which he was justly proud; he had devoted fifty years to its perfection. When he was nine he had been able to shake his head at the group of tow-headed youngsters who whistled and waved baseball bats. At twenty he had a prompt refusal for the sleighing party which threatened his sleep. By the time he had reached maturity he had gradually improved his technic and removed all youthful traces of amateurism. He always looked thoughtful a moment, his lips pursed firmly, regretfully; there was a dramatic instant during which the victim had a premonition of his fate, and then—

"No," said Mr. Trimble.

Today he said it twice to Betty. Afterward he paused with a tolerant smile as if remembering that every problem has two sides; but his lips moved again in gentle finality.

"Yes!" cried Betty.

She had shown from babyhood a perverse talent for saying "Yes" to all mad frivolity and silliness and inconsequence; it was inevitable that sometime she would say "Yes" to a worthless young man.

With a quick, birdlike movement she tilted her head sidewise and met her father's gaze with all the candor of her twenty years. She was undeniably pretty, with blue eyes, blond slimness and soft, questioning lips; but her chin, however blithe and romantic, was not a chin to retreat from a decision.

HER father walked across the study to the fireplace and tentatively poked a cold, lonesome log until it was exactly in line with the gleaming andirons. It always irritated him to see anything out of line. He returned and seated himself at the desk. Ordinarily he would never have weakened a refusal with explanations. But Betty was—Betty. When she was six she had run away because she was not allowed to play with the ragman's daughter.

"Let us review the question again," said Mr. Trimble. "As I see it, your young man is not worthy ——"

"Anyhow," she said, "it's old-fashioned of you to act this way. Why, most fathers aren't even asked—and I asked you so nicely, didn't I, now?"

There was nothing musty or old-fashioned about Betty. Her skimpy skirts hovered self-consciously about her bare, sun-browned knees; her blond head was closely cropped, and she had won a tennis championship at college, even if she had flunked geometry twice. And now this nonsense about marriage after her graduation!

"You asked me," said her father, "and I told you my opinion." He smiled dryly. "It is merely an opinion. I suppose you will have your own way."

"I suppose so," Betty mused. "I'm so dreadfully gone this time." She shook her head sadly, like a pretty, precocious child.

A very spoiled child, her father thought.

"I said 'No,'" he went on with gravity, "because I have investigated your young man. He is lazy. And he is a liar."

"He's an awful liar," Betty admitted thoughtfully, "but not about anything that counts, do you think? Just too much imagination. And really he's not lazy about work that he likes ——"

"What type of work does he fancy?"

"Swimming. He's wonderful, dad. You should see him do the backstroke! He worked his way through two years of college as a life guard and diving instructor; he'll probably be able to give professional lessons."

"His father," said Mr. Trimble, "is even lazier and even a worse liar." He paused significantly. "Like father, like ——"

"Please, don't quote platitudes, daddy! Besides, you know, I'm not marrying his father."

Mr. Trimble's eyes gleamed with pardonable malice.

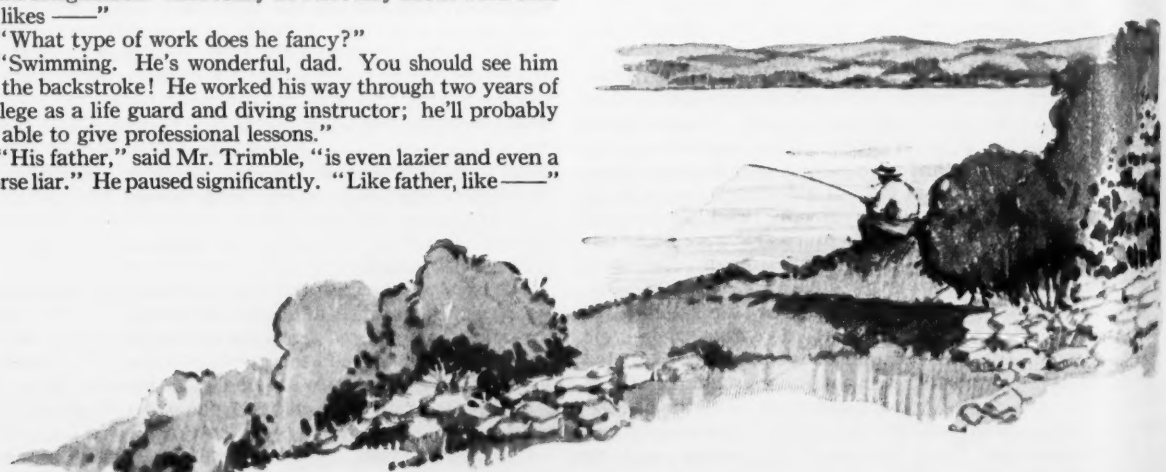
"I've been glancing at some of the rather bizarre books of modern science you brought home from college and it seems, according to them, that you are. His grandfather too. Didn't I read that character was practically fixed at the age of five?"

"You win," said Betty cheerfully.

All at once her face grew very grave and her lip trembled a little. "Sometimes I am—scared," she confessed. "But I'm so frightfully, dreadfully, terribly, awfully in love with him. You don't know." She shook her blond head uncertainly. "If only I weren't so damned young!"

MR. TRIMBLE raised his eyebrows slightly at the adjective, but long ago he had learned forbearance. Almost timidly he walked over to the big armchair where Betty was curled in a mournful heap with her slim legs under her—quite concealed for once, he noted. With gingerly little taps he patted his daughter's shoulder. His thin, ruddy face beneath the pepper-and-salt hair was solemn.

"Talk to me!" she pleaded. "Say something nice."



"You are a little bunch of willful, spoiled impudence," her father murmured as if thinking aloud.

"That isn't nice!"

"It's true."

"But I'd rather have people say nice things to me even if they aren't true. . . . I think maybe that's why I first fell in love with Alex—he can say the nicest things!"

Mr. Trimble sighed and looked out of the window.

II. OUTSIDE the window, standing in the middle of the large and complacent lawn, a young man waited with the air of an uneasy statue. He was a tall, fair young man with dreamy gray eyes and an imaginative forehead. At times he shifted from one foot to the other and a shadow of worry crossed his good-humored face.

"Alex must be getting tired," said Mr. Trimble. "Hadn't you better ——"

"No!" snapped Betty. "He can wait. I want to talk to you some more."

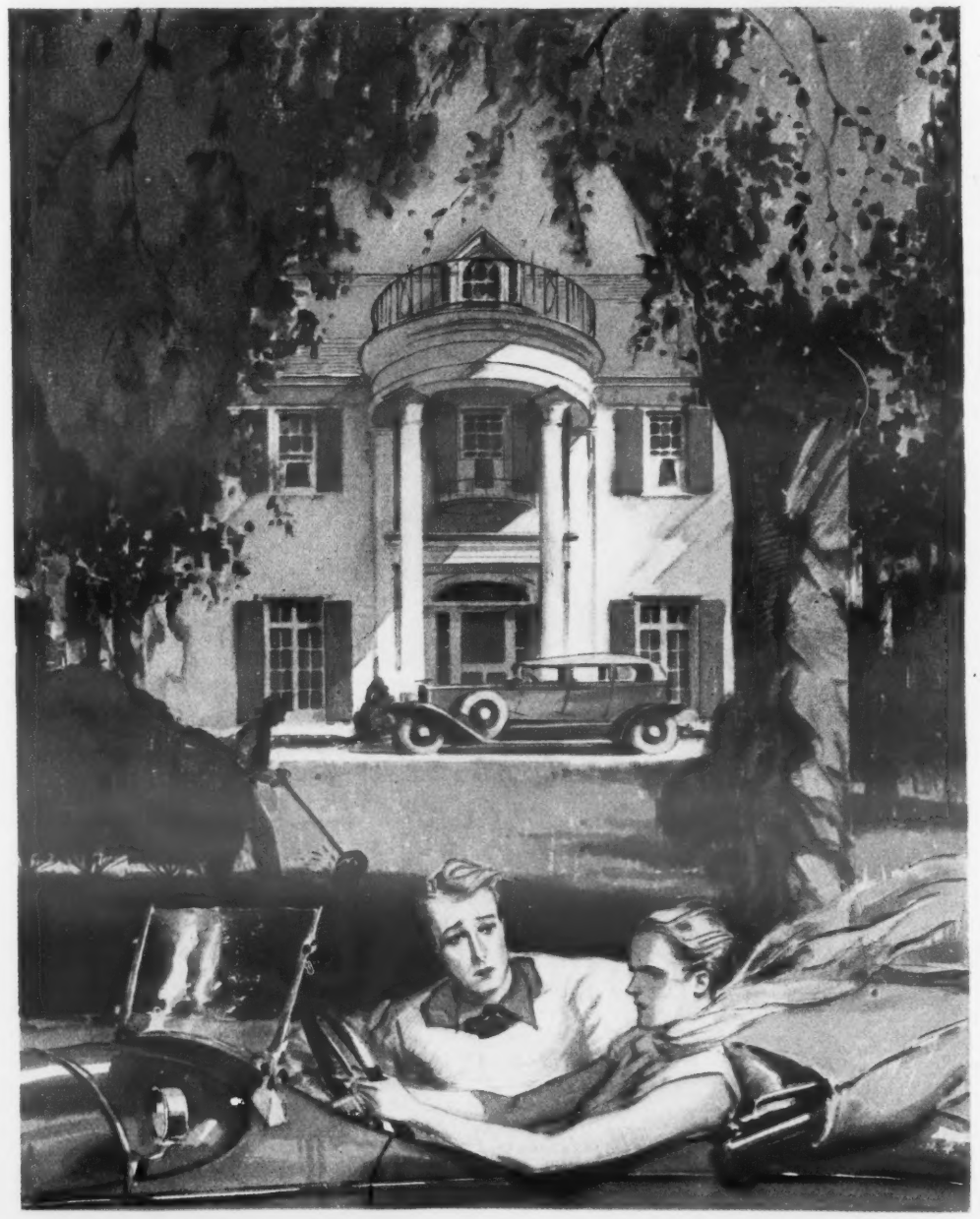
Without a word her father marched stiffly over to the bookcase. He returned with an old, dog's-eared photograph.

"Alex's mother," said Mr. Trimble. "Thirty years ago."

She stood out among the group of young people taken at a picnic. Not even puffed sleeves, a pompadour and the other amazing things worn by belles of the bicycle era could mar her loveliness—a bright, adventuresome face, with soft lips, with merry, willful eyes.

"You know the story?"

"Yes," faltered Betty in a voice that had suddenly grown small. The hand which held the photograph was unsteady.



"KEEP STILL!" SAID BETTY. "I'M TRYING TO THINK—AND IT'S FRIGHTFULLY HARD TO THINK AND BE IN LOVE AT THE SAME TIME"

Everybody in the little New England community knew the story, even the youth of another generation. It was one of the countryside epics revived on long summer evenings by people who had played run sheep run as children in these quiet streets. . . . A simple tale, not of much importance unless you had danced with Elsie Fergus in those days. For two years she had been engaged to Charlie Phelps; their home had already been built and furnished as a wedding gift from Charlie's wealthy parents—a mansion for such a small community. . . . Then Elsie met Rob Doty at a dance and eloped with him the next week. That was all.

Mr. Trimble walked to the end of the study and back. "Of course," he said, "Elsie's father refused his permission. And of course she thought he was a selfish old tyrant who could not understand. Young women usually leap at that unique conclusion, I believe," he added. "But you know the rest—how poor Rob Doty has always failed at everything."

Betty stared at the photograph a long time before she handed it back. "I think," she said, "I'll go for a ride."

Her father sat down again at the desk. But as Betty opened the door he remarked, "Since you are going for a ride you might just drive past the Phelps house and look at it. Don't forget to look at the Doty place, too, in order to note certain contrasts."

She hurried out, with no reply.

The study was empty again. A room was extraordinarily empty when Betty walked out of it. . . . That childish Betty in hair ribbons who insisted on playing with the ragman's daughter. And now the older Betty, not much older, who wanted to marry Rob Doty's son.

Her father marched over to the fireplace and arranged the log again. It irritated him to see anything out of line.

III. THE low green roadster looked like an animated, nickel-trimmed cucumber. Betty drove it at the most disconcerting speeds about the curving country roads; then when danger threatened she jammed on four-wheel brakes with a simple, childlike faith in their efficacy to save her from herself. Motion, and a great deal of it, was essential to Betty when her father said "No" to anything. Her mother having died when Betty was three, there had been many occasions when Mr. Trimble had blocked the way to some juvenile folly. As a child she had vigorously ridden her tricycle up and down the sidewalk, her fat legs pumping furiously. A few years later and a pony had served the purpose better. But nothing had ever been quite so effective as the low green roadster at fifty miles an hour.

Beside Betty sat the young man who had waited in the middle of the lawn. He leaned forward earnestly and ran his fingers through his tawny hair as if the wind were not rumpling it enough already. For the third time he asked:

"What did he say?"

"Keep still!" said Betty. "I'm trying to think—and it's frightfully hard to think and be in love at the same time."

Alex Doty's eyes widened. He looked very young and boyish and forlorn. "That gets me worried!"

Betty squeezed his hand impulsively. And in a quick, jerky voice she related as much of the conversation as did not directly touch Alex or his mother. She raised an impressive cloud of dust all the way to the next village before her tense grip of the steering wheel began to relax.

"Gosh, it looks bad," muttered Alex. "But didn't you tell your father about how everything's beginning to come our way?" The anxiety vanished from his face like mist before the sun. "If he only knew about this Boston fishing club being—well, practically sure to buy dad's grounds for its clubhouse . . . and how that means a good salary for dad as caretaker and a chance for me to give swimming lessons and make a ton of money ——"

"WAIT!" cried Betty, feeling herself swept along on the tide of his rising enthusiasm. "You aren't sure the club will take your father's farm. There are a dozen other places on the lake ——"

"Well, it's almost sure. The committee is coming up from Boston on Thursday to decide. Then when dad and mother are free from debt, we'll have our chance—it won't take me more'n a few months to get started."

"H'm," said Betty, trying not to look at him. There was something too lovely and convincing about Alex's optimism. And her father's last remark still rang in her ears: "You

(Continued on Page 87)

THEY say we have become a nation of two-car families. Right. They say we had to get a second car so the wives could have one too. Wrong. We had to get a second car so the husbands could have any car at all.

We all remember how it began. Somebody had to take father to the store, or the train, or the factory. Somebody had to get little Richard to school and to the children's party. Somebody had to get the things back from the cash-and-carry. Somebody had to do the work of the world. And in as much as the modern way of doing it is by gasoline combustion, the up-to-date wife began doing it that way.

But all work and no play—well, the up-to-date wife is not the kind of Jill that stays dull if she knows it. If she could drive the car to the station she could drive it to the next town. She didn't need to wait until Saturday evening for her airing any more than she did for her bath. She began driving her car for pleasure—and she's been driving it ever since.

I wouldn't say the feminine back-seat driver is extinct, but she is fast being replaced by the feminine front-seat driver.

At first she was content to stick to the one-day trip, the road she knew, the sure return home at night. But that stage didn't last long. There was no good reason why she and the children should wait for father's "two weeks off" to begin their vacation. And they didn't.

Every year, in increasing numbers, women took to the open road. And this year, of the fifty million people who go on automobile vacations, it is safe to say that more than half of them will be women and that a very large percentage of them will drive their own cars "every wheel of the way."

The phrase is Mrs. Hoover's. We were standing one time just inside the long glass doors of Mr. Hoover's study in the old brick house on S Street, looking out at a cold December day and talking, of all things, about summer in the Rockies.

"I'm crazy about geography," she said. "All the times I have gone back and forth with my husband between Washington and Palo Alto, I have wished to get out and climb up into those mountains—and once I did."

"When was that?" I asked.

"The time I drove back East in the car."

"*You* drove from California to Washington?"

She smiled at my masculine surprise. "It was right after my mother died, and I thought it would be a good thing to give my father something to think about. So he and I started East. Of course, we expected to take turns at the wheel. But we didn't. I drove *every wheel of the way.*"

Let's Go Places and See Things!

By

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Illustrated by Julian

The New Vacation

THERE we are! Mrs. Hoover isn't any bigger or stronger than most American women; in fact, she is delightfully typical of them in almost every respect except that she is the wife of the President of the United States. And when she made her transcontinental trip she wasn't even that! So if there be any husbands concealed in the woodwork of their houses of masculine pride who still feel that woman's place is in the tonneau, and not at the wheel, let them take warning. Their wives are quite as capable as they are, and usually much more willing, to start off this summer to find a nice, cool, comfortable place to settle down in the mountains or by the sea.

But, of course, they won't "settle." One look at the hotel piazza will tell them that summer-resort life is not what it used to be, that summer-resort hotels have virtually transformed themselves into one-night stands for motor tourists. And what a splendid job that transformation has been! Everything is made easy for these overnight guests: Boys running to unload the heavy bags; doormen eager to take the car to the garage and see that it is safely cared for, washed, oiled, gasolined and delivered at the required hour in the morning; courteous treatment at the hotel desk, comfortable beds, good food; everybody solicitous for the visitors' welfare, everybody speeding them on their way.

Soon the wise woman on the piazza—and, of course, she *is* a wise woman, or she wouldn't have learned to drive her own car—realizes that these overnight guests, on whom the very existence of the summer hotel depends, are having a better time than she is having, are seeing more of the world than she is seeing, are getting much more of a real vacation than she is getting; and very soon she, too, will decide that the best way to take a motor trip is to motor.

She will leave the spot she has chosen, which is probably much too near her home to offer a real change of climate and scene, and she will start out for herself: north to the mountains and the lakes; east or west to the mountains and the sea; south, if it is not too warm, to the mountains and the Gulf. She will get a real vacation. And she will get it as the First Lady of the Land got hers—every wheel of the way.

Presumably she has had her car overhauled before she left home. The big motor companies maintain service stations in most of the big cities. Local men do a very thoroughgoing job in the small towns. The best of cars should be looked over every once in a while. And a very good time to do it is just before the summer touring begins. Tires, too, must be bought some time. And with the holidays in mind, she has probably made the old ones last through the winter and spring, and has started off from home with a complete new outfit on her car. And, as an experienced driver, she has long since learned the wisdom of choosing a gas and an oil which are easily obtainable wherever she may go. She is set.

As to roads and how they are behaving at the moment, principal news dealers, especially those in hotels, sell maps, guides, folders and books, in which the road information is usually correct up to the moment of going to press. The local automobile club, especially if it is affiliated with one of the large national organizations, can supplement these general facts with later and more detailed information as to how to avoid detours, washouts and other temporarily unfavorable road conditions. In short, the entire country is surveyed and plotted for the safety and the comfort of the motor tourist.

Expenses, too, are ascertainable in advance. The cheapest method, of course, is to camp it. The next cheapest is to patronize the Tourists Accommodateds. But hotel prices through the country are not so high as they are generally thought to be. European-plan hotels keep down the costs with moderate-priced coffee shops and cafeterias; and American-plan hotels make a special tourist rate which includes dinner, bed and breakfast. It is impossible to give even a rough figure which would apply generally all over the country, but it is possible for the woman on the piazza, by consulting guidebooks and availing herself of the services of clubs and associations, to find out just what her daily costs will be over any given route.

At the Wheel

SENTIMENTALLY, there is much to be said for starting out with very little idea of direction or destination. Motor camps and barbecues along the road make this plan much more practical than it used to be. But it is not to be recommended too highly, even in these emancipated days, for the woman tourist. The more prosaic method of planning out the trip in advance is the safer and, on the whole, the more satisfactory plan. It regulates the expenses. It divides the mileage into easy daily slices. It makes sure of a safe, clean and comfortable place in which to spend the night. And it saves time and strength that would otherwise go into unnecessary inquiry and search.

But why dwell on these points? It is fair to assume that the woman on the piazza has both sense and experience. She will wish to plan out her trip in advance because she will wish to know what she is doing. Besides, it's half the fun.

Her sense and experience will teach her a number of other important things as well:

She won't leave her licenses in the bureau drawer.

She won't let the insurance run out the day before she starts.

She won't dress for the weather she has left, but for the weather into which she is going.

She won't forget to change the oil and keep the tank filled with gas.

She won't ride on flat tires or with a dead battery.

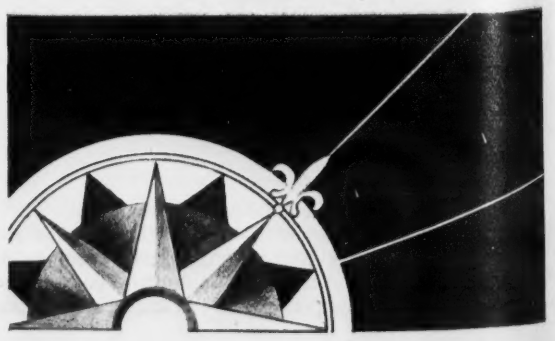
She won't depend for her road information on casual policemen who may never leave their beats or on casual filling-station men who seldom see beyond their pumps.

And, most important of all, she won't try to take the whole vacation the first day.

Just how far she should plan to go each twenty-four hours depends on the road, on the car and on her. The American Automobile Association figures that the average motor tourist does two hundred and thirty-four miles a day as against a hundred miles ten years ago. But whether the mileage is to be long or short, there is one rule which the woman of sense and experience will be sure to follow: She will get most of it behind her before luncheon.

There isn't any mystery about this touring business. There isn't any problem which cannot be solved by the application of a little common sense. The woman at the wheel doesn't need the knowledge of a Burton Holmes or the daring of a

(Continued on Page 139)



Vacation Wardrobes

By PAMELA COYNE
Fashion Editor of the Journal

GRANTED that the first and most important question about a vacation is, "Where shall I go?" the second, to the feminine mind, is "What shall I wear?" A long stay in one place finds an easy enough solution. When in Rome—or Bar Harbor or Honolulu—you will, of course, dress as the Romans do. But en route to this final destination, or if your vacation is to be all travel, how are you to tell the Romans from those who are not? How indeed?

The experienced and smart woman selects her travel wardrobe with two things in mind—she wants to be as inconspicuous as possible; she wants her clothes to give her as little trouble and concern as possible, once she has set out. Even with the increased elaboration of dress which has developed with the new mode it is perfectly possible to travel with a very small wardrobe and still be correctly dressed for a number of occasions. Nor is it necessary to be monotonously dressed either.

Let's plan the smallest comfortable wardrobe for a summer trip abroad, supposing that most of the time is to be spent in travel:

Blue-and-gray tweed coat.
Blue wool dress to match.
Blue hat.
Black oxfords.
Black purse.
Beige hose and gloves.
Blue silk tailored dress with matching short jacket.
Gray silk dress, tailored.
Black strapped shoes.
Dark blue sports turban.
Fur scarf.
Printed-silk afternoon dress.
Black silk cape coat.
Black taffeta or grosgrain hat.
Black suède or kid slippers.
Black silk bag.
Beige gloves and hose.
Black lace evening gown with jacket.
Black satin slippers.
Gray raincoat.
Umbrella.
Rubbers or sandals.
Tailored dressing gown.
Low-heeled bedroom slippers.
Lingerie, and so forth.

Correct Variety

THE tweed dress and the coat take care of cold days; the Joseph Paquin coat and dress illustrated on this page are very attractive and correctly tailored. The fur scarf may be worn with them, but is more convenient than a fur collar attached to the coat. On the other hand, for traveling and town wear on the days when it is not so cold, either the blue or the gray silk dress may be worn; the gray silk dress, without the coat and with the fur scarf may be worn on warmer days, or the blue silk dress and its jacket (if they are as simple as the Dœuillet-Doucet design at the right) are suitable for street wear without even a scarf and will prove a boon in very hot weather. One purse does for all three costumes, but a change of street shoes is absolutely necessary. The turban should be one of the smart sports types which fits away into a tiny corner of a bag; it can be worn with either of the three costumes, and will be particularly useful on shipboard. The other everyday hat should have a comfortable brim.

For tea, and for dinner in your hotel at night, you will have the printed-silk frocks and the lace frock, with which the jacket is worn. The silk coat can be worn with the printed frock for afternoon, and also instead of an evening wrap, over the black lace frock, should you be going out to dinner or the theater in the evening.

As you can see, this involves packing four dresses, three pairs of shoes, which is not a great deal.

Some pointers in purchasing a travel wardrobe are useful:

Don't buy dresses with many pleats, particularly in the back; or with white lingerie touches which will need frequent changing.

Be sure that your shoes are as comfortable and well-fitted as possible, and take new ones; you won't be able to buy walking shoes that will make you happy in Europe. On page 51 we have illustrated a very comfortable, simple strap model which is an excellent type for travel.

Take plenty of stockings; you won't find any abroad that will wear as satisfactorily, and they are ruinously expensive over there.

Travelers' Hints

TAKE substantial underwear, preferably a good deal of knitted silk or rayon which can, if necessary, be washed and worn without ironing.

Take enough gloves to have fresh ones every day, and be sure that some of them, at least, are washable.

Remember that lace packs well.

Take comfortable, low-heeled bedroom slippers, of the types illustrated here or on page 51, and a tailored, not too conspicuous or thin, dressing gown.

What are you to wear on the boat? You will need two kinds of clothes on the steamer and two only—sports clothes for daytime, and a change for dinner. Of the wardrobe we have listed, the silk suit or the woolen dress would be perfectly correct for day, with the turban and black oxfords; of course if you go in for deck sports you will want a pair of rubber-soled sports shoes and at least one active sports frock.

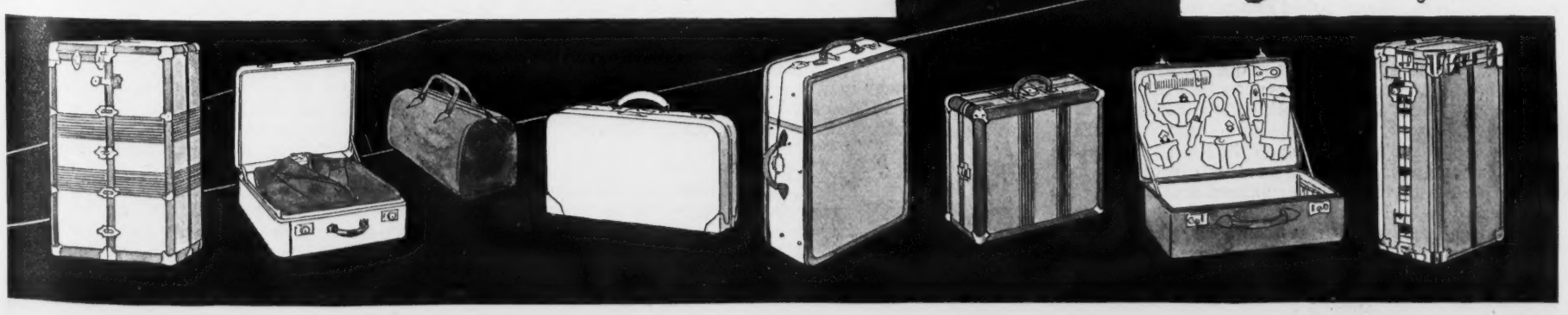
If you expect to visit anywhere en route you will add to this minimum wardrobe, to meet the requirements of your hosts' type of life.

As for train travel in America, the same costumes that you would choose for European travel are suitable—a cloth suit with a fresh, but not too frilly, blouse, a topcoat with a matching dress of wool or silk, according to the

(Continued on Page 51)

Other articles on Fashions will be found on pages 32 to 48.

Upper right-hand corner—Find-Ex, courtesy Amity Leather Products Company; Kodak Petite, courtesy Eastman Kodak Company; sports glasses, courtesy Bausch and Lomb Optical Company; perfume atomizer, courtesy The DeVilbiss Company; slipper, courtesy Maid-Rite Corporation. Below, left to right—wardrobe trunk, courtesy Oshkosh Trunk Company; Aviator suitcase, courtesy Wheary Trunk Company; carry-all bag, courtesy Atlantic Products Corporation; Gladstone bag, courtesy Belber Trunk and Bag Company; elongated Migrator, courtesy W. W. Winship and Sons; Aerobe Case, courtesy Hartmann Trunk Company; fitted case, Lucite fittings, courtesy K. Kaufmann & Company; steamer trunk, courtesy Mendel-Drucker Company.



"MORE FLOWERS? MY DEAR, YOU'RE SPOILING ME TERRIBLY!"

The Shorn Lamb

By
WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Illustrated by R. F. James

ATHERTON and Brotherton Drake are the twin sons of the late Sir Michael Drake, Baronet. They are startlingly alike in appearance, speech and manner, but here all resemblance ceases and they are as far apart as the poles in temperament, habits and modes of living. Brotherton, or Buddy as he is usually called, fought through the war; Atherton, who as the first-born inherited the title, held an important place with the Government and won a seat in Parliament. Buddy dissipated his inheritance, but Atherton invested his shrewdly. Atherton won the hand of a fair lady, but the night before the wedding Buddy bolted with her to America. There she died, and Buddy, after ten years spent in earning a precarious living as an actor, is back in London, broke.

Buddy calls at Atherton's flat in quest of a loan. They have words and Atherton, who has never been robust, falls to the floor dead from a heart attack. His remarkable resemblance to his brother prompts Buddy to assume the rôle of Sir Atherton Drake and to palm off the latter's body as his own. The family physician, the servants, everyone, in fact, accept him as Atherton, and the supposed Brotherton Drake being buried he begins to fit himself into the new life.

The adventure is not without its pitfalls, as Buddy knows little or nothing of his brother's connections, friendships or alliances. He seeks an understanding of Atherton's affairs, goes through drawers and papers, finds a list of investments that total nearly £200,000 and a will with one unexplained and mysterious bequest to a Miss Cora Blenkinsop. Likewise he finds ready cash for his immediate needs, rides in Atherton's car, and prepares to enter the charmed world from which he has been so long absent.

But when intimate notes, simply signed M., begin to reach him on the stationery of a select Paris hotel, he becomes alarmed and decides that he must go there to meet the situation, whatever it may be. Seated in the lobby of the Plaza-Athénée he is greeted by a most attractive woman, who immediately takes him to task for his neglect of Muriel. The woman, it appears, is her sister Diana. Muriel herself is in a Paris nursing home following an operation.

Buddy and Diana dine together and he learns that Muriel is the wife of one Horatio Flower, a country neighbor of Atherton's at Newstead Park, who is threatening to sue for divorce—all because of Atherton. Buddy, as Sir Atherton, finds to his dismay that he occupies one side of the eternal triangle. Honor and decency demand he go to Muriel's rescue, but his heart leaps at the thought of Diana Merrow.

VI.

BUDDY went out into a cheerless world—a world of rawness and rain and leafless trees; of streaming umbrellas, streaming vehicle tops, forlorn sodden posters on kiosks and pillars; of the miserable morning gloom which lights in shop windows only make more miserable. It was not the Paris of his young memories or of his dreams in ramshackle Middle West towns wherein he had spent so much time. The only comfort to be gathered from the depressing streets was inclosed in the comfortable car which he had hired by the day. He was dry, he was warm, he sat soft.

He drove to the nursing home in Auteuil, delivered a vast basket of Riviera roses with a card on which he had inscribed, "Dear love and best wishes," and made his inquiries. From the nurse's guarded answers he gathered that though things were going on as well as could be expected, it was wise not to set expectations too high. Mrs. Flower had curiously little power of resistance. Her condition would probably improve toward the afternoon. Perhaps Sir Atherton would ring up later.

He drove back to the hotel and held a telephone conversation with Diana. From the fresh pleasant tone in her voice he concluded he was in her good graces; a conclusion further confirmed by her suggestion they should lunch in his sitting room. In half an hour, said Diana.

By the time that she appeared, Buddy, delighted, had arranged the setting of things. In the small affairs of life he was a practical man and could act quickly. Her first startled glance of amusement rewarded him for painstaking.

A cheerful wood fire blazed beneath the chimney-piece. By the side of one of the places on the table set for lunch, lay a great bunch—a bouquet—of violets.

She laughed as she shook hands.

"My dear—is this home or heaven? I've never been so cold in my life. Ugh!" She crossed to the fire. "Oh, this is good. I'll have to keep a diary. Atherton day by day . . ."

He did his best to assume the Athertonian manner.

"After all, I pride myself on observing the outer decencies of life."

"You did that this morning, at any rate. Muriel loved the flowers. She charged me with the usual messages."

He made some sort of response, more occupied by the fascinations of the girl's splendid assurance and the grace of her movements than by the vague image of the pallid invalid. He stood by, watching her. He decided, even more than on the previous evening, that she was good to look upon. She had come down from her room without a hat. Her hair, black and wavy on her forehead, was short-cropped and parted in the middle. In certain aspects she looked half-boy, half-Madonna; but when she turned her deep mocking eyes on him, he knew that she was all woman; all that can be attractive, teasing, melting, stony and damnable in woman. With all this, however, he saw in her no concern. Here she was, in the most comradelike way in the world. He knew instinctively that his presumed relations with Muriel were the sole sanctions in the girl's mind for this offhand, almost family intimacy. What her moral attitude towards the liaison might be, he had no idea. Most probably, he thought, she dismissed the ethical side of things with a modern shrug. Obviously she adored her sister, with a queer protective kind of love. Last night she had been ever ready to bristle at him like a suspicious porcupine. On the other hand, no momentary protective instinct being aroused, she was, in the frankness of her heart, more than willing to accept him, in sisterly fashion, as a sort of illegitimate brother-in-law.

She sat on a chair by the fire, one leg thrown over the arm.

"What a beast of a day! Poor Muriel in that fetid room!"

"Fetid?" Buddy queried.

"OH, DON'T be so pedantic. You know exactly what I mean—filthy, loathsome, hideous, ghastly, chilly, bare, sanitary, eugenic, antiseptic, without the least little friendly, homely germ for her to pal up with. I'd like to see you there on the flat of your back on a bed three feet wide and five feet from the ground, and the whole inside of you hurting like Hades."

Buddy took up a position with back to fire.

"I know it's dreadful for our poor darling; but is there anything that can be done to make the dreadful place more comfortable for her?"

"Of course not, modern scientific treatment being what it is. Wives of emperors and multimillionaires have to go through the same hygienic horrors as Muriel . . . but that doesn't alter my pity for Muriel lying there in that fetid, filthy, loathsome room. You have your own sense of the meaning of words. I have mine. Yours is literal and prosaic. Mine is imaginative and figurative. Mine's better than yours!" The waiter entered the room. "Thank goodness, there's lunch and we can end this idiot discussion."

They took their places. She lifted the clump of violets.

"For me?"

He bowed. "Of course."

She smiled her thanks and buried her face for a second in the flowers.

"What a lot of experience you must have had," she said.

"In what?"

"In the nice conduct of women."

"Instinct, my dear," said he, "sheer instinct."

It still rained drearily and the black gloom deepened over Paris. They ate by electric light, and after lunch sat by the cheerful blaze of the fire. For him restrained talk was difficult. He longed to tell her of the things with which his life had been concerned—athletics, the war, America . . . things of which Atherton had known nothing. On the other hand he knew little or nothing of the scholarly and political pursuits that had been the main features of Atherton's career. He couldn't even talk intelligently on bodily ailments. Once more he must lead Diana to talk of herself, her history, her aims and ambitions, her pursuits. He felt happy when she took as her text her old furniture shop in Sloane Street. It was succeeding beyond her wildest hopes. She specialized in Renaissance Italian, small pieces to attract fastidious dwellers in small and expensive flats. It was a company, Merro Ltd., of which she was chief shareholder and managing director. All her small fortune was involved. She considered that the suppression of the final *w* in her name was a stroke of genius. "Merro Ltd." gave the impression of Jewish solidity and cunning flair of the authentic. She told of the byways of Italian travel on which she picked up her little masterpieces. He learned from her careless allusion that she had embarked on this career of commercial virtuosity when one Guy Bingham had turned her down. Buddy grasped the fact that he was supposed to know all about Guy Bingham and his turpitude.

He nodded sagely.

"You were well rid of the fellow," said he.

"I was. I was young then and didn't know much. It hurt awfully for a time. When I found out later what a beast he was, I knew I'd had a narrow escape."

"He was one of the rottenest brutes I've ever heard of."

A grateful glance showed her appreciation of the sincerity of his tone. And Buddy was sincere for the moment.

AFTER a while she rose. It was half-past three. She must go to the nursing home. No, no; not the slightest use his accompanying her. He couldn't see Muriel. She would ring him up as soon as she got there and give him the afternoon's bulletin. Yes. She would use his car. He was a dear. A lovely lunch and again thanks for the violets. She was dining and theater-going with the Snow-Derwents, and so wouldn't see him till the morrow. She repeated, on parting from him, violets in hand:

"I'll tell Muriel again I never realized what a dear you are. It'll cheer her up."

Buddy returned from the lift gate to his now stark and desolate sitting room. Why had fate declined to allow Diana

(Continued on Page 146)

"YOU WAS SUCH A SWELL GUY THAT I DIDN'T THINK IT COULD BE YOU," SAID THE MAN

THE HEADMASTER PASSED ENTIRELY OVER YOUNG PETER'S STEADY EYES AND HIS SQUARE LITTLE CHIN

Torchbearer

By JAY GELZER

Illustrated by Grattan Condon

JOHN HARROD was head clerk for Peter Redmond & Company. He had been head clerk so many years that only old Peter Redmond, who had been young Peter Redmond in the days when John Harrod had first come there, could have told how many the years were, and perhaps old Peter himself couldn't have told, because of the tricky way years slide by, but would simply have said that it was a long time.

Every day from nine to five, and, since Peter Redmond & Company were rather proudly not slave drivers, until noon on Saturdays, sitting at a desk overlooking the entire office, looking through letters diligently for mistakes. Bullying assertive stenographers rather unsuccessfully. Encouraging timid beginners more successfully. Deciding petty matters of routine and arbitrating still more petty infringements of minor rules.

Nearly a quarter of a century of it, and coming out of it outwardly unchanged—still thin, still a trifle rubbed of elbows from leaning over a desk from nine to five, still the same nearsighted blue eyes which were wistful if you looked at them closely.

"I don't see how you do it!" old Peter Redmond who had been young Peter Redmond would explode at intervals.

There was almost irritability in Peter Redmond's frankly expressed amazement, as though his head clerk's lack of change subtly represented an unfavorable standard of comparison, and he was apt to assuage that irritability by the secret thought which came afterward and which, because all in all he was a kindly soul, he did not express.

"Ah, well, perhaps it's to be expected," ran that unexpressed thought of Peter Redmond. "It is the things which happen to a man which change him, and nothing has ever happened to John Harrod. He's lived his whole life in a vacuum."

Which only goes to show how little one man really knows of another.

There are outward changes, there are inward changes. Outwardly John Harrod was the same, or nearly so.

Inwardly . . . but that is the story.

HE WAS an orphan, John Harrod, and very early he knew the secret hopelessness, the despair, which comes of lack of understanding love.

He was, instead of being a self to somebody, merely one of many bodies to be cared for, which is something entirely different.

Very early—so early that he was not beyond the age which finds tears waiting in the darkness beside a pillow—he learned that he was not important, that he would never be important, that he never could be important.

He learned his lessons well, John Harrod.

He learned this particular lesson far too well. So well that ever afterward, even after Maisie had come with the bright healing stream of love she had for him, he could never convince himself that he really counted for anything in the comprehensive scheme of things, nor rid himself of the betraying humility which revealed him in all his weakness to others.

That, perhaps, was because he lingered in the orphanage over long.

In his very early years the leanness which was to be beneficient in later years was manifested as angularity.

He had a pinched, poverty-stricken look too redolent of institutional life, and the sentimental ladies adopting children just before Christmas or Thanksgiving passed him by in favor of round knees and chubby cheeks.

John Harrod stayed at the orphanage until he was fifteen, to be exact; then he took up the burden of supporting himself, which a paternal city administration had carried for ten years.

In his patient, plodding way he prospered from the first. At least he progressed steadily from office boy to clerk, from fifth clerk to first clerk, and eventually to head clerk.

When he became head clerk he came to Peter Redmond & Company, hired by young Peter who was in time to become old Peter because of a certain trustworthiness of expression.

He had a desk with his name set forth on a neat brass plate then. An umbrella and a raincoat hanging in his locker against unexpected bad weather and to lend the substance of occupation. And he had respect faintly mingled with derision from his subordinates because he took his position so seriously.

John Harrod always remembered the days when he first became head clerk at Redmond's very distinctly, partly because the savor of even a limited authority was so new to him, and because it was then that he met Maisie.

What Maisie was to John Harrod he couldn't have told. Very probably—because he was to the very end an inarticulate person—he couldn't have made clear even to himself what Maisie meant to him, except perhaps in his heart, since hearts have no need of words.

Maisie was youth. Maisie was romance. Maisie was the family he had never had and the shy sweet promise of the family he would have.

Maisie was all of these because Maisie was love.

John Harrod used to marvel over it, striding along through streets redeemed from the commonplace by the presence of Maisie at his side. Used to bend to her anxiously with his shoulders, which were already stooped a little, striving to penetrate the mystery of her face with his gray-blue eyes, which were a trifle nearsighted, almost as though, if he watched long enough, he might surprise the secret of why she loved him.

Rather frequently, and with his pitiful revelation of humility, he would ask her that in their early days together.

"Why *me*, Maisie?"

"And why *not* you?" Maisie would counter, eyes twinkling.

But after awhile, perhaps because he asked so often, she gave him more serious answer.

"Perhaps because you need loving, John."

HE HAD to take that and be satisfied, because it was the only answer she ever gave him, and perhaps it was enough, because certainly he did need loving.

He was fairly starved for love.

He had gone without it all his life and could scarcely believe that fate—or destiny—or whatever guides men's lives had relented sufficiently to give him Maisie.

She was little, Maisie. And sweet. And young, with the gift of ready laughter. A staunch little person, with a firm little chin, and with the bluest and steadiest of eyes.

John Harrod had rarely been at ease with anybody after he left the orphanage, the imprint of critical authority having bitten too deep. He was always faintly apologetic. Always expectant of unfavorable criticism. Always too anxiously placating. Always rather evidently putting his best foot forward. But with Maisie, perhaps because of her complete approval of him, he was himself. A rather timid and retiring self, but the only self he could be, and it may have been why he so deeply loved her.

Not long after he came to Peter Redmond & Company, they were married one day in late spring, and ever afterward John Harrod was to group spring and Maisie's blue

eyes and rare emotion into one inseparable grouping which returned to him every spring.

They took a little house. A cheap little house which was for John Harrod the first home he had ever had. A rather dreadful little house furnished rather dreadfully in durable golden oak because it was the fashion then and he wanted Maisie to have the best in so far as he could procure it for her. A little house of white-painted boards soon to be dingy, on a street lined with the homes of workingmen of the better sort, with a picket fence which seemed to set it apart from the rest of the street.

John Harrod liked the picket fence, which gave to him by its very act of inclosure a more solid sense of ownership.

Maisie, too, thought well of the picket fence.

It would come in handy some day, Maisie would prophesy, with dimples showing in her cheeks and with a look in her blue eyes which saw a dream fulfilled.

John Harrod always had a tightness in his throat when Maisie said this just that way and with just that look, because it proved, her saying it, that he wasn't to be different from other people always. He had found somebody to whom he belonged, and because of that finding, some day other somebodies would belong to him!

IT MADE him feel so safe, just hearing Maisie, with her gaze upon the picket fence. Lifted him and dropped him down in the warm pleasantness of common interest with the world at large.

Protected by that, he went blithely to work every morning, waving his hand in farewell to a Maisie standing devotedly upon the tiny front porch. Came still more blithely home full of conversation about the day's doings.

He loved to talk, and Maisie loved to listen, which was fortunate, for he was full of unspent conversation dating back over all the silent years.

After dinner at the cosy little table in the kitchen he would lean back in his chair and give Maisie the most minute happenings of his day, while Maisie would lean upon the table on her round soft arms, listening in a manner which seemed to make him an important part of all he was relating.

"Peter Redmond said to me today . . ." he would begin, and Maisie's adoring eyes immediately lifted him to the exact level of Peter Redmond himself.

He had an inner intuition that Maisie understood all about him, for all her way of lifting him to Peter Redmond's exalted status. That she knew, for instance, that he was afraid of nearly everything. Of people. Of life. Of being poor and alone in his old age, although Maisie herself had redeemed him from half of that. Of losing his job and being cast into the definite hell of unemployment.

Particularly he feared this, and he was sure Maisie knew.

ON THE pay days he came home and, with an effort to appear casual, said with assumed gruffness across the dividing table: "They let Jenkins go today." Or, perhaps: "We had to drop two more stenographers." Maisie's hand always came creeping out to meet his.

"They'll never let you go," she would say warmly, holding out to him the pleasant fiction that Peter Redmond & Company depended upon his efforts for subsistence.

And then, for just a little while, the fear would relax its clutch.

All in all, he had Maisie just a year.

It was spring when she came to him, it was spring when she left him, but as Maisie pointed out to him, her going wasn't entirely a loss.

"I'm leaving you him, and he'll do more for you than I ever could," said Maisie with a proud glance at the blanket-wrapped bundle that lay in the bed beside her. "And I know you'll manage all right because I'll be right here helping you manage."

Put so matter-of-factly and so confidently, he could scarcely doubt it, although he could not achieve quite the same calm certainty.

"You think you will be, Maisie?" faltered John Harrod, pleading for reassurance.

Maisie's blue eyes looked up at him for the last time as steadfastly as they had looked up at him in the first instant of their meeting.

"Where else would I be?" she demanded, with the faintest possible chuckle of a laugh.

He kept the rather dreadful little house which was dreadful for still another reason after Maisie left.

He kept the baby boy who was all that remained to him of Maisie and his love.

HE COULDN'T HAVE MADE CLEAR EVEN TO HIMSELF WHAT MAISIE MEANT TO HIM, EXCEPT PERHAPS IN HIS HEART

The baby already had Maisie's staunch little chin, her vivid blue eyes, her calm acceptance of things.

"You'll be boarding him out somewhere, Mr. Harrod?" inquired Mrs. Neely, the next-door neighbor, on the day after the funeral, with the best of intentions. "And likely you'll be moving yourself?"

She never rightly knew why John Harrod gave her the look he did. Horrified, that look. Angry, almost, that look, as though she had in some manner desecrated a shrine.

Without John Harrod's uttering a word, Mrs. Neely gathered that he meant to stay.

"Though how he's to manage with her gone and a week-old baby on his hands!" worried Mrs. Neely kind-heartedly.

He managed.

John Harrod himself always believed that he managed as easily as he did because Maisie kept her promise.

Maisie was there to help him.

If he'd moved away he might have lost her. As it was, Maisie companioned him in the little house almost to the same extent as when she was with him in the flesh.

NO OTHER explanation could account for his extraordinary deftness with the things with which a man ordinarily does not concern himself. With the care of the house. With the care of the baby.

He talked to Maisie exactly as though she were there, only neither so much nor so often.

"I've named him Peter, Maisie—after Mr. Redmond, you know."

Although Maisie did not answer him in words, he sensed her approval.

That was during the first anxious days when he scarcely knew whether little Peter Harrod would elect to follow Maisie or remain.

Then, out of heartfelt relief when that anxiety was past, and a food had been found on which small Peter's languid eyes brightened and his wan cheeks warmed with color:

"He's gaining at last, Maisie."

He did not tell Maisie that he had named the boy "Peter" out of a rather pitiful wish that he resemble Peter Redmond instead of himself.

John Harrod admired Peter Redmond. His forcefulness. His ability to extract gayety from life. His fearlessness.

Beyond all else, John Harrod admired Peter Redmond's absence of fear. It made, he suspected, for a life which was so much more free and which was certainly much pleasanter to live, because it was far from pleasant to live in a state of perpetual fear.

He was sure of that because with Maisie's going he had slipped back more completely into being afraid of things. His timidity had increased so that he had a small stutter in his speech. He shivered on pay days when the cashier stalked around with his basket of small envelopes. He came up the walk at night almost with an effect of flight to where the woman who kept little Peter Harrod in that interval between nine and five waited with her hat on.

SO, AFTER a time, as weeks rounded into months, and months slowly began to shape into years, it became apparent to John Harrod that he had a greater responsibility toward his son in that matter of fear than naming him after a man without fear. He must find for little Peter the secret of fearlessness. Must free him from the blight which had eaten into his own life.

"You'll help me, won't you, Maisie? I don't want him to be like me!"

He said it every night when he put Peter to bed, rolled in blankets, and with Peter's blue eyes which were so like Maisie's regarding him sleepily, he can scarcely be blamed for thinking that Maisie heard.

He set out then to ascertain what gave Peter Redmond the ability to achieve that placid certainty of self which gave fear no foothold.

(Continued on Page 118)

General view of Mrs. Henry Ford's rose garden at Fair Lane, Dearborn, Michigan. It contains more than three acres of ground, two large pools and ten thousand rose bushes.

Fine New Roses for the Garden

By G. A. STEVENS

Photographed in Natural Color in the Gardens of Mrs. Henry Ford

THE rose garden of Mrs. Henry Ford at Dearborn, Michigan, a few photos of which accompany this article, is perhaps the most elaborate and extensive garden devoted entirely to roses on the continent of North America. It covers more than three acres on both level and sloping ground with appropriate architectural features, and includes two large pools. More than ten thousand rose bushes of all types and varieties were planted, arranged both for their individual beauty and to make a rich and lovely prospect of the garden as a whole.

With such great resources, and a sincere intention to grow roses for the roses' sake, this magnificent garden is the consummation of lively imagination, skillful planning and expert knowledge. The student of modern roses and rose-garden design could find no better place to study. To the careful observer the Ford Rose Garden demonstrates three definite tendencies in the use of roses: First, an increasing use of roses as shrubs; second, an appreciative and more imaginative handling of climbing roses; third, an apparent return of standard, or tree, roses to popular favor. Accompanying these trends in the use of roses is a distinctly heightened color effect of the garden as a whole, due to the yellow, orange, salmon and apricot varieties which are the products of recent hybridization.

The use of roses as shrubs is not new; in fact, anyone whose memory goes back twenty-five or thirty years can recall the time when most of the roses grown in gardens were distinctly shrubs, and were treated as such. In the gardens of fanciers and specialists, bedding and exhibition roses of the Hybrid Perpetual type were found, and the beginnings of the everblooming Hybrid Tea race; but in the dooryards and gardens in which neither knowledge nor time, skill and enthusiasm for cultivation existed, roses were considered as "bushes" which needed no special care, and could be planted in happy company with lilacs, mockoranges, and the "sweet shrub" dear to the affections of us all.

The disappearance of these old shrub roses can be attributed to the fact that the rose has always been chiefly appreciated for its individual flowers and has seldom been considered with relation to its form as a plant, or to the mass of color which it afforded. The gradual dissemination of the Hybrid Tea roses, combining hardiness with constant blooming and variety of color with beauty of form, pushed the old varieties from their place of honor; and in a few years they were forgotten except where sentiment cherished them or they lingered in neglected and abandoned gardens.

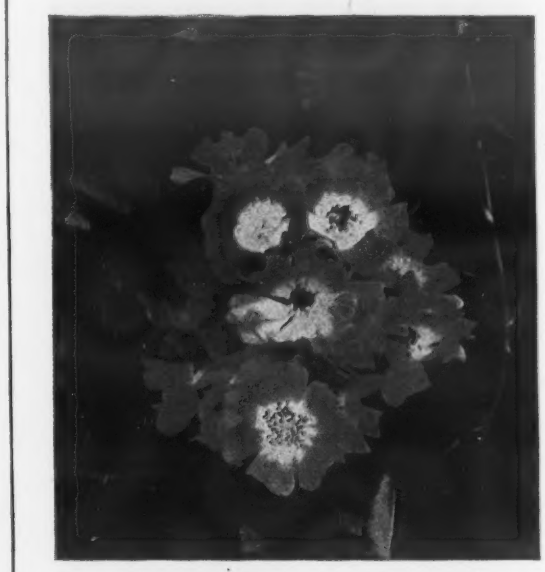
The curious taste which required all roses to have many petals hindered the appreciation of the charming single flowers of wild, or species, roses. Possibly because none of our native wild roses is very amenable to garden cultivation, the lack of consideration of roses as shrubs of the same character as the Philadelphus, the spirea and the hydrangea is in some measure justified. That appreciation of necessity had to wait upon the introduction and wide distribution of the shrub types from other countries.

Gradually they came—the hardy and almost ever-blooming Rugosa from Japan and Siberia, with some hybrids that

(Continued on Page 145)

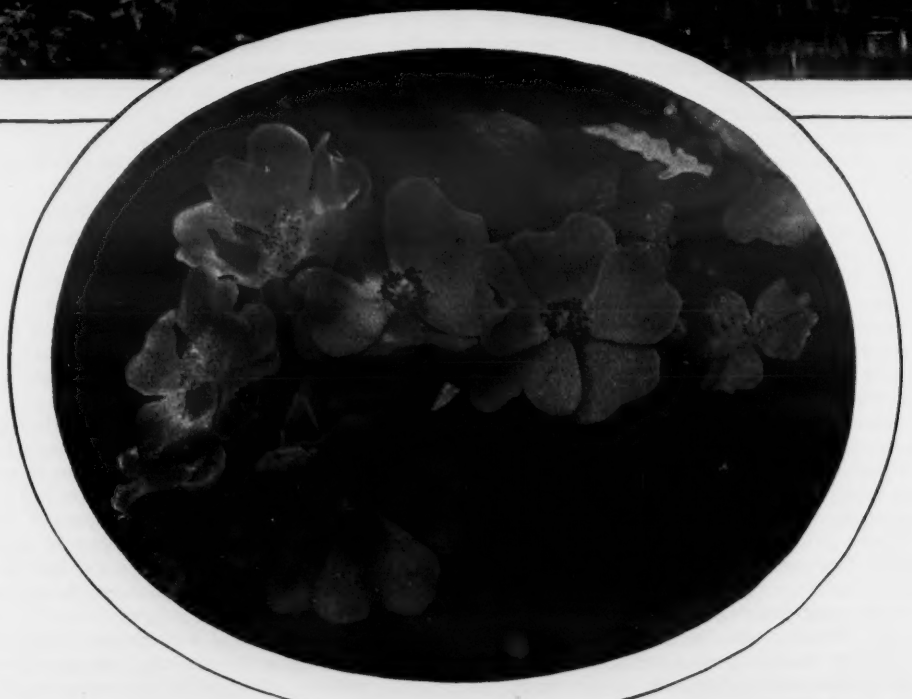
Other articles on Gardens will be found on pages 140 to 143.

At left—Innocence (HT), an enormous single, pure white blossom with wine-red stamens tipped with golden anthers. Below—Isobel (HT), exquisitely pointed buds, flushed with carmine red and orange, later becoming pink. A single.



Lady Godiva (HW), a strong, hardy and healthy plant, with flowers of many mingled shades of pink. Best of the Dorothy Perkins group.

A pool, showing an interesting way of using climbing roses.



A glimpse of color in one of the rose hedges at Fair Lane.

A Red Radiance standard, or tree, rose as grown in perfection. There is a large collection of all varieties at Fair Lane Gardens.

MISS GLADYS LIGGETT, OF NEW YORK, IS THE EXPORT MANAGER OF AN INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN OIL COMPANY

PHOTO. BY E. F. FOLEY

LUCY A. GOLDSMITH, FOREIGN TRADE SPECIALIST, APPOINTED BY THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT SPECIAL TRADE ADVISER TO THE PREMIER

MISS BLANCHE SCHWARTZ, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, IS THE EXPORT MANAGER OF SEVERAL DIFFERENT COMPANIES

PHOTO. BY STANDIFORD

Women and World Trade

Imports and Exports Offer Opportunities for a Major Career

By LUCY A. GOLDSMITH

"YES, we have no bananas" had its merry little song vogue a few years ago. I wonder how many of us ever stopped to think just how true that catchy song hit really was. It is symbolical of many niceties and necessities in our daily life. If we were asked we would also have to confess that we have no tea, coffee or cocoa. Of course we have apples and figs, prunes and grapes. But we would be terribly annoyed if we had no coffee for breakfast or not enough sugar to sweeten it. That is one of the reasons why foreign trade is so important to every one of us. We want some other country's bananas and coffee, as well as many other essential imports which we cannot produce ourselves, and they are just as desirous of having some of our cotton and copper and automobiles. And there you are; that is foreign trade. The age-old system of barter and trade brought up to date, 1930 model.

We also insist on having silks, furs, rubies, emeralds and many other precious products utterly unobtainable in our own country. Even diamonds and platinum for our engagement and wedding rings have to be imported. We do not "grow" them in these United States. We could not have them or pay for them, if we in turn did not send to other countries many of our products which equal or surpass in value the innumerable articles we buy from other nations.

Perhaps I should mention at the outset just what is understood by the term "foreign trade," as many people do not realize that foreign trade consists of both exports and imports. This is more easily visualized when you stop to think that our exports are some other country's imports and vice versa.

Anybody who is engaged in either exporting or importing is a factor in foreign trade, from the lowliest shipping clerk to the head of the largest steel or silk corporation. But today the newest and most interesting opportunities for a career for both men and women are undoubtedly to be found in export rather than in import trade.

A Business Future

BUSINESS leaders all over the country are waking up to this newest phase of our economic development. Nearly all large and many alert smaller companies are seeking expansion of their export markets. All forward-looking industries and organizations realize its absolute necessity. In view of the overproduction of manufacturing facilities in this country, we must find foreign outlets for many of our manufactured products, which even today exceed our domestic consumption possibilities. Consequently every year sees a growing demand for adequately trained young men and women for positions in export departments of large as well as small businesses.

Here is where the wide-awake young woman with the essential qualifications will discover a business future for herself.

Briefly these necessary qualifications might be summed up as follows: A cultural background with special emphasis on wide reading, embracing literature, languages and the history, geography and psychology of the people of various countries, plus—and this plus constitutes the entering wedge—stenographic ability, coupled with at least a year's experience in rudimentary business-office procedure. Of course stenography is not the sum total of the goal for any ambitious young woman. It is merely a means to an end. That end is the type of business in which she wishes to achieve executive success. Foreign trade as a career is ideal for the college girl who has specialized in languages, literature, economics or history, and who is also willing to take up stenography. A college education is not imperative, but a good cultural background is.

The rewards in foreign trade are many and varied; adventure in the sense of reaching out to the farthest ends of the earth figuratively and often literally and physically; stimulating contacts with many people of various nationalities, from peasants to potentates. The financial returns can also be most lucrative if the broader issues of foreign trade and the international factors underlying it are studied and applied practically.

Stenographic and clerical positions usually command higher salaries in export than in domestic trade. Where the stenographic beginner in domestic trade would receive as little as fifteen or twenty dollars a week, the stenographer in export trade would command twenty or twenty-five dollars at the start. Where a more experienced stenographer would receive thirty-five dollars a week in domestic trade, she might receive forty-five or fifty dollars in foreign trade.

The increased ratio depends, of course, on knowledge, experience and personality. Foreign trade makes far greater demands on the stenographer than domestic trade. Great accuracy is imperative. If a domestic letter is addressed incorrectly the mistake can be rectified within a few days, when the letter is returned. If a foreign letter is addressed incorrectly it may take three or four months before it can be returned and reforwarded to its proper destination. In the meanwhile some competitor may gain the business that was desired and which depended upon the letter.

The stenographic worker in foreign trade therefore earns the additional increment she receives by her greater accuracy, her knowledge of geography and perhaps her knowledge of languages, of foreign countries, of shipping or economics.

The subexecutive in foreign trade will also receive a higher salary than the subexecutive in domestic trade. She can command from three thousand to thirty-five hundred dollars a year, whereas a young woman holding the same type of position in domestic trade might not reach even twenty-five hundred dollars. In an average company the export manager's salary might range from as low as four thousand to possibly ten thousand or fifteen thousand dollars a year. Only the exceptional woman will make ten thousand dollars or more annually. To earn such an income she would either have to be running her own business or would have to produce for her employer sales sufficient to warrant that salary.

Feminine Adaptability

IN ARRIVING at executive positions I believe that young women have as good if not better chances of early promotion and opportunity as young men. The reason is really very obvious. Few ambitious young men would be content to remain three years as stenographers. The average young man might take a job of that kind for six months, but after that he would be restless. He would not like the detail. If he remained a stenographer he would hardly be the type that would develop into a "go-getting" executive. Yet in three years as secretary stenographer a young woman with a cultural background can learn as much as most young men in subexecutive positions can learn in ten years on an average. The reason for this is that by her direct personal contact with the head of the business she can absorb his point of view and his understanding of the relationship of the various departments of the business instead of being sidetracked into a minor or subexecutive job in which she would specialize in only one thing.

Other natural advantages which the young woman possesses over the average young man in export trade is her greater adaptability to foreign customs, her attention to

(Continued on Page 135)

I FELT HER SHRINKING AWAY FROM ME. CONFESSION TREMBLED ON MY LIPS, CONFESSION THAT WOULD TURN HER SHRINKING INTO REPULSION

Among Those Present

By

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

XVII. (Continued)

THERE, seated at a table flanked by the standing figures of Jimmy Greco and Andy Horn, was the man who must be the chief. A distinguished-looking person, too, except for his thin mouth and hard eyes. Middle-aged—perhaps a trifle more than that—lean, muscular, well groomed. There was nothing, so far as my first glance told me, to differentiate him from any prosperous and alert attorney or broker who kept in good condition through tennis or golf.

"Let go of Slavini, Crandall," he said quietly.

The soft command was infinitely more alarming than bluster would have been. But I held Slavini tighter to me.

"When I know better what this is all about," I replied.

"You know what it's about."

"Tell me again," I jeered.

His eyebrows raised faintly.

"The Seeley emeralds. I want them."

His lips snapped tight over the last word, as though it were his last word.

"I'd like them myself," I said. "You've read the papers, haven't you?"

"I also saw the gentleman who called on you this afternoon, Crandall," he said calmly. "Kernan Peters. Never knew he was a burglar. Just knew of him as a yegg. But yeggs don't call on you, Crandall. So—he was last night's burglar. Don't lie to me," he blazed. "Do you take me for a child? Slavini, Greco, Horn—do you think I trust the judgment of fools like these when there's something important at stake? I went to your hotel, and was about to announce myself when Peters asked for you. Do you suppose there's a killer in the country, a yeggman, a safe-worker—anything that I don't know about? I sent for a friend of mine; we waited. When Peters came down, my friend—he's on the police force, Crandall, and that's how far my influence goes—looked him over. Said he'd seen his photo. Knew who he was. And why does a man like that call on you? Crandall, I want the necklace."

"Denial seems to get nowhere with you," I remarked.

"You haven't offered denial yet," he snapped.

"I don't think I'll bother to," I said negligently.

"I'll take the emeralds instead," he said.

"Yes? And what makes you think I'll give them up? Going to threaten me?"

He shook his head.

"I never threaten—I kill," he said.

"Yes?" I smiled. "And I'll stand here and take it ——"

"Someone else might be killed, too," he said. I wish I could forget the gentle evil of his tone as he said that, for it will be in my ears until I die.

"I agree with you," I said. "Pots would get it first ——"

"You know whom I mean," he said. "It is silly to pretend misunderstanding. I mean Miss Seeley."

"I thought you'd come to her," I said. "Rats have to come out in the open sooner or later. Well?"

"She came here in response to a message that she thought was from you," he said. "Crandall, if I don't have the necklace by twelve o'clock tonight your complete *dossier* will be with the police, and she will be—dead."

"That's just a cheap threat," I commented. "Miss Seeley is home, safe in bed."

"Would you like to telephone her home to find out if that is so?" he inquired.

"She might be out somewhere," I said weakly.

"She might be somewhere, but it would take you a long time—too long—to find out the address," he retorted. "Crandall, let's not argue. Give me the necklace and you have my word of honor that you and Miss Seeley go free."

"Whose word of honor?" I asked. "I like to know whom I'm talking to."

"Samuel Davis. That will do as well as anything else. Well, what's the answer?"

"I want to see Miss Seeley," I said. "I want to see her before I agree to any terms. I want to be certain she's come to no harm."

"Then you admit you have the necklace?" he asked.

"If it cheers you any ——"

"Where is it?" he demanded eagerly.

"I want to see Miss Seeley," I said.

He stared at me. I could almost see his brain working behind those opaque eyes. Indeed, he practically translated his thoughts into words.

"You brought it back to the hotel with you. You must have. It's in your room—or the hotel safe. If it's the safe you'd have a receipt for it; that receipt would be in your room, or on your person."

I must have winced at the accuracy of his reasoning, for triumph shone in his eyes.

"Andy! Jimmy! Pots!" he cried.

Staccato came the names, but even more staccato was the voice that came through the door:

"Davis, eh? The big chief, eh? Well, stick 'em up, lads, higher than ever in your rat lives."

And by my shoulder stood Kern Peters.

XVIII.

I HAVE said, I think, that Peters was the type that might have appealed to women—of a sort. Tall, lithe, strong, some women would have liked his thin, evil mouth and his hard, filmed-over eyes. And tonight, as he ranged himself alongside of me, I was utterly on the side of those frail ladies of my imaginings.

For I forgot the savage viciousness of the man, was aware only of the fact that he had come in the absolute nick of time, and to me, with the guns of Jimmy Greco and Andy Horn and Sam Davis leveled at me, he was as shining as a knight in armor.

Slavini was the only one whose hand held no weapon. He, despite the call to arms of his chief, had not dared to move. My gun was too firmly pressed against his body for him to dare a move. I'd get him, and well he knew it. And well I knew that, but for the arrival of Kern Peters, Jimmy or Andy or Davis himself would have got me.

And then I realized why the undistinguished Davis was able to force the obedience of Andy and Pots and Jimmy; why he had ruled them so absolutely that Pots Slavini had trembled at the mere thought of carrying a defiant message from me.

For he knew the underworld, this man Davis, else he could not have achieved his obvious position in that world. He must know a killer when he encountered one, and Kern Peters was patently that. Moreover, Davis knew who Peters was, had the man's reputation, not merely his appearance and attitude, to warn him.

Yet his was the only pair of hands that did not reach upward. The muzzle of his gun deflected slightly, so that it bore upon the body of Peters.

"Four to two are tough odds, Peters," he said softly.

Hard as he was, Peters sensed that here was his match. Otherwise, unless I utterly misread the man, he would have replied to Davis' statement with a bullet. For Peters had come bursting in here to make no grand-stand play which would end in debate. He had come to deride and threaten and so impose himself upon these gangsters that he would walk out of the room their overlord. Or so I read his entrance.

He was not one to promise hurt. He was one to deliver it without warning. Yet he had taken them all at a disadvantage. Undoubtedly he had been listening outside, else how could his entrance have been so perfectly timed? Yet, knowing my predicament, and realizing that his own entrance would be fraught with danger unless he went into action at once, he had not fired.

And the only reason for this must be that he did not want to kill unless he had to; he preferred to establish himself as dictator in Davis' place. And now Davis looked him squarely in the eye, disobeyed his command to raise his hands, had Peters covered with his gun. So began the tensest scene I had ever experienced.

"Four to two? I don't get you," sneered Peters. "There's me and Crandall. There's you. Two to one, I make it."

Davis smiled frostily.

"You don't think highly of my friends."

"As much as you do," said Peters. "Yellow rats that are clawing for the ceiling now. And keep them mitts right up in the air, lads," he ordered. "Time enough to take 'em down when your boss and I have shot it out."

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Color Schemes for Every Room

Suggested by Summer Fabrics

By LOIS PALMER

Freshen up the day bed with a smart new cover.

NEW fabric, at windows or on a piece or two of furniture, will give any room that fresh appearance so desirable for warm summer days. Or if you happen to be furnishing a room throughout, it supplies the starting point for a complete color plan, as was the case with the materials pictured on this page.

The minor tone noticeable in one side of a leaf and around the edge of the flowers in the ratine tapestry, shown in the upper left-hand corner, suggested the color for hangings, which are made of rayon and bring out all the colors of the day-bed cover. The delicate green which is seen in some of the leaves was chosen for the wall color, and the carpet is a henna which blends with the reds of the tapestry and furnishes a splendid background for mahogany furniture.

Flowered hangings are pretty with plain walls.

A breakfast nook, being small and occupied only a short time each day, can afford to have its windows curtained with boldly patterned cretonne, in bright colors. In fact, hangings supply the chief decorative interest in this one, the furniture and china having been chosen to complement them. The table edges are finished with the red orange of part of the blossom in the design.

Flowered cretonne with a delicately tinted ground suggested the color plan for another room; with walls a delicate sky-blue green, the stripe on either edge of the fabric banded to trim a plain, tightly stretched valance, and the bedcover made of widths of the same cretonne—one selvage laid flat over another and sewed close to the edge—and plain material, to match the blue and lavender of the stripes, was made into slip covers for a chaise longue and one chair.

In a business woman's bed-sitting room, the couch is covered with a cotton tapestry which gives somewhat the effect of light filtering through Venetian blinds, over which trail flowering vines. Though not decidedly modernistic, this design adapts itself to furniture in the contemporary style, which here is plain and colorful. Brown, found in the pattern, was chosen for the floor, and the same tone was used for the baseboard, with door and window trim matching the walls which in turn blend with the lighter of the two ground colors of the tapestry.

Boldly patterned hangings are charming in a breakfast nook.

Other articles on Interior Decoration on pages 125 to 128.

Davenport upholstery, heavy enough to withstand wear.

FABRICS COURTESY
LA FRANCE TEXTILE INDUSTRIES
AND F. A. FOSTER & CO.

A floor cushion to complement the plain fabric on an easy-chair.

HOLD THE CLUB IN THE PALM OF YOUR LEFT HAND SO THAT YOU CAN SEE ONLY THE BACK OF YOUR HAND

KEEP YOUR HANDS CLOSE TOGETHER BY INTERLOCKING YOUR LEFT FOREFINGER WITH YOUR RIGHT LITTLE FINGER

GRIP ONLY WITH FINGERS OF THE RIGHT HAND, WITH MAIN PRESSURE IN LEFT LITTLE FINGER AND IN RIGHT FOREFINGER AND THUMB

Golf Secrets

By ALEX J. MORRISON

Photographs by Nickolas Muray

ALTHOUGH Rex Beach has hit two-hundred-and-seventy-five-yard drives that sometimes remained on the fairways, and has even scored in the low seventies occasionally, these feats gave him little satisfaction because, like so many golfers, he never knew beforehand when he was going to make a good shot, nor was he able to duplicate these good shots when he wanted to.

Like most players having great physical strength, he labored along the lines of maximum effort with minimum result. It is the realization that he is wasting his effort that keeps the golfer continually hunting for an efficient means of applying his strength.

"I think I'm all set to hit the ball perfectly, but when I swing there's no punch in it and the ball doesn't go anywhere," said Mr. Beach during his first session with me in my studio.

"You have the common fault of tightening up most of your muscles and joints before you actually start your swing," I told him. "Golf is based on a swing, not a series of blows. Now take your regular hitting position and hit several balls into the net, take plenty of time and see if you can loosen up your swing."

"That's just the trouble, I can't loosen up," said Mr. Beach. "Of course when there's no ball there I can swing like Bobby Jones."

"All faults are tension in one form or another, and you're no exception," I said. "To correct your swing you must eliminate tension first of all. Keep in mind that the swing is one full, smooth, flowing motion without interruption. And in order to produce such action all of the muscles and joints in your body must move freely. Let's check up on the tight spots," I suggested. "Take your regular grip."

"Well, I've always used the overlapping grip which places the left thumb against the shaft of the club," he said. "I try to hold the club so that I have a feeling that I can hit and at the same time control the club with my hands."

"That's a grand idea, but you can't carry it out unless both hands are working in absolute harmony. The left hand must do just as much work as the right hand does, and only when they move in exact unison will you get the desired result," I explained. "The manner of placing your hands on the club determines how they will act during the swing."

The Importance of Coördination

"LIKE most golfers, you are exerting a pressure against the club with your left thumb, and, if you will notice, as this pressure is increased the muscles in your left forearm along with your left wrist are locked tightly, whereas, through the absence of any such thumb pressure in your right hand, your right forearm and wrist are allowed plenty of freedom."

"Yes," Mr. Beach exclaimed, "I can feel that now that you call it to my attention."

"In order to eliminate the tension in your left arm and wrist it is necessary to allow your left thumb to go around the shaft the same as your right thumb does. Hold the club in the palm of your left hand and in the fingers of your right, turn your left hand over on the club so that you can see only the back of it, and then, as a matter of keeping the hands touching and close together, you can interlock your left forefinger with your right little finger."

"I must say that grip certainly gives the maximum of freedom to both wrists and forearms, but now I'm wondering if I'll have any control of the club with my hands," Mr. Beach said, after placing his hands in the prescribed position.

"What you mean to say is that you don't feel as though you could hit with your hands as you have been accustomed to doing, and this brings up the point about where the force should originate in the swing," I explained. "The force does not originate in the hands but comes from the very center of the body, and the hands serve to transmit this body force to the club. It is quite true that the hands perform much more action than the body and they travel at a greater speed, but even so their work is always in direct relation to the position and action of the body.

"It is not enough to correct the hands, you should also check up on the tension in your body to make absolutely sure that your body is coördinating with your arms and hands."

Such discussions are part of the daily routine in my golf studio among such players as Grantland Rice, Clarence Budington Kelland, Rube Goldberg.

The Starting Position

GRANTLAND RICE spoke up, "That same point applies to all games; it is the coördination of the body with arms and hands that is the outstanding part of every great athlete's technic.

"A baseball pitcher moves his body in time with his arm in throwing a ball, and when Babe Ruth knocks out a homer you can see plenty of body action along with the swinging of his bat. Jack Dempsey would have done little damage to his opponents without his notable coördination of body and fists. Bill Tilden's striking hip action enabled him to smash over his famous cannon ball serve."

"That's the trouble with golf, you have to think of so many things at one time," said "Bud" Kelland. "Every time I play a shot they tell me to go through all sorts of contortions that feel as though they're breaking my back, and it's a wonder I haven't broken my neck in fighting to hold my head still."

"You can simplify the whole swing by making sure that you have the right starting position. The starting position is the key to whatever action is to follow, and chances are if your starting position is natural it will afford you a natural swing," I said.

"I don't get what you mean by a natural starting position," said Mr. Kelland.

"In taking your stance, for instance, you don't seem to realize that you have bent over to the ball in such a way that your back is all tied up. You can get a better idea of what I mean in exaggerating this same position by bowing your head well down toward the ball. Bending directly forward toward the ball puts an unnecessary strain on your whole spinal column.

"And as long as there is any strain on your back you can't do much with your arms or legs. Few people know that golf when played properly puts into use all of the muscles and joints in the body, and the player can hardly overlook the part his back plays in the use of other parts of his body. If the lower section of your spinal column is in an unnatural position it immediately affects the nerves and muscles controlling the action of your hips, legs and feet. If there is tension in the upper section of your spinal column—say, between your shoulder blades—it will affect

(Continued on Page 72)

SPORTS CLOTHES COURTESY FRANKLIN SIMON & CO., N. Y. C.

THE COÖRDINATION OF ALL PARTS OF YOUR BODY DURING THE SWING DEPENDS UPON THE NATURAL POSITION OF YOUR SPINAL COLUMN

THE MORE ERECT YOU STAND THE MORE NATURAL WILL BE THE POSITION OF YOUR SPINAL COLUMN AND A SMOOTHER SWING WILL BE HAD

BENDING FORWARD TOWARDS THE BALL PUTS AN UNNECESSARY STRAIN ON YOUR ENTIRE BACK, WHICH AFFECTS YOUR ARMS AND LEGS

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Loring A. Schuler
Editor

Covered Wagon Centennial

ON APRIL 10, 1830, the first wagon train left St. Louis for the Oregon country. On December 29, 1830, Ezra Meeker was born. To the untiring efforts of this splendid pioneer, who passed away only a few months ago in Seattle, the nation owes the Covered Wagon Centennial.

Congress has authorized national commemoration by unanimous vote and President Hoover has issued a proclamation calling on the people to observe it. The official dates are set from April tenth to December twenty-ninth.

No movement in the history of our times can quite compare with that which resulted in the winning of the West. The whole history of the major movement can be comfortably crowded within the limits of one century. It was, in its larger aspects, a mighty surging wave of humanity coming from the East into the West, land-hungry, liberty-hungry, home-hungry. Along with a few Wild Bill Hickoks, there were hordes of conservative, law-abiding families quietly pushing into the setting sun, who soon overran the country—and established law and order. They went for homes, and at incredible sacrifice, a grim heroism marking every weary mile.

The Covered Wagon Centennial affords the nation a splendid opportunity to rededicate itself to the simple creed of the pioneer spirit, the fearless facing of obstacles, the candor and honesty with which the pioneer did his stint, according to his lights. And looming larger even than the pioneer father, is the figure of the pioneer mother—the woman in the sunbonnet!

Cleaner Pictures

WE HAVE with us always a noisy Smart Aleck group that sneers in chorus at every conscientious effort toward better morals. In the new code recently adopted by the motion-picture industry these scoffers professed to see "another blow at liberty," because the picture producers, faced by the new problems of the talkies, decided to cut out ridicule of law, sympathy with crime, drinking scenes, sex perversion, white slavery, justification of adultery, disrespect of the Flag, obscenity, profanity and nakedness—in other words, to make their films stand for decency and better standards of living.

When did liberty and indecency ever run together? It is unbridled license that these jeerers want. The film producers deserve praise for their courage in publicly cleaning house.

Music's Influence

MUSIC is the tonic of the gods. It has a strange power over all of us. We love to hear it, to feel it, to have it about us. No man, or woman, who cultivates his natural tendencies and listens to good music, can hate his neighbor or bemoan the fate this life metes out. Music has the power to drain one's system of all the low, despicable traits of human nature. Its influence cannot be measured. It belongs to an intangible, yet very potent sphere, more powerful than all the influences we sometimes consider so important.

All of which leads us to ask the really important questions: Do you have good music in your home? What have you done to secure its influence for your family?

Inventions Wanted

THERE used to be, and maybe still is, an English publication that appeared under the title What's Wanted. In it were listed all those things that people thought should be invented. Some were sensible and some were silly, but all in all the list did express the unfilled wants of many housewives, some business men, and people generally who were hoping for easier and better ways of doing common things. We remember one collection that included such gadgets as a pepper shaker that wouldn't make the user sneeze; a perambulator that would stay put on a hillside—little items like these.

It would be interesting to make up such a list of the wants of American housewives—and the JOURNAL would like to do it. Won't you write us and tell us what devices you would like to see invented?

What do you want that you cannot buy?

A Letter From a Reader

"MY SON Jack, age four years, four months, twenty-seven days, died March third of diphtheria, and on March sixth my wife read an article in the JOURNAL about the toxin-antitoxin that prevents diphtheria.

"My wife did not believe in the prevention. If only it could in some way be told to other young parents in time, and so they would understand! I am doing my part in this locality—telling them to see their doctors at once.

"It is a hard problem, I know, but it should in some way be impressed upon parents. It is hard now for us to bear up under our loss. All I ask is if there is not a way of putting this story before all readers. It is true to the word, and every word."

These parents should not blame themselves, although their tendency will be, perhaps, to do so. The fault should really be charged up as another claim against false propaganda, which in the past has prejudiced the minds of many intelligent parents, to the point where they honestly and sincerely have doubted the efficacy of prudent medical skill.

The Bells of the Horses

"IN THAT day," wrote the prophet Zechariah, "there shall be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord."

Every day is the day of which he wrote. In everyday life there are both sacred and secular things—and upon them all is the hand of God. There are holy days and days of penitence; days when God seems to stand before us; there are prayer times and times for Bible reading.

There is a man's business. There are everyday love in the family, the common bearing of burdens, the sacrifices of one for another. There are hopes and aspirations, pleasures and diversions. There are the little humble things one has to do.

The important thing is to live without shirking. For all life is made of sacred times and common days, and upon them all—even upon our golf balls, our automobiles, the pots and pans in the kitchen—may be written, as upon the bells of the horses, "Holiness unto the Lord."

All things—pleasures and business, home and friendships—help to make up the sum total of life lived in the sunshine of God's presence.

Don't be Afraid to Drink Milk—If it's Safe

By PAUL DE KRUIF

THERE are still a few people—who ought to know better—who want to believe that the Bang bug in raw milk has nothing to do with undulant fever in men, women and children.

This is a free country and they have a right to believe that. Would they believe it if the sad thing happened to them that happened to the owner of the largest dairy herd supplying milk to Lebanon in Warren County in Ohio?

The owner of this big dairy herd had a fourteen-year-old grandson, and in the afternoon and evening of the ninth of December, 1929, this boy took sick with a fever. He didn't want to miss school and in the morning he didn't have fever, so he went back to school; but in the afternoon he had a chill and fever again and felt rocky. This happened for four days. He was good wood and, feeling better each morning, went back to school, but by the fifth day he was so sick that on that morning he just couldn't make it. He was weak. His parents thought he had a bad cold, or maybe the flu, which is a handy name for parents and even doctors to call sicknesses that puzzle and baffle them.

Nobody was worried then. The boy's father and mother and his grandfather, the dairyman, weren't worried—but the boy got worse. He would feel pretty good in the morning, but by afternoon his fever would be 102. He had awful chills, and at night his little body shook the big bed. He couldn't sleep for those chills, and he sweat so profusely that his mother had to change his bedclothes sometimes two or three times during the course of a night.

The Case for Pasteurization

AFTER a month he had lost ten pounds. He was the kind of boy that couldn't afford to lose ten pounds. His parents were terribly worried because at night his fever kept going higher and higher, even to 104.6, and at those times he was out of his head, which didn't make them feel any less concerned about him. In the morning his grandfather might come in to see him and say, "Hello, you're better this morning, Earl"; but by evening he'd be shaking and sweating and talking wild again. It was not sure that he would live.

The boy's doctor got together with the county health commissioner and the two of them agreed Earl must have either tuberculosis or undulant fever. They were good doctors and went over him and didn't find any signs of tuberculosis.

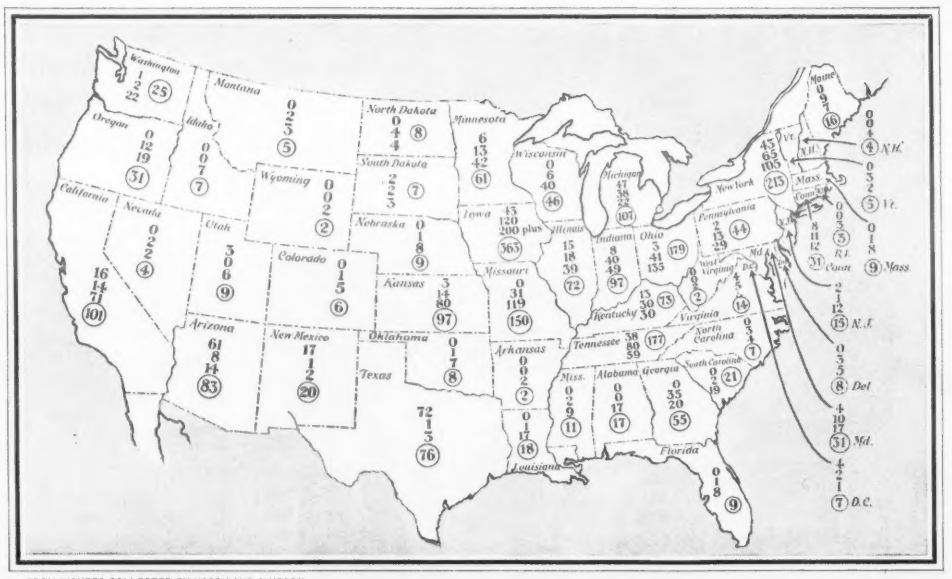
It was lucky for the people of Lebanon that Lebanon is not far from Dayton, because Dayton is one of the few cities in the country where many doctors can spot undulant fever by the symptoms of it—not calling it five or six other names first.

The doctors drew this very sick boy's blood and sent it to Dayton to the Miami Valley Hospital Laboratory. It was a very strong positive for undulant fever. It was one of those tests there were no ifs or ands or monkey-business about whatever. The test for typhoid was negative. The test for malaria was equally negative. There was not the slightest doubt whatever about what this extremely sick boy was sick with.

Of course the first thing the boy's doctor asked was what kind of milk Earl had been drinking. He had been drinking raw milk. He'd drunk raw milk right along up till the time he'd been taken sick. He'd had nothing to do with the cattle. He hadn't been butchering pigs. Earl was a schoolboy living right in the center of the town, and not a farm hand or butcher, but he had been drinking his grandfather's good raw milk, and in the month of November, just before he had taken sick, three of his grandfather's cows had lost their calves.

The grandfather's herd had plenty of abortion in it, and year after year six or more calves had been lost. Eighteen months before and several times after that the health commissioner had urged Earl's grandfather to pasteurize his milk. He finally agreed to pasteurize part of it and give his customers their choice, but he wasn't sold on it, and his own family and Earl kept getting milk raw. He thought he might lose business, but when Earl lay desperately ill and the old gentleman knew it came from Bang bugs in his own herd ——

Within two days Earl's grandfather's whole milk route was getting nothing but pasteurized milk and cream with a notice with the bottle that from then on they'd get nothing else. Two or three customers changed dairies. But right now Earl's grandfather is selling more milk—all pasteurized—than he ever sold in his life. A year ago there was no pasteurized milk in Lebanon. Now nine hundred out of every thousand quarts they use there are pasteurized.



FROM FIGURES COLLECTED BY HARDY AND SIMPSON

DISTRIBUTION OF 2365 RECORDED CASES OF UNDULANT FEVER IN THE UNITED STATES UP TO JANUARY 1, 1930

First figures represent cases prior to 1928 (415). Second figures represent cases recorded during 1928 (649). Third figures represent cases recorded during 1929 (1301). Total number of cases indicated by figures within circles (2365).

Vaccine

EARL didn't die. He might easily have died when you think how sick he was, but he got better much faster than bad cases of undulant fever usually do. And his doctor feels pretty sure it is because of the Bang bug vaccine he used on Earl. He will produce charts for you to show you how very fast the boy's fever went down after those shots of vaccine were administered.

Last year I said that there was absolutely no cure for undulant fever and that you had to wait for Nature to cure you. But many doctors in Africa and around the Mediterranean think the vaccine really works. Doctors Helwig and Angle, in Kansas City, have published papers telling that it is good. Doctors in and around Dayton are all calling for this vaccine for their undulant-fever sick people.

Doctor Simpson is pretty hard-boiled about all kinds of cures and is certainly no vaccine enthusiast, but he has got his ears cocked up about this one.

Anyway Earl got better awfully fast. It's a new hope for undulant fever and I hope this hope doesn't blow up as so many other vaccine hopes have done. Simpson says he thinks it should be tested on thousands of cases before he is willing to say okay.

(Continued on Page 176)

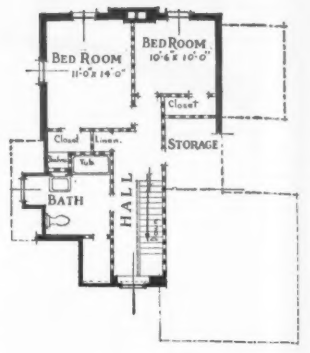
Journal House Patterns are $1

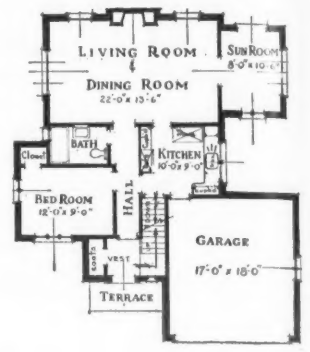
Three Houses Designed by Louise Gilleo

TO PLACE in the hands of both private and commercial builders of small homes, the JOURNAL offers a complete house-plan service for only one dollar. House Pattern (trade-mark) is the name we apply to this new, exclusive and complete house-plan service.

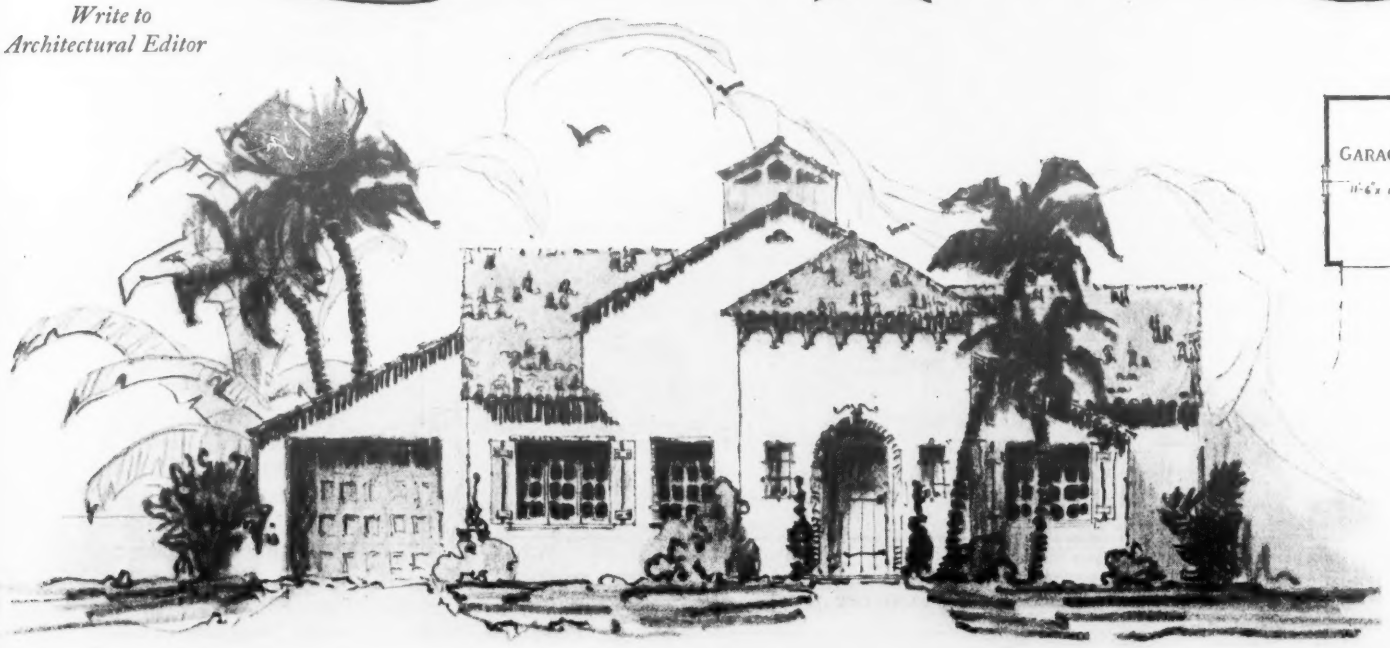
Commercial builders are invited to write the Architectural Editor for further information regarding their use of this new home-building service.

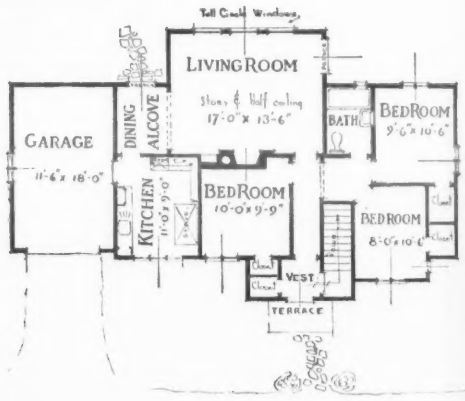
House No. 3017 is a delightful combination of brick, stucco and half timbers. Steel windows and a fireproof roof of asbestos and cement shingles make this house practically fire safe.





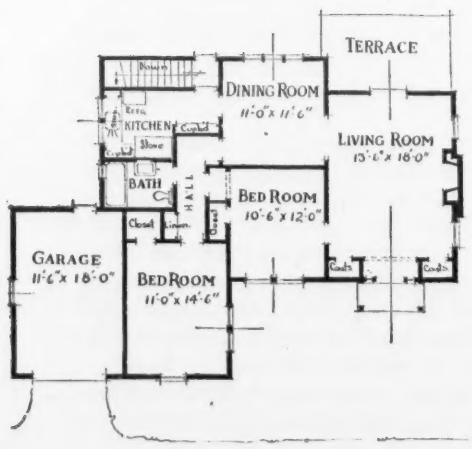
Write to Architectural Editor





House No. 3018, of Mediterranean inspiration, with steel casement windows, stucco walls and tile roof, may be as colorfully treated as one's fancy dictates.

Patterns Cost Only $1



House No. 3019. This Colonial cottage, inexpensive of construction, will nestle into most any setting and make itself entirely at home.

Soups!
How they help in meal-planning!

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

An officer of the law—
The law of living right—
I always eat my Campbell's Soup
Each day at noon or night!

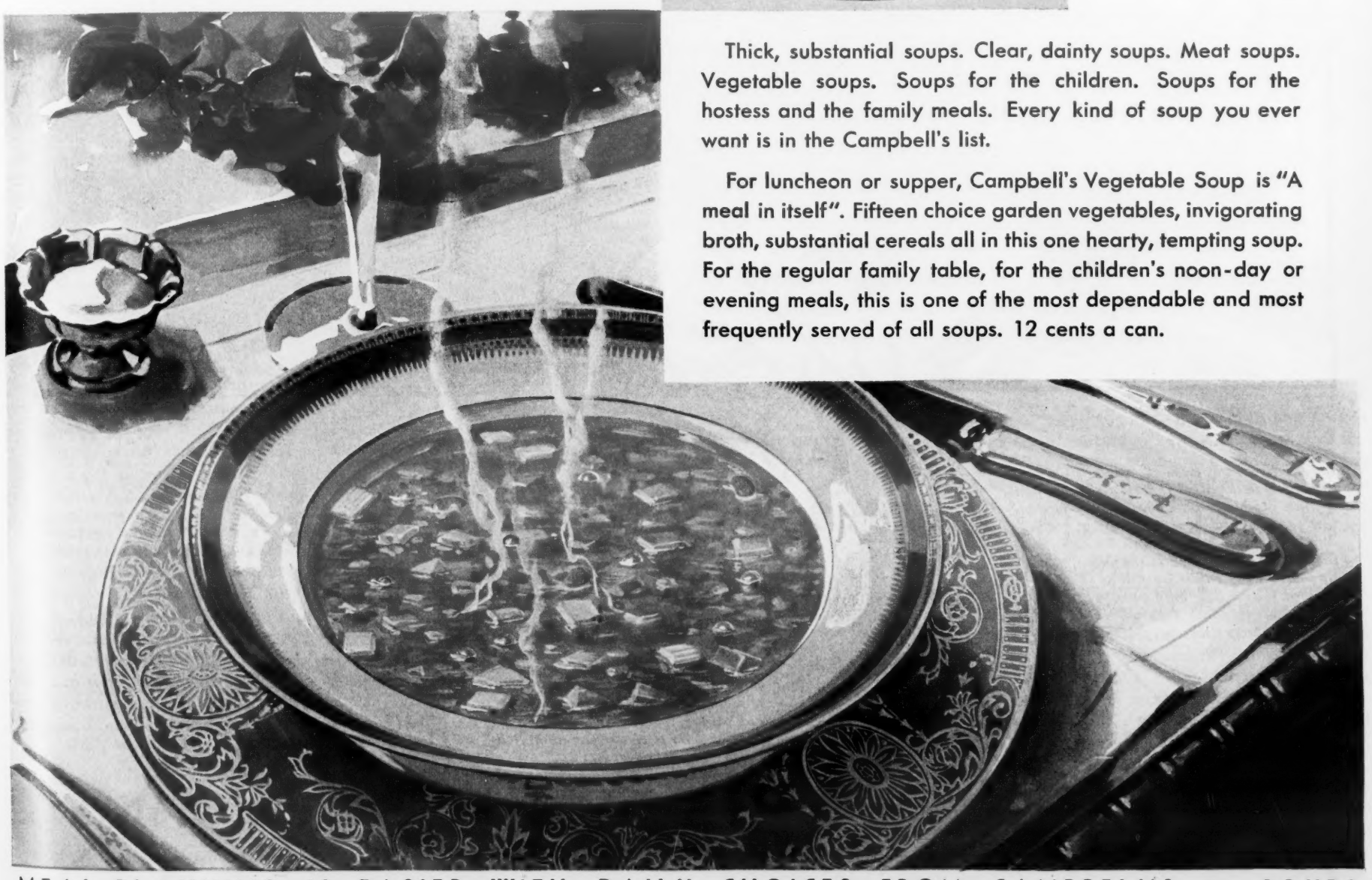
Soup is the food above all others that lures and tempts your appetite by an infinite variety of delicious flavors. Every normal, healthy appetite craves good soup. This hot, liquid food delights the sense of taste, invigorates, gives a sparkle and a glow of satisfaction all its own. And in doing so, it stimulates and benefits the digestion.

Do you realize that Campbell's make, not just two or three soups, but twenty-one! Twenty-one different and distinct and individual soups—each with a flavor and appeal all its own.

Start today to serve these different soups on your table. Learn what they are—what they contain—how they can help you daily for your different needs and meals. You'll be delighted!

Your Choice

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato



Thick, substantial soups. Clear, dainty soups. Meat soups. Vegetable soups. Soups for the children. Soups for the hostess and the family meals. Every kind of soup you ever want is in the Campbell's list.

For luncheon or supper, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is "A meal in itself". Fifteen choice garden vegetables, invigorating broth, substantial cereals all in this one hearty, tempting soup. For the regular family table, for the children's noon-day or evening meals, this is one of the most dependable and most frequently served of all soups. 12 cents a can.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

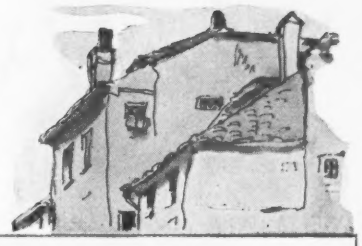
Charm, Smartly Practical, for the Beach

Illustrated, worn by the adult figures, left to right—Clogs, with sectioned soles, Asbury Mills; a pair of linen pajama overalls, Barbro Co.; Japanese paper parasol, and, second figure, Sudanette pajamas, parasol straw hat, all from Hyland Bros., Inc.; awning-stripe zipper bag, rubber-lined, I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co.; third, one-piece bathing suit, Asbury Mills; and Terry cloth cape, I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co.

Children's figures, above, at left, wear a Vanta sun suit, sun shirt and sun tam, all of soft woolen; at right, wearing Somersets: a sun suit, with porous top, and a pull-on sweater, both of mercerized cotton. At left—Bag of plaid cotton, rubber-lined, zipper top; at right—Printed-cotton bag, wooden top; both from Stern Specialty Co. Above at left—Printed-linen espadrille, and center, at top—Printed-cotton bag, rubber-lined matching parasol; both from E. A. Guinzburg. At right, above—Tie-on sandals, Hyland Bros.

Adult figures, above, third from right—Beach coat of cotton print, lined with cotton éponge, and a rubber-lined bag to match, both from Murray Wainess, over "Gob" pants of linen crash, Ocean Bathing Suit Co.; second, suit with bloused jersey top, Celanese moire trousers, an Yteb model, from Asbury Mills; exercise suit of cotton tweed, Bert Schnurer; a three-color reversible beach towel, the Cannon Mills.

OLD-World charm is mirrored by this modern Armstrong Floor, a rich Embossed effect, De Luxe 16011. Fine craftsmanship is reflected, too, in the way this floor is laid—trimly tailored and cemented over linoleum lining felt.



STROLL down a street in Seville and you'll be literally bathed in a rainbow of warm, brilliant colors. If you dared peep back of the grilled windows that temptingly lean out and beckon, you'd be delighted with the way this natural inheritance of color has been brought right into the homes, where brightly hued furnishings and floors capture the sun's good cheer.

Perhaps our own homes need more of this same happy color treatment. Certainly the suggestion of relieving the drab monotony of the floors we live with is one we might well consider. Particularly when today it is so simple to transform those floors, to put their worn, splintery surfaces completely out of sight and out of mind under a smart, fashionable floor of modern Armstrong's Linoleum.

If your home happens to be Spanish, the promise of this pleasant change is in the dining-room illustrated. If your rooms reflect the English, the Colonial, even the modern mode, you will discover equally correct designs and colors in the many new Armstrong Floors now showing at good department, furniture, and linoleum stores near your home.

From homes of

SUNNY SPAIN comes this bright floor beauty

And isn't it nice to discover, too, that whether the floor you select is gay or subdued, patterned or plain, it possesses so many good-housekeeping virtues? So cushioning to walk on. Quiet, too. And the Accolac-Processed surface is so easy to keep spick-and-span. Dirt wipes right up, for this surface is spot-proof. Light waxing and polishing keep it gleaming. Or where floors need frequent washing, just renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Our laboratory experts tell us not to lacquer over wax.)

Armstrong's Printed Design No. 8535

Embossed Inlaid Design No. 6006

"New Ideas in Home Decoration" tells you more of this modern floor story. It is packed with picture-proof of how Armstrong Floors dress up different types of rooms. May we send you this latest book by Hazel Dell Brown, decorator? Plus an offer of the author's free service in planning rooms that are different? Just send 10¢ with your letter to cover mailing. Address your request to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 930 Mary St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's (A) Product

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

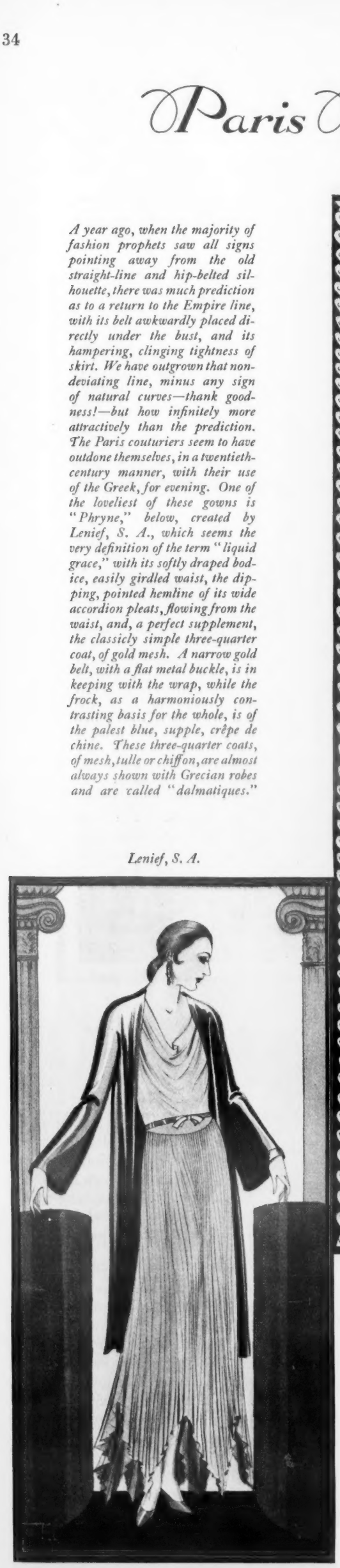
for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · ARABESQ · · PRINTED · · and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

Paris Borrows Grecian Loveliness

A year ago, when the majority of fashion prophets saw all signs pointing away from the old straight-line and hip-belted silhouette, there was much prediction as to a return to the Empire line, with its belt awkwardly placed directly under the bust, and its hampering, clinging tightness of skirt. We have outgrown that non-deviating line, minus any sign of natural curves—thank goodness!—but how infinitely more attractively than the prediction. The Paris couturiers seem to have outdone themselves, in a twentieth-century manner, with their use of the Greek, for evening. One of the loveliest of these gowns is "Phryne," below, created by Lenief, S. A., which seems the very definition of the term "liquid grace," with its softly draped bodice, easily girdled waist, the dipping, pointed hemline of its wide accordion pleats, flowing from the waist, and, a perfect supplement, the classicly simple three-quarter coat, of gold mesh. A narrow gold belt, with a flat metal buckle, is in keeping with the wrap, while the frock, as a harmoniously contrasting basis for the whole, is of the palest blue, supple, crêpe de chine. These three-quarter coats, of mesh, tulle or chiffon, are almost always shown with Grecian robes and are called "dalmatiques."

Lenief, S. A.



Jeanne Lanvin

Costumes of the ancient Greek men and women have been a source of great, and individual, inspiration for the score or more evening gowns created by J. Suzanne Talbot. As have the majority of the influential dressmakers, in Paris, this early summer season, she has adopted the Greek fine all-over pleating, the graceful draperies, the tiers and folds, and even the accessory detail, as well as the complete silhouette, to the life and art feeling, of this modern era. In this gown of white silk tulle, over a satin slip—and, at this point, it is well to note the strength of white for evenings, be the interpretation strictly modern, or in the classic, as on this page—Talbot has modified the influence, and retains the long pleated line, in indefinite tiers, and the easily girdled waist. The belt, in a modernized Grecian motif, combines engraved green prystal squares and clear prystal blocks. Prystal, from morning through the evenings, in one form or another, as jewelry or hat ornament, is seen everywhere in Paris. The scallop trimming, in a chain stitch of white silk, and the hint of a train, the square décolletage, are all modern notes, by way of contrast to the pure Greek, this use of the unexpected being a touch of French dressmaker genius.

J. Suzanne Talbot

Above is Jeanne Lanvin's "Isis," one of this couturière's interpretations of Grecian dignified grace. Lanvin is one of the greatest enthusiasts for Grecian evening gowns; she was one of the pioneers in this influence on the mode, in Paris, and she still creates many varieties, charmingly suited to the individual wearers. Some are long and clinging, with bands placed at intervals almost to the knees, some have the tunic peplum such as so many Greek men wore, seen everywhere on reliefs and the old statues, while others have the interlaced bands and soft fullness through the body, shown in this model sketched from her collection. This frock is of georgette in a pale shade of its designer's favorite, green, and is banded on its bodice, with silver lamé, which also fashions the narrow shoulder straps and edges the softly full tunic and long, even hem. The feathery shoulder flower is composed of narrow loops of the material, an idea which Lanvin uses on a number of her evening gowns, and a further evidence of the return of decorative flowers, for almost all hours of the day.

Mrs. Alister McCormick, English gentlewoman to the manner born . . . in her veins flows the blue blood of the Plantagenets. Now by marriage a member of the distinguished McCormick family, she is the charming young hostess of delightful homes in Chicago and in Santa Barbara.

Beautiful and blonde, Mrs. McCormick has hair like pale new gold, eyes of forget-me-not blue and skin like pink hawthorn blossom . . . so lovely that to see it is to wonder how its delicate transparency, its clear fresh English coloring can ever survive life on the windy shores of Lake Michigan.

To a friend in England Mrs. McCormick writes:

"My dear, American women are wonderful . . . smartly dressed, exquisitely groomed. They taught me how to keep my skin nice even in this extraordinary climate, with its sudden changes.

"Pond's is their secret . . . four simple preparations, quick and easy to use. The wonderful Cold Cream cleanses divinely . . . the Cleansing Tissues are better than anything to remove cream . . . the Skin Freshener tones and tightens the skin . . . the Vanishing Cream is the perfect powder base for face, neck, arms . . . and keeps hands smooth and white."

Follow these famous four steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure . . . Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, absorbent, ample and so economical!

Third—dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

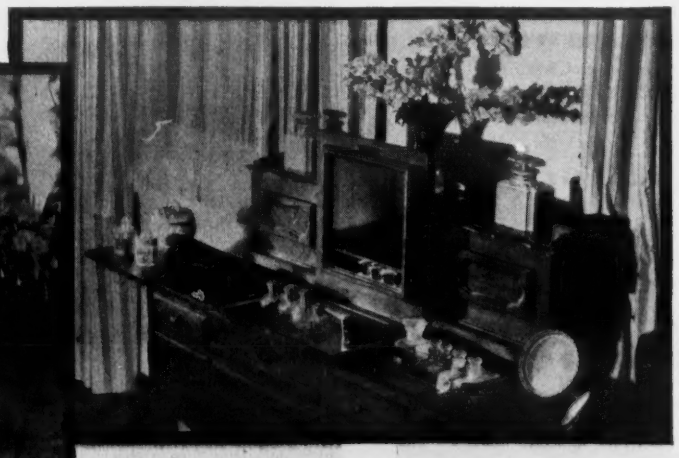
Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

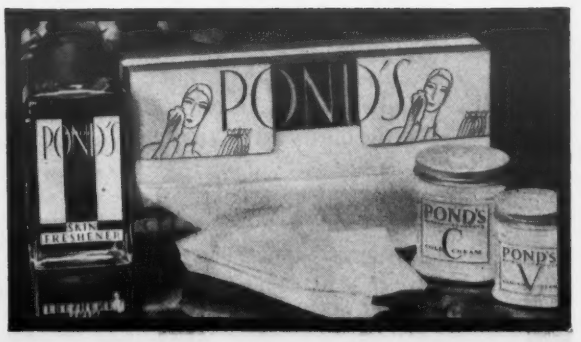
MRS. ALISTER McCORMICK OF CHICAGO

Flowers are Mrs. McCormick's hobby. She specializes in aloes, and is making a wonderful collection of hundreds of varieties of tropical plants in her Santa Barbara garden. Her charming new winter home is high on a mountain, overlooking ocean and isles.

(below) Mrs. McCormick's California home is a treasure house of charming pieces of French provincial furniture. Her dressing table in carved walnut is an unusually fine example of this style.



(right) Pond's four famous preparations for exquisite care of the skin . . . Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener.



SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 FAMOUS PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. F
107 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright 1930, Pond's Extract Company

"The Helen Chase?" the lawyer asked

"My wife always reads your complexion articles—and won't use any soap but Camay"

Can you imagine how surprised and pleased I was when I found that a lawyer, whom I met at dinner the other night, knew all about Camay and my complexion articles?

He told me how pleased his wife had been when she read about a soap which had a really authoritative approval, because her skin was so very sensitive. And—that, ever since the first week she tried Camay, she had been most enthusiastic about its gentleness.

As a matter of fact, incidents like this are constantly coming up. I'm always running into people from every part of the country—relatives or old friends come from down home in Kentucky or friends of friends look me up. And they *all* tell me news about Camay.

Besides that—the *mail* I get! Letters asking advice about personal problems. Others telling me how glad the writers are to find such a lovely soap that gives their complexions *scientific* care. Still others acknowledging my booklet and telling me how helpful it's been.

But, really, *don't* you feel good when you realize that the loveliest soap you can possibly use has the approval of the very highest authorities on complexion care? For, as you'll remember, 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists have given Camay their unanimous approval as an unusually mild complexion soap, gentle enough for even the most delicate complexions.

Probably your complexion has already claimed Camay's gentle, fragrant, velvety care as its favorite beauty treatment. If not, let me give you my word (and that of the hundreds and hundreds of girls who write me) that there just *never* before was such a complexion soap as Camay!

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

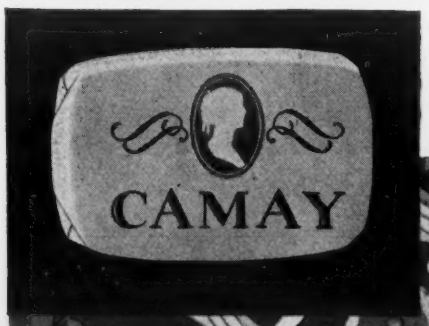
I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

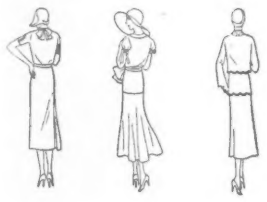
Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YJ-60, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Camay is 10¢ a cake



Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap—[called Calay in Canada]

A Day's Variety of Cut and Detail From Paris



Nicole Groult
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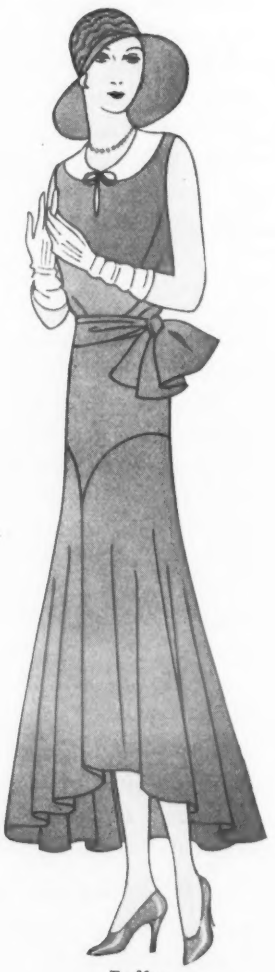

Redfern
1446

Redfern's "Simplicité," at the right, Design No. 1442, does not belie its title, with its draped kerchief collar, tie belt, circular rounded cuffs, and matching four panels in its skirt, to give the mode's graceful skirt width. There is a choice of long or elbow-length sleeves, both finished with similar cuffs. The original model is of a crêpe de chine in a soft aquamarine shade, and this design offers such fabric possibilities as crêpe satin, mousseline, plain or printed chiffon. It is designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. Because of its feeling of summer coolness created by the fabric of the original, a dotted muslin in a turquoise shade, Drecoll-Beer's Design No. 1441, second at the right, is appropriately named "Ocean." Features of the mode are the straight skirt, with two rows of flounces for width, at the knees, the shallow and shaped hip yoke, and the popular lingerie detail; short sleeves may be added. A plain or printed crêpe de chine, flat crêpe, or voile would be equally smart. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40. Third at the right is Nicole Groult's "Yaky," Design No. 1445, which features: Full-length buttoning, from the smart round collar to the subtly circular hemline, the contrasting color of buttons, binding of front closing and sleeves, collar, and applied motifs—all of which offer possibilities for variety. Originally of printed crêpe de chine, in soft blues and greens, bound with blue, it would be smart in a sheer woolen fabric, as a coat dress for street, or of plain and printed marocain or a jacquard silk. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Dœuillet-Doucet
1456

Two such highlights of the mode as linen and blue scarcely need such details as bolero, buttons, rounded lingerie collar, peplum, scalloping, and a choice of cap or chic long sleeves, to add to the fashionable sum total of the original of Dœuillet-Doucet's Design No. 1456, "La Passante," at the left. It would be equally smart in one of the silk shirtings, or of shantung or silk or cotton piqué. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. Essentially feminine is Redfern's Design No. 1446, second at the left. Its original is of organdie, in a sunny yellow, and is entitled "Rayne de Soleil"; it has a circularly cut skirt, joined to a flat pointed hip yoke, its sash tied by a bow, a flat white collar, and may be either sleeveless or have dainty puffed sleeves. A plain or printed cotton net, point d'esprit, or a printed chiffon, would be chic, according to the frock's purpose. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. Nicole Groult's Design No. 1440, "Mage," third at the left, uses two shades of blue—in flat crêpe—its inset vestee, deep cuffs, and one-sided godet of the darker shade, and galloon similar to the old rickrack braid, to outline them, a tie belt, and a bow at the back of the neck, and the choice of long or cap sleeves. Plain and printed crêpe, another new combination of the mode, or a sports silk, could also be used effectively in this design. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Redfern
1442

Drecoll-Beer
1441

Nicole Groult
1445

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

"Chipso suds hold up better . . . and my clothes stay whiter"

With ten in my family, imagine my weekly wash! And oh, the time I've wasted getting a good suds (or else keeping it) with all kinds of soaps and powders. Now I've found that Chipso is so much easier to use and the suds hold up better . . .

You know how dirty children's clothes get. Well, Chipso's good rich suds make my children's clothes much whiter—and with less time in my machine. Chipso means much to me and goes farther in dollars and cents, too.—*Mrs. G. S. B., St. Louis, Mo.*

Whenever I get a letter like the one I have quoted, I feel grateful that anybody as busy as Mrs. G. S. B., should take the time to write to me. It's something additional to do, and yet many women do it. "Chipso has saved me so much time," said one letter recently, "that I really feel like using up a little of that time to write about it."

Chipso *is made* to be a time-saver. It comes in thin flakes so that you can get a wonderful suds quickly. But even more important—it is made of especially rich materials, so you get a rich, *long-lasting* suds.

A practical test for your soap

Of course, you and I can't judge how much real help a soap will give just by looking at fresh new suds in the tub or machine.

We really must go one step farther. Put in the clothes. Stir them about a bit, and then see what happens. Do the suds die down weakly—all worn out by their first contact with real dirt? (Many soaps act like this, and so you know they can't be rich enough.)

Or do the suds "stand up"—thick and velvety, ready to remove the dirt? If they are Chipso suds, they *do* "stand up." They start at once to remove the dirt quickly and safely even before you give them any help—and they *keep on working.* Before I got my washing machine I found that a short Chipso soaking removed most of the dirt and saved that hard up-and-down rubbing on the washboard. Now Chipso saves my time and power bills.

"Goes farther in dollars and cents"

Because Chipso is such a rich soap, it goes farther. Usually, I get about 5, certainly 4 washes out of the big 25¢ box. And that is more than thrifty, especially when you think how much time and work Chipso can save. *Ruth Turner*

And here's an important postscript . . .

Have you tried the new Chipso Granules for dishes? They wash your dishes by a new speedy 1, 2, 3 method

1. Add hot water to a tablespoonful of Granules. And there are your suds! Special, rich suds.

2. Let dishes soak a moment—grease and stickiness vanish. A swish or two and your dishes are clean.

3. A hot rinse—no wiping. Dishes dry with an extra sparkle. Chipso Granules are economical to use too.

Just briefly—I want to mention this new form of Chipso made especially for dishes. I can't explain all the scientific facts that make this new Chipso the speediest dishwashing soap I've ever tried. But I will say that it is *ready-prepared for dishwashing.* It looks almost like a powder, but isn't a powder. Chipso Granules are rich, lasting Chipso suds in *steam-dried form.* And they wash dishes like magic.

You use very little Chipso Granules because these *compact* suds are so rich. If you get a 25¢ box from your grocer today, it will wash all your dishes for about a month.

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Important! Chipso—Now in 2 Forms—*Flakes* and *Granules*

Paris Emphasizes the Jacket Ensemble

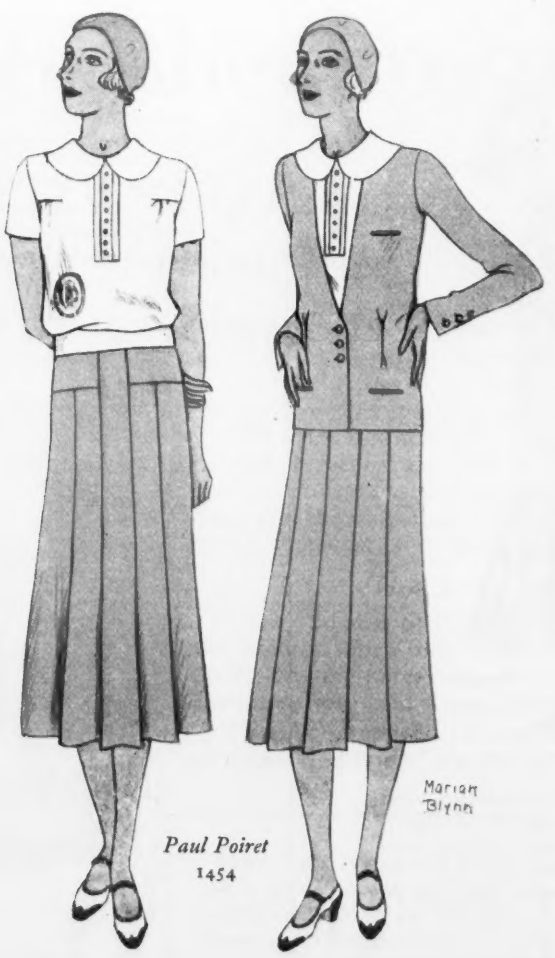
Lucile
1455

Jackets, with either skirts and blouses or one-piece frocks under them, in all fabrics one could imagine, their choice of material only determined by the time and place where the ensembles were to be worn, had important places in all the Paris collections. The four varied, equally smart designs on this page offer inspiration for individuality of one's dress in the versatility of design and divergent types of fabrics of which they may be fashioned. Lucile's Design No. 1455, at the left, in its original model, as seen on the right figure of the two, was of white woolen, with a dark blouse—and dark blouses, or jumpers, with light suits or frocks, are a freshly chic note of the Paris collections. Heavy buttonhole embroidery edges the chic collar, jacket pockets, the cuff bands of the bell sleeves, and front seaming, as well as hem, of its circular skirt, which dips slightly in the back. The figure at the left shows this same design made of a print, which might be flat crêpe, marocain or shantung, with the jumper of the same fabric, in plain color. One might even use a plain, heavy marocain or flamenga for skirt and jacket, with a printed or jacquard blouse. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. Dœuillet-Doucet's Design No. 1458, at the right, is also a three-piece ensemble, with a tuck-in blouse with long sleeves, a straight jacket and simple circular skirt. Possibilities for variety are: fine worsted or wool crêpe, with a jersey blouse, or one of shantung or silk shirting; for a travel costume its original is of a pin-dotted navy blue shantung. For street plain, printed or jacquard marocain, or flat crêpe, with a plain blouse of the same silk, would be smart. Any of the rough-surfaced sports silks would be very chic for a spectator sports costume. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

Dœuillet-
Doucet
1458

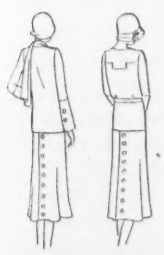
Nicole Goult's Design No. 1453, at the right, "Tambour et Trompette," has a military air, to suit its name, in its tailored rows of buttons on the tunic blouse, hip-length jacket, and down the back of the trim skirt. The precise cut of the back yoke of the blouse, its mannish belt, revers, narrow throw scarf, and the deep flaring cuffs of the jacket are further military touches. A rough tussor is used for the original model, with blouse and jacket in an apple-green shade, and the skirt, fairly circular in cut, of the same fabric, in black. The trimming note, of buttons, belt, cuffs, revers and pockets, as well as scarf lining, is also black. A fine woolen fabric, combining plain and textured weaves, or two shades of flamenga or heavy crash linen, would all be very smart. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 42.

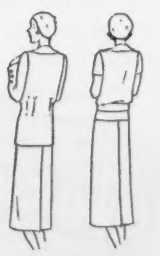
Nicole Goult
1453



Paul Poiret
1454

For definite sports wear, the jacket and tuck-in and skirt ensemble, from Paul Poiret, Design No. 1454, at the left, is designed. It is termed by its designer a "petit tailleur," and has such lightly tailored details as the vertical tucks, which nip the jacket's waistline, the three buttons, which fasten it, and the buttoned cuffs, as well as the rounded collar, cap sleeves and monogram motif of the blouse. The deep side pleats of the skirt front, on its shallow yoke, and the one practical pleat in the back are all chic details. The original model is of yellow silk crêpe, with a blouse of the same fabric, in white, bound with the yellow. Any of the rough-weave sports silks, a shantung or tussor, a linen, or a cotton broadcloth or piqué, would offer equal opportunities for chic. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.



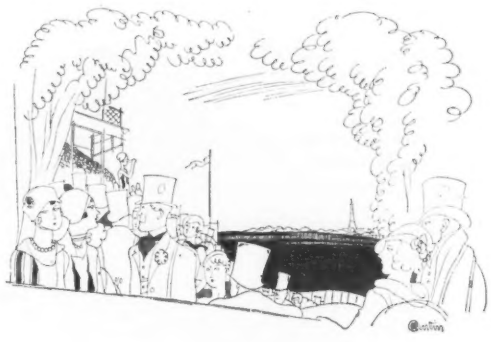


Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Dresses, 65 cents. Ensembles, 75 cents.

Paris Wears Capelets All Day Long

Premet
1444

Design No. 1444, from Premet, with cap or long sleeves, has a detachable capelet, a close-fitting boyish collar, a shaped band on the front and back of bodice, and a circular skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.



Redfern
1451

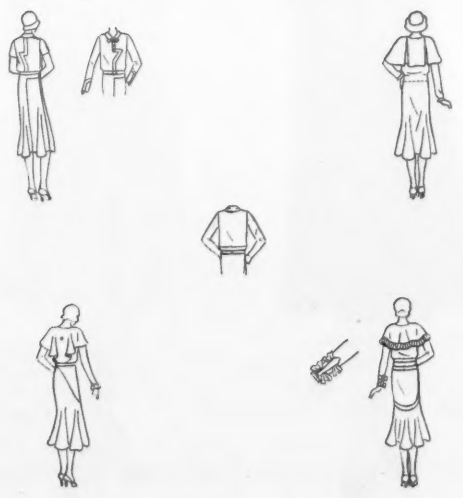
Redfern's blouse Design No. 1451, above, has a becoming rolled collar and soft tie, and a bolero line formed by the yoke. Originally of greige crêpe de chine, silk shirting or shantung would be equally smart. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42. Premet's No. 1444, originally of brown diagonally striped woolen, would be chic of sheer tweed, or a rough-weave sports silk. Premet's No. 1439, its original of printed chiffon, would be smart of voile. Lucile's No. 1450, originally of georgette, would be smart of flat crêpe or marocain. The Dœuillet-Doucet No. 1452, originally of a printed mousseline, would be modish of printed voile, plain or printed chiffon, or of a point d'esprit.

Lucile
1450

Design No. 1450, from Lucile, softly bloused, shows a skirt with pointed front outline, inverted pleats below it, and may have long sleeves with a smart wristband, or be sleeveless. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Premet
1439

Premet's Design No. 1439—adaptable for town or country wear—with long or no sleeves, adopts a shoulder cape and a circular skirt diagonally cut both in front and back. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.



Dœuillet-Doucet
1452

Dœuillet-Doucet's Design No. 1452 includes a bertha-capelet, and shaped bands which join its skirt top with the circular lower section; it may be sleeveless, or have full-length sleeves. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price 65 cents. Blouses, 50 cents.

"There is one item of my home treatment which never varies –the preliminary cleansing of the skin with pure soap and water at least twice a day. For this purpose I always recommend Palmolive Soap."

Antoine

5 Rue Cambon, Paris

"The vegetable oils of Palmolive Soap leave the skin soft, refreshed, responsive"

says the celebrated ANTOINE *of Paris, who symbolizes the height of beauty culture for lovely women of two continents*

"SOME clients seem to think," says Antoine of Paris, "that my treatment will give them a beautiful complexion with no more effort on their part than an occasional visit to my salon. 'You compliment me too much, madame,' I say. 'It is necessary for you to do your share between visits to my salon.'"

Antoine continues by stressing the need for soap and water cleanliness . . . and he prescribes, for this purpose, "just one soap—Palmolive."

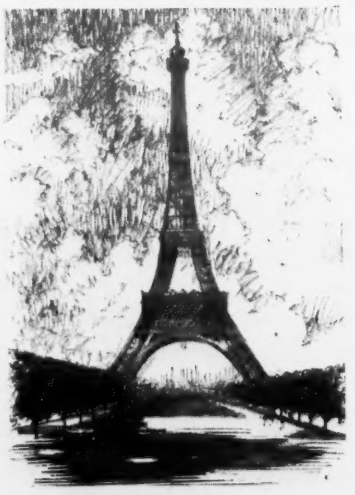
"Its delicate yet penetrating lather," he says, "is the most effective means of clearing away every trace of dust and rouge and powder from the tiny pores of the skin."

Beauty specialist to Paris society

Paris society, New York society, the better known figures in the theatrical world form Antoine's exclusive clientele. He is one of the most far-famed of all Parisian beauty specialists with a reputation which extends to both England and America.

Antoine has, of course, experimented with various home beauty methods to determine which would be best. And he is convinced that nothing is so satisfactory as Palmolive.

Palmolive is pure. Its color is the natural color of olive and palm oils. The natural odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes. It contains no other fats whatever.



And more than 19,800 beauty experts recognize its special advantages. They find that it cleanses as other soaps can not—that it removes impurities *without skin irritation*. Never has any other product, of any kind, had such tremendous professional endorsement. This is the kind of endorsement—and the only kind—which women can trust, because it is the recommendation of those who know.

Here is the famous treatment

Massage a lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the pores for two minutes. Then rinse it away with warm water, till you can actually feel the pores being freed of impurities, dirt, make-up. Then rinse with cold water. There! Isn't that refreshing?

"I always recommend Palmolive Soap," says Antoine. And his clients find it ideal for the bath, as well. You will, too.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5299

Olive oil, as combined with palm oil in Palmolive Soap, produces a lather which brings out natural loveliness. It protects the skin . . . is safe, soothing, delicate.

Retail Price 10c

Now— You Can Wear DRESSES from PARIS!

If you, too, are thinking of *new summer clothes*—

And if lines that are right and detail as fresh and distinctive as a summer morning make all the difference in the world to you in a frock—

Then you must go to PARIS for your wardrobe!

Every line, every flattering nuance of the great French originals has been preserved for you in the blue tissue models called PARIS PATTERNS. Simply make your selections from these Journal pages or from the PARIS style books, follow the easy directions—and let your mirror tell you the distinction of a PARIS gown!

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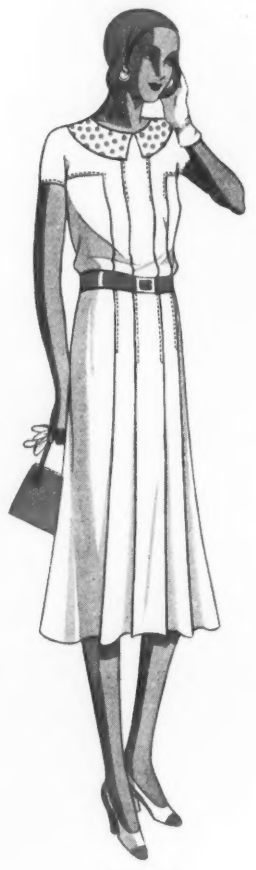
Paris Designs Smartly for Sports



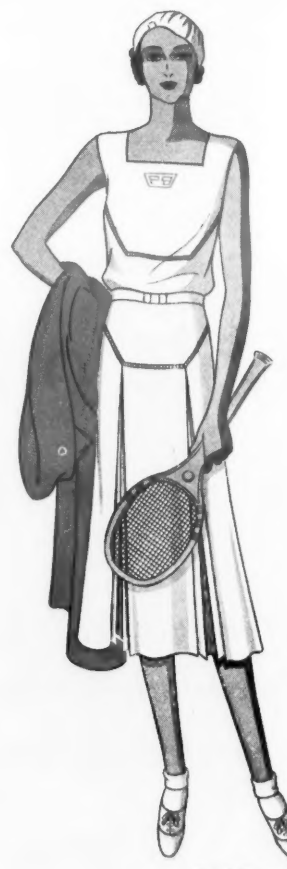
Paul Poiret
1443

The days of sports wear, designed with only the practical in mind, and all charm eliminated, are beyond our horizon, as the Paris couturiers, whose designs appear on this page, convincingly prove. At left, is Paul Poiret's Design No. 1443, with its blouse yoke, back and front, from which side pleats extend to the hemline, and its round flat collar. Cap or long sleeves. Original model of white crêpe de chine, with red-and-white printed silk for its collar, and a red leather belt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. Joseph Paquin's Design No. 1448, at the right, for the most active sportswoman, adopts the full box-pleated overskirt, of which the side seams may be left open, with knee-length loose trousers beneath it. Its vestee, and the short sleeves which may be included, are new touches. Original of old-blue linen. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. Below, Paul Poiret's Design No. 1457 uses either fagotting or braid for its bodice sections, a new square neck, a monogram, and cluster pleats in the front of its skirt. It was created originally of geranium-colored marocain with a blue leather belt. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Joseph Paquin
1448

Worth, in his Design No. 1449, "Petit-Bob," below, designs the fashionably revived coat dress, of sheer wool-and-rayon mixture, in blue-gray, and adds the flattering lingerie piqué collar and waist trimming. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Worth
1449



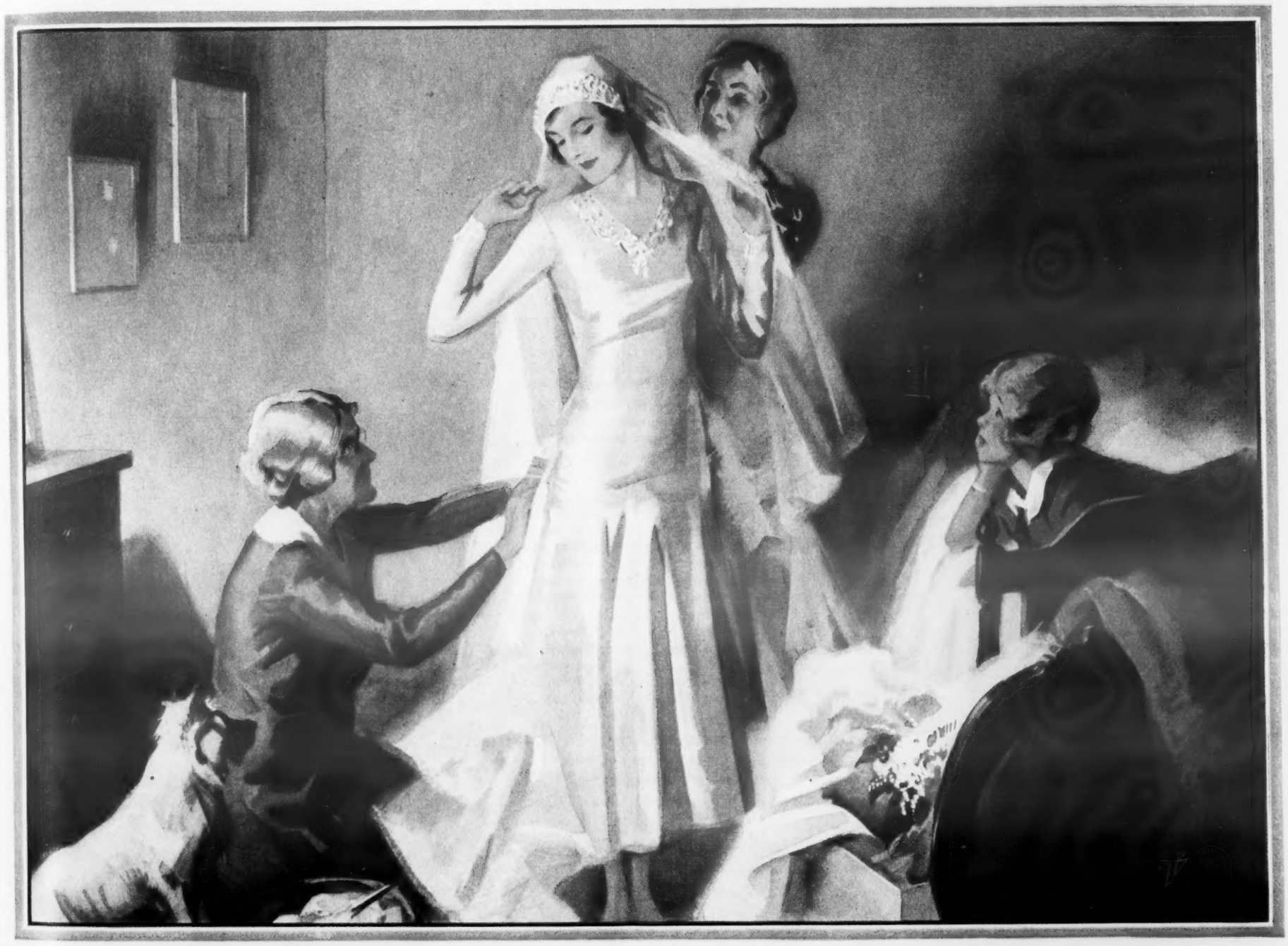
Paul Poiret
1457

Dœuillet-Doucet's Design No. 1447, below, uses diagonal surplice closing, with a circular skirt attached below the shaped bodice; designed with cap or long sleeves. Original of white silk broadcloth, with red embroidery on collar. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

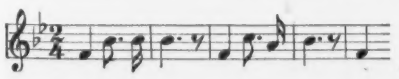
Dœuillet-Doucet
1447

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses, 65 cents; Ensembles, 75 cents.

NOT TO BE READ UNTIL AFTER THE HONEYMOON!



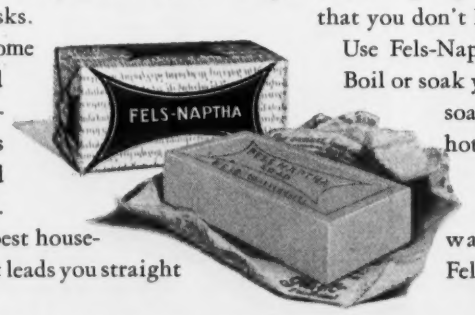
THE GREAT DAY . . . Mother making the veil hang *just so* . . . Aunt Mary, her mouth full of pins, gathering in that stubborn tuck . . . Little sister, wide-eyed in admiration . . . Dreams of flowers and laces and bridesmaids —and him . . . That breath-taking pause at the head of the stairs . . . The first strains of the Wedding March . . .



And now, the honeymoon is over and you have come back to a new life and a new set of tasks.

Tasks that can be happy tasks. A home that is spic-and-span. Steaks broiled to just the right turn. Bright, curtained windows that sunlight streams through. Things clean and new and all your own to do with as you will.

You're going to be the "world's best housekeeper!" Of course you are—and that leads you straight to Fels-Naptha. For Fels-Naptha Soap gives you *extra* help that almost all the world's best housekeepers swear by.



Fels-Naptha, you see, is more than soap alone. It is unusually good soap, combined with *plenty* of naptha. These two brisk cleaners, working hand-in-hand, coax the dirt loose, and wash it away, leaving your clothes as snowy and fresh as new. There's no hard rubbing to wear out your clothes. Fels-Naptha helps keep your hands nice-looking, too. For the good golden soap and plentiful naptha, working together, get clothes clean so quickly that you don't have your hands in water so long.

Use Fels-Naptha in washing machine or tub. Boil or soak your clothes, just as you prefer. All soaps, of course, do their best work in hot water—but Fels-Naptha, unlike most other soaps, will also wash clothes sweet and clean in lukewarm or even cool water. Use Fels-Naptha Soap for general household cleaning, too. Put a few bars, or the convenient 10-bar carton, on your today's grocery list. And, P. S.—don't worry about your mother-in-law. If you've admired her housekeeping, she probably uses Fels-Naptha, too!

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you free and postpaid, upon request. All you need to do is mail the coupon.

© 1930, Fels & Co.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. L. H. J. 6-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

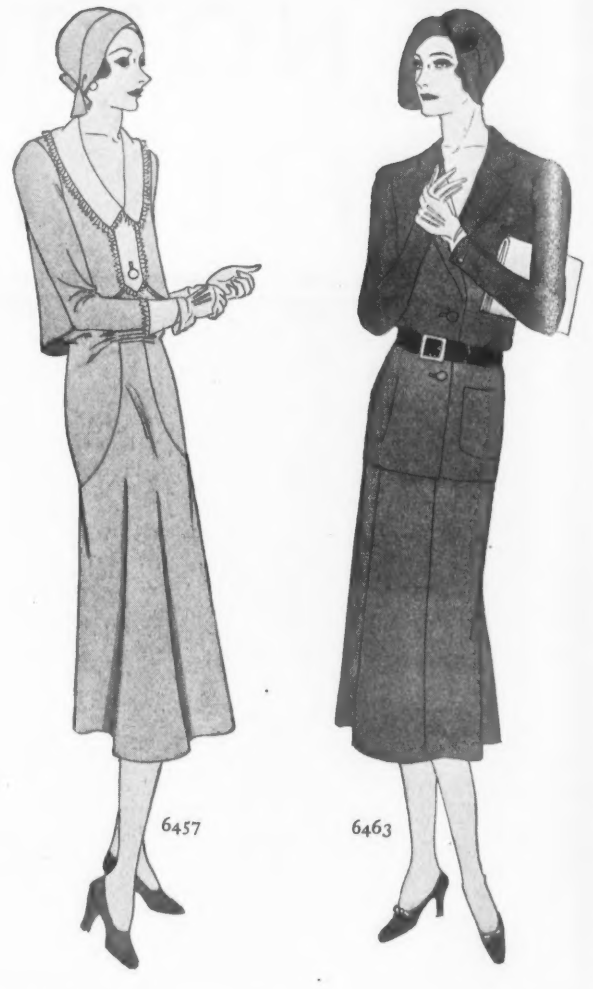
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

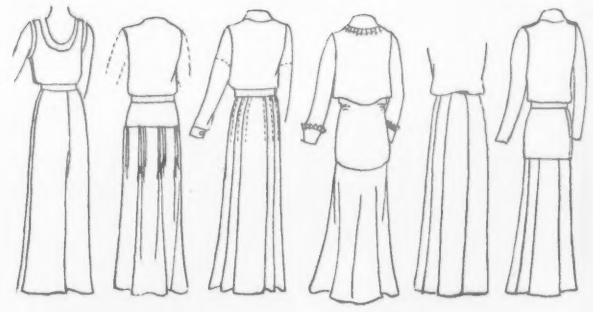
Summer Suggestions

Refreshing Fashion Details

At left—No. 6454 has a cowl collar, a tucked waistline and circular skirt. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 44. No. 6455, second from left, above, uses shirring elbow sleeves and circular skirt. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 44. No. 6456, below, at left, utilizes pleating for bertha and skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. No. 6460, second from left, below, has long or puffed sleeves and a rounded neck. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. No. 6461, third from left, below, has box-pleated skirt sections. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 44.

No. 6463, at right, above, has a tailored collar, nipped jacket, and gored skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 44. No. 6457, second from right, above, includes a bolero, with lingerie detachable. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. No. 6459, at right, below, sleeveless, or with long sleeves, uses a tuck-in and pleated skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. No. 6458, second from right, below, sleeveless or with cap sleeves. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. The beach overalls, No. 6462, below, include full trousers. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.





Patterns may be secured from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Children's, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents; Girls', 30 cents; Blouses and Skirts, 30 cents; Ladies' and Misses', 35 cents; Ensembles, 40 cents.

Watch Super Suds Win Speed Test

in these first actual color photographs* ever taken through glass dishpans

Instantaneous photographs show Super Suds floods water instantly with rich, lasting suds, while chips stay gummy, half dissolved.

←At Left — Bead soap in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Slow-dissolving chips — At Right→

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

NOW by means of photographs through glass dishpans you can see what has never been seen before . . . *exactly how soaps act below the waterline in your dishpan.*

In one photograph you see gummy chips of soap . . . ready to stick to plates and glasses, to lodge between fork prongs . . . powerless to cleanse, because only half-dissolved!

In the other photograph you see Super Suds at work. Not the tiniest bead of soap remains undissolved! You see instant suds. Lasting suds, *through every drop of water in the pan.*

An utterly different kind of soap

Bead soap gives instant, all-through-the-water suds because it's soap in an entirely new form. Tiny, hollow beads made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. Each soap bead has walls 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake. Thus it's instant dissolving—complete dissolving. The only soap that cuts dishwashing time in half in these 3 ways:

(1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring, coaxing or heating water extra hot to get soap to dissolve. (2) ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** The rich, penetrating, all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) ***Saves dish-wiping.*** Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to streakless, sparkling clearness. Wiping is not necessary.

Get Super Suds from your grocer. A big box, 10 brimming cupfuls, costs only 10 cents.

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Super Suds 10¢

5227

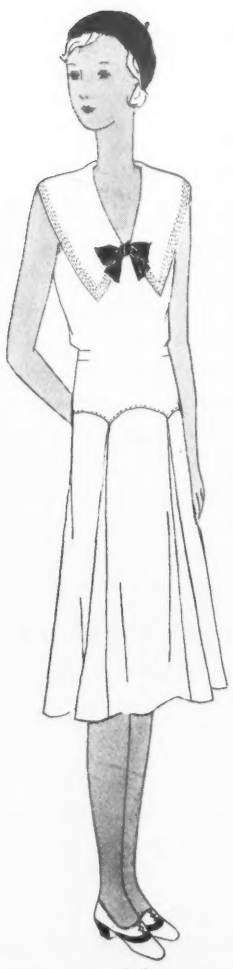
Youthful Fashionables Choose Smart Details

Long before they have even reached their teens, fashion details and their modish appearance count with the youthful feminine world these days. As the designers for small folk have closely followed cut, detail, fabric and general silhouette of the adult couturiers, so the designs, pictured on this page, are closely parallel. At the bottom, left, Design No. 6464 uses a circular skirt, rounding up in a point in front, with little gathers on the bodice where it joins the skirt; smart puff sleeves, or long ones, are optional. Designed for ages 13, 15 and 17. The fashionable capelet, tying at the neck, and pointed circular flounces on the skirt distinguish Design No. 6468, second from the left. It is designed for ages 8 to 14. The third, Design No. 6465, uses the nipped-in waist, accomplished by horizontal tucks, a shaped hip yoke, and side pleats both front and back of its skirt; long sleeves are included. Designed for ages 13, 15 and 17. The fourth, Design No. 6469, uses the tailored details of revers, a straight yoke, and circular skirt on a hip yoke. Designed for ages 8 to 14.

6467

6466

6469

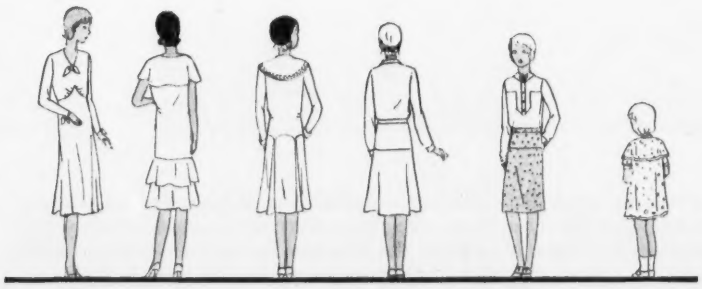


6465

6468

6464

Even the very young must have her ensemble. Design No. 6466, second from the right, above, has a full-length coat, with mannish patch pockets, which may be cut three-quarters, a slightly circular skirt and a tailored belted blouse, with long sleeves, or short. Designed for ages 8 to 14. At the top, Design No. 6467, at the right, even has a diminutive capelet, shaped smartly in front, and an equally small stand-up collar. The edges of capelet, short sleeves and the hem are bound with contrasting color. Designed for ages 2, 4 and 6.



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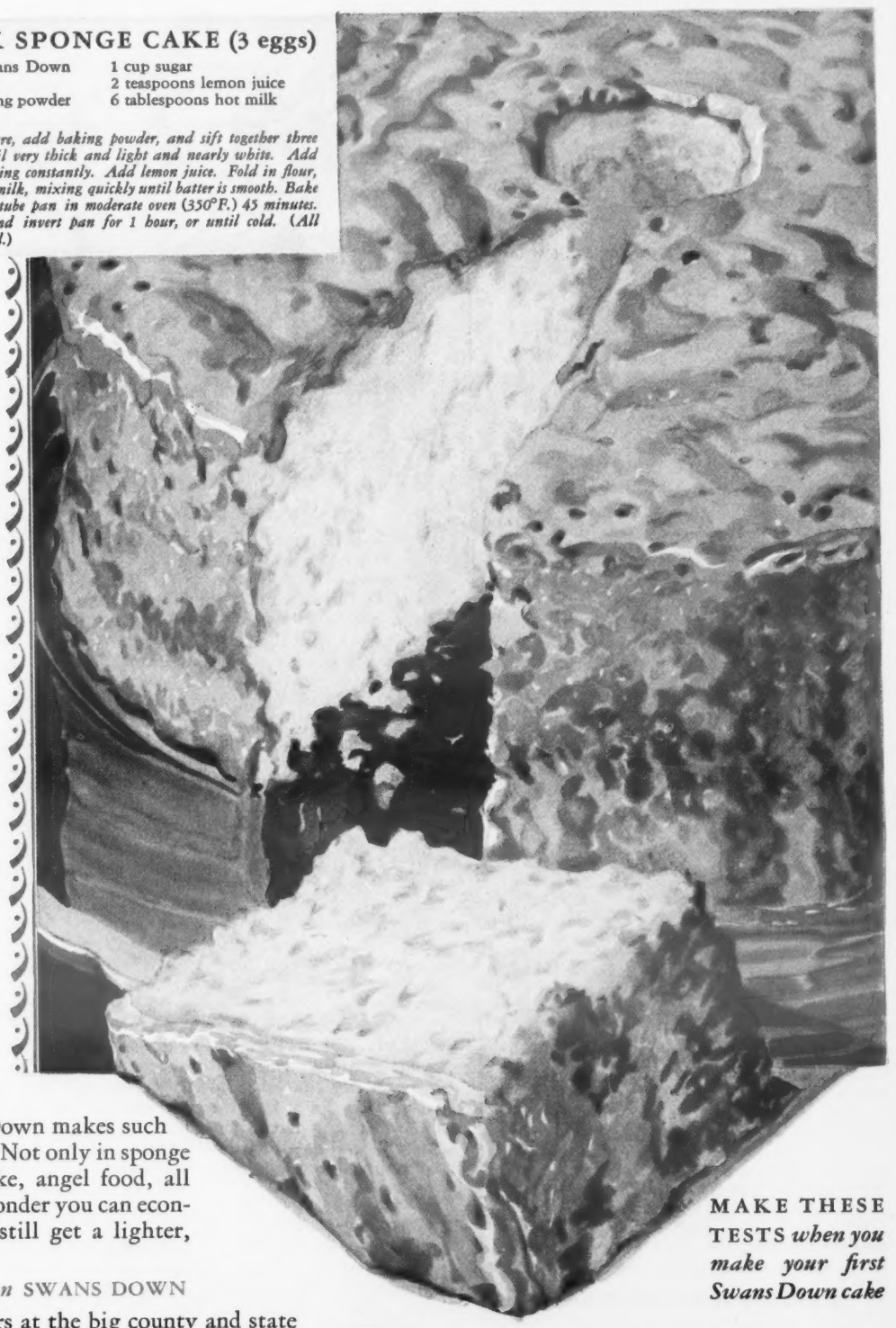
HOT MILK SPONGE CAKE (3 eggs)

1 cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons lemon juice
6 tablespoons hot milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Beat eggs until very thick and light and nearly white. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add lemon juice. Fold in flour, alternately with hot milk, mixing quickly until batter is smooth. Bake at once in ungreased tube pan in moderate oven (350°F.) 45 minutes. Remove from oven and invert pan for 1 hour, or until cold. (All measurements are level.)



Even on your luckiest day, you can't get cake like this with ordinary flour

EXPERIENCE tells you just what sort of cake you could expect from the recipe we give here, if you used ordinary flour. An "economy" cake, nothing more!

Yet . . make up this recipe, using Swans Down Cake Flour. *We don't hesitate to risk your whole opinion of Swans Down on what this simple recipe can prove.* For out of your cake pan will come . . *sheer perfection in sponge cake!* With a crust so crisp and tender, it is a mere wisp of a crust! And within . . a texture so fine and velvety, you'll want to show this cake proudly to every cake-maker you know!

In order to get a sponge cake anywhere *near* as good as that, using ordinary flour, you'd have to throw economy to the winds. Three eggs wouldn't be near enough!

Flour . . just flour . . makes that much difference in cakes. Here is the reason:

Why SWANS DOWN, *with fewer eggs, can give you finer sponge cake*

Gluten is an important part of every flour. In ordinary flours which are milled primarily for yeast bread, the gluten is tough, elastic . . excellent for yeast's slow leavening, but entirely too resistant to the quick rising action of egg whites, baking powder and other leavens used in cake.

Swans Down is milled especially for cakes. It is ground from *soft winter wheat* because only in this wheat can you get the most delicate of glutens—gluten which is quickly, perfectly responsive to the leavens used in cake. But more than that, only the choicest part of the wheat kernel is used for Swans Down. Sifted and resifted through the finest silk, this choice flour becomes 27 times as fine as ordinary flour!

No wonder Swans Down makes such a difference in cakes! Not only in sponge cake, but butter cake, angel food, all sorts of cakes! No wonder you can economize on eggs and still get a lighter, finer cake!

Prize winners rely on SWANS DOWN

Ask the cake winners at the big county and state fairs. They know the value of using Swans Down. *For in just about every cake contest in the land, it is a foregone conclusion that Swans Down cakes will win more prizes than all the other cakes put together.*

Send for this Wonderful Recipe Booklet—

Send 10c for "Cake Secrets" . . the most complete booklet on cakes you ever saw! It contains 127 recipes for cakes, and all kinds of pies, cookies, and quick breads, as well! Mail the coupon *today!*

SWANS DOWN
CAKE FLOUR

A Product of General Foods Corporation

MAKE THESE TESTS *when you make your first Swans Down cake*

LOOK AT THE CRUST! *Touch it! It is ever so crisp and tender . . . daintily thin . . . springy, under your fingers! Swans Down makes an amazing difference, in crust alone!*

NOW CUT YOUR CAKE! *Look at its grain. Did you ever see anything so fine and even? Swans Down cakes are so light and fluffy, that* feathery *is the only word to describe them!*

NEXT, BREAK OFF A MORSEL. *Press it gently to feel its texture, so tender . . . so delicate! Never tough or "bready" . . . Here is one of the most striking characteristics of Swans Down Cake.* It feels like velvet.

AND NOW TASTE IT! *Light . . . fine . . . delicious . . . Here is cake worth the making! Here is . . .* CAKE AT ITS BEST!

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

Send for wonderful recipe booklet

L. H. J. 6-30

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC.
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) for a copy of your recipe booklet, "Cake Secrets."

Name_____

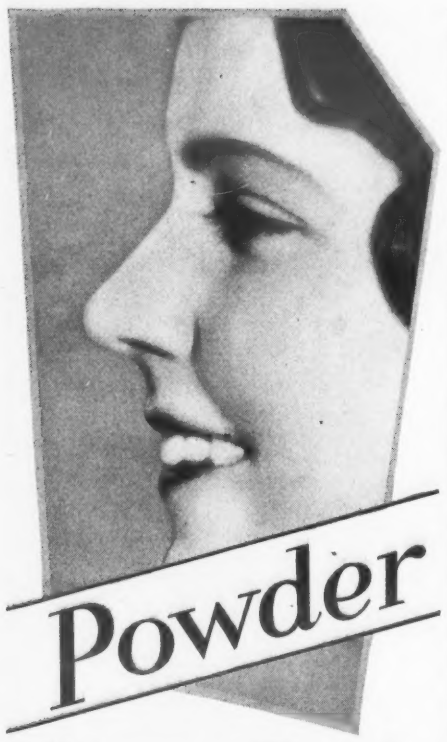
Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

In Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY



Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth—do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know, always uses powder.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

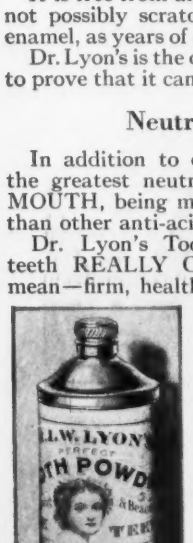
It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove that it can preserve teeth for life.

Neutralize Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than other anti-acids.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, maximum freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.



In use over 60 years

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do to protect your teeth.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

The Patch Box

Solving the Problem of Beauty en Route

By BARBARA STANWOOD

WHETHER you are a meticulously neat packer, or feel you are really making progress only when you have covered every inch of bed, chair and floor in your room with piles of odd garments, whether you pack at the last moment, in a mad rush, or days beforehand, don't you usually stop, in the midst of it all, cast a gloomy eye at your well-organized, gleaming dressing table, and wonder if it wouldn't have been easier, after all, just to stay at home?

Of course it's obvious that your established beauty régime, no matter how simple or how complicated, is certainly equally important during summer months and days as it is in winter—if not more so.

One of the best ways is to make a list, in the peace and quiet of your own home and room, of the essentials which you will need. Let's consider your hair and its needs, first.

First and foremost, the best preparation for a vacation trip, unless you are blessed with naturally curly hair or the features with which a perfectly straight coiffure looks best, a permanent will be an endless boon for which you will give thanks regularly. The trials of curling irons, of inexpert and unknown hair-dressers, of sea fogs and seasickness, the perils of bathing caps, the rigors of long days in close hats are either completely eliminated or considerably mitigated by a permanent wave secured in time before leaving home.

FOR regular care of your hair, and let me urge on you here and now the importance of that regular care, all summer long, you will need: Hairbrush, comb, good shampoo, hair tonic.

Other additions which will probably be helpful, but which don't take up much room, are a net cap to be worn at night—an excellent aid to preserving a wave—and combs with which to set your wave. A small bag or case should protect your brush and comb during traveling. Though you use a liquid shampoo, perhaps, at home, you can easily find one in cake or flake form which will be just as satisfactory for your purposes during the summer months and which will eliminate one bottle from your packing calculations, leaving you, for your hair treatment, only the bottle of tonic. Inspect this one carefully, make sure that it has a tightly closing cap—and if it hasn't transfer the tonic into a bottle which has. If you need them, by the way, add a sufficient supply of the hair nets and hairpins that you find most convenient.

Hands, of course, must not be neglected. You may have additions or subtractions in mind as you read over this list of essentials, but it is well to take: Nailbrush, nail bleach, liquid cuticle remover, liquid polish and remover; or nail polish and buffer, roll of cotton, orange-wood sticks, nail scissors, emery boards.

At most there are only two bottles, tiny ones, that are apt to have rubber, close-fitting corks, in that list, which isn't at all bad. The roll of absorbent cotton will be useful not only for manicures but provides powder puffs which can be thrown away after using, and is invaluable generally.

Now we come to your skin care. The essentials during the summer may be narrowed down considerably, omitting if necessary—particularly when you are planning to travel continually—various preparations which you use during the winter at home, but go with you these essentials should. Moreover, they should be used regularly and painstakingly: Skin cleanser, skin tonic, skin food, powder base, powder, rouge, lipstick—if you use them—and do not forget your special tissues to remove cream.

The simplification of this list depends, of course, very largely on what you need and use at home. Women who use one preparation which is designed as cleanser, tonic and powder base thereby roll all those items into one, most conveniently. But at most the above list only calls for one bottle. As we have said, cotton powder puffs, pulled from the roll and thrown away after use, are a great improvement over puffs which are apt to become soiled during traveling and packing. And tissues may be had in the most convenient flat boxes, with a slit in the top through which one tissue at a time pulls out, leaving the rest clean and neat inside.

Then there is the miscellaneous list of important odds and ends, not to be forgotten at the peril of discomfort: Skin or hand lotion, deodorant, talcum, your favorite brand of soap, dentifrice, tooth brushes, soap for laundering stockings, a cleaning powder or liquid for spots, and so on.

Soap need not be carried in a box but may be bought in a most convenient tube. A toothbrush holder is indispensable. This limits miscellaneous bottles to two, and you will not regret the skin lotion if you try rubbing it into tired feet after a hard day of sight-seeing—then dusting with talcum. It may, in addition, serve as a powder base, and will protect hands, arms and neck from the rigors of changing waters and sunburn as well.

An addition to this list, of which you may be very glad, is one of the little first-aid kits put up in various tiny, compact and convenient sizes, and containing prepared bandages, mercurochrome, and the like.

HOW you pack is the next important consideration. There are all kinds of ways. You may simply lay in a supply of the items for which your list of essentials calls, buying the very small packagings, as is possible with most preparations, if you are packing "light" for a week-end trip, or in large quantities if you are planning for a whole summer. Or you can buy the specially designed traveling kits in which many special brands of cosmetics may be found. These range in type from compact, cardboard boxes to elaborate leather cases, fitted with every possible preparation, even to rubber aprons to protect your frock or dressing gown during the make-up process, and in price from fifty cents to one hundred dollars. In the only very moderately expensive class are attractive boxes containing good-sized jars and bottles, in enameled tin or sturdy cardboard. Manicure sets, too, may be had in small and compact sets, reasonably priced. Our chief word of caution is in packing, however. Unless you purchase one of the special kits you will find it most convenient to carry a small "bottle bag." In this carry all your bottles—thus eliminating the chance of ruined dresses—and other things which might break or spill disastrously.

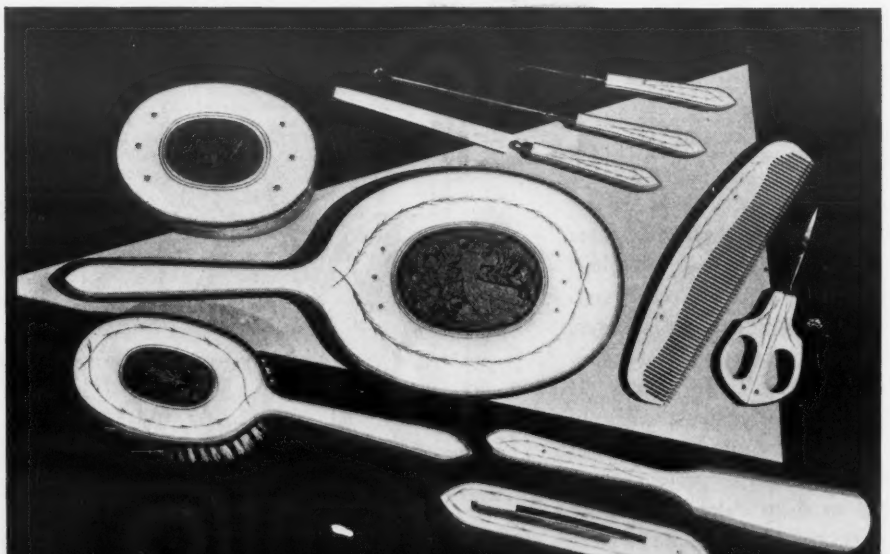


PHOTO. BY NICKOLAS MURAY

"Monticello," one of the new Lucite toilet sets, is of a deep warm ivory, with its trimming of a true Colonial blue, as is the central peacock motif. The pieces are also made in cream, with peach trimming, the motif in silver. DuPont Viscoloid Co.

Editor's Note—Barbara Stanwood will be glad to answer any inquiries regarding care of the skin or hair. The service is confidential and no charge is made for it. Letters should be accompanied by a two-cent stamp and addressed to Miss Stanwood in care of The Patch Box, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Why 85% of America's leading hospitals use Kotex absorbent

Because of its greater comfort . . . its hygienic value . . . Kotex absorbent is used today by 85% of our great hospitals . . . not for one or two purposes alone, but for important surgical work

These Famous Hospitals are only a few of the hundreds that use Kotex Pads:

CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL *of Chicago*
PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL *of Philadelphia*
LENOX HILL HOSPITAL *of New York City*
UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL *of Baltimore*
ENGLEWOOD HOSPITAL *of Chicago*
MT. SINAI HOSPITAL *of Milwaukee*
PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL *of Philadelphia*
THE SWEDISH HOSPITAL IN BROOKLYN, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
PASSAVANT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL *of Chicago*
BAPTIST HOSPITAL *of Houston, Texas*

PLEASE LOOK at this imposing list of hospitals at the right. Then consider that this list could be extended to cover the entire page! Indeed, Kotex absorbent is used today in 85% of the leading hospitals of America.

And these famous hospitals do not use Kotex absorbent for just one or two purposes. Many of them use it for important operations . . . for obstetrical work . . . wherever the very greatest care must be taken. Medical science has produced no finer, more hygienic absorbent!

Isn't it wonderful that every woman can have this same Kotex absorbent for her own, personal sanitary use?

The Kotex absorbent is Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. Remember, Cellucotton is *not* cotton, but a cellulose substance which performs the same sanitary function as the softest cotton—but with five times the absorbency.

Kotex is made up of layer on layer of thin, soft absorbent tissues . . . each one a quick, complete absorbent in itself.

THESE AIR-COOLED LAYERS make Kotex lighter and cooler. And they absorb moisture *away from the surface,* distributing it throughout the entire pad. This leaves the surface soft and delicate, and prevents packing, chafing and any possibility of irritation.

Hospitals say that dressings made of Cellucotton are more comfortable for the patient . . . are more practical, because they absorb more and last longer . . . and are more hygienic. You can readily see how these distinctive qualities of Cellucotton make Kotex superior for your own personal use.

SURELY, no woman can overlook the overwhelming medical preference for Kotex absorbent. For the right kind of sanitary protection is not just a matter of convenience and comfort. It is a matter of actual *health* protection.

Today, authorities stress particularly the importance of protection from mental and nervous strain during the use of sanitary protectives. Nervous vitality is low; and unless precautions are observed, the nervous system may be permanently injured.

Kotex removes one of the greatest causes of nervous strain and mental discomfort at this time.

Kotex deodorizes, for instance, assuring you a sense of complete security and daintiness.

Kotex has rounded, tapered corners, which make it inconspicuous. There is no bulk, no awkward, bulging corners.

AND Kotex is comfortable. So wonderfully comfortable that you are never conscious of the use of a sanitary protective. Think what that means in promoting perfect poise and relieving nervous strain. Remember, too, that the comfort *lasts.* Even after several hours of wear the surface remains soft and delicate.

Kotex may be worn on either side—doesn't have to be used in a certain specified way. That makes adjustment easier, protection safer. Any way you use it, Kotex is always comfortable and safe.

Then you know the great advantage of Kotex that first brought so many millions of women to its use . . . it is quickly and completely disposable.

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1. Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
2. ***Safe, secure...*** Keeps your mind at ease.
3. ***Rounded and tapered corners*—** for inconspicuous protection.
4. ***Deodorizes,*** safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. ***Disposable,*** completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

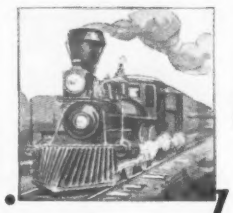
Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that nine out of ten well-dressed women select Kotex for their sanitary protection. They find it permits a freedom and poise hard to maintain with substitutes. It is designed, you see, to safeguard your nervous as well as your physical health . . . and that means the removal of every discomfort and annoyance.

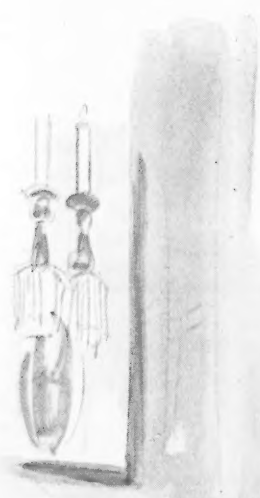
The regular size Kotex package never costs more than 45 cents. Every drug store, every department store has it. Ask for Kotex anywhere, without explanation or embarrassment. Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

By rail *and* river  *and* horseback *came companion delicacies for this* Southern-pedigreed COFFEE

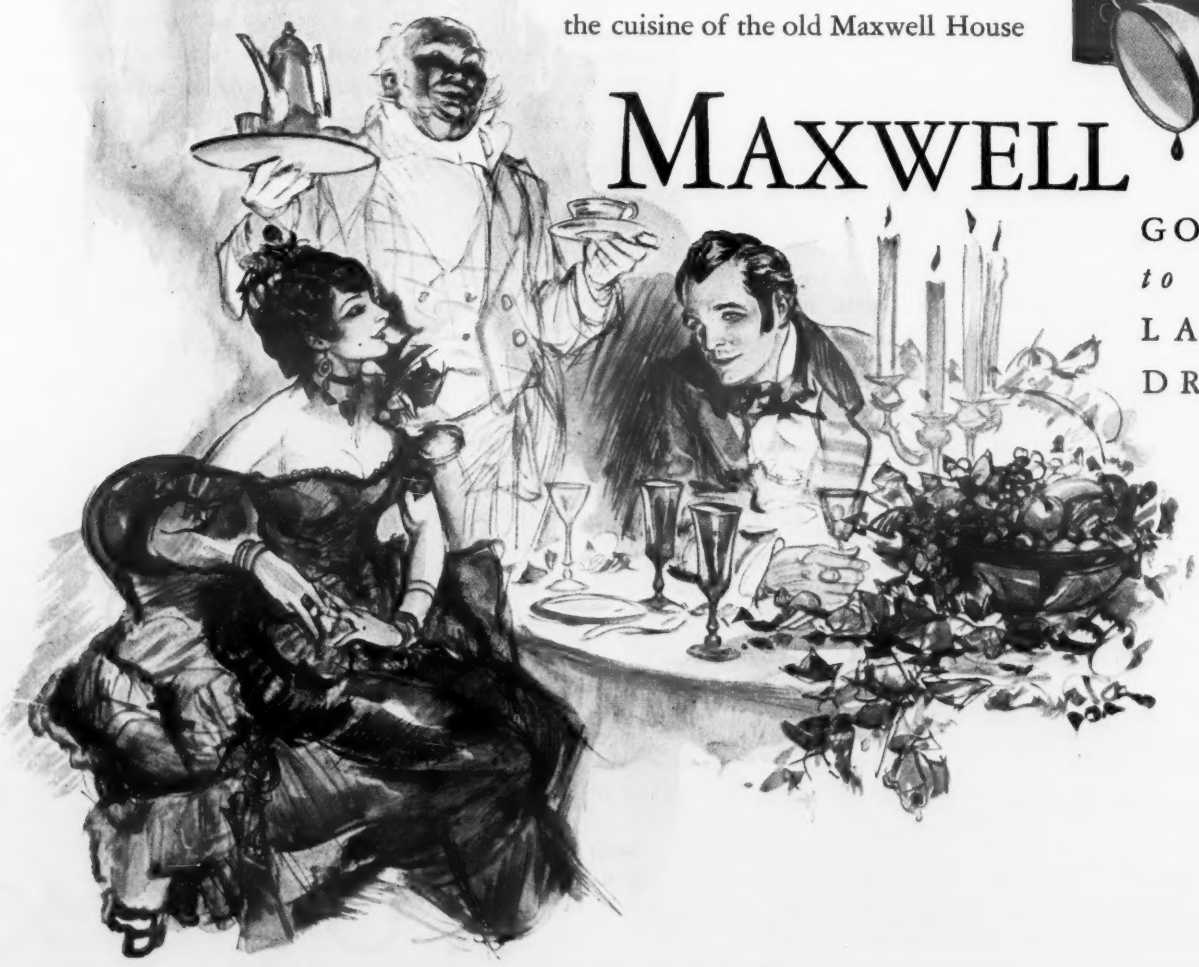
Upon steamboats churning their way through Murderer's Chute, upon keel-boats sailing to windward from Boulder Point, pine rafts steered by a vigilant oar—upon almost every one of the picturesque craft that docked at the stone-paved Nashville wharf in the days of the Old South was borne some special delicacy for the old Maxwell House, dining place extraordinary.



And so by river or by rail or by horseback came Mobile Bay Oysters; Leg of Black Mountain Bear; Haunch of Arizona Elk; Illinois Pheasants; Tennessee Opossums; Kentucky 'Coons; Sheep Tongues; Young Squirrels, and hundreds of similar epicurean delights, sought out by the old Maxwell House in its effort to offer a more luxurious cuisine than had ever been known in Southern hospitality.

How well it succeeded, the fame of the cuisine of the old Maxwell House will testify. Most famous of all was its coffee, a fragrant and mellow blend with the smooth richness of a rare wine. Not only was it prized by local connoisseurs, but eagerly sought by the owners of far-off plantations, by tobacco growers in Virginia, by steamboat captains upon the Mississippi. Its reputation became known so widely that countless Northern men and women dispatched eagerly to Nashville for a precious pound or two of this delectable coffee.

Today, this same blend awaits you in a friendly blue tin at your grocer's. Try it and you will know why, of all the delicacies which heaped the tables of the old Maxwell House, this coffee was judged to have the crowning flavor; why Maxwell House Coffee will make your every meal more delightful; why through the years it has pleased more different tastes than any other coffee ever offered for sale.



MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

GOOD *to the* LAST DROP

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea.

Don't miss the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening, at 9:30, Eastern Standard Time. Broadcast from WJZ in N. Y. C. over National Broadcasting coast to coast hook-up.

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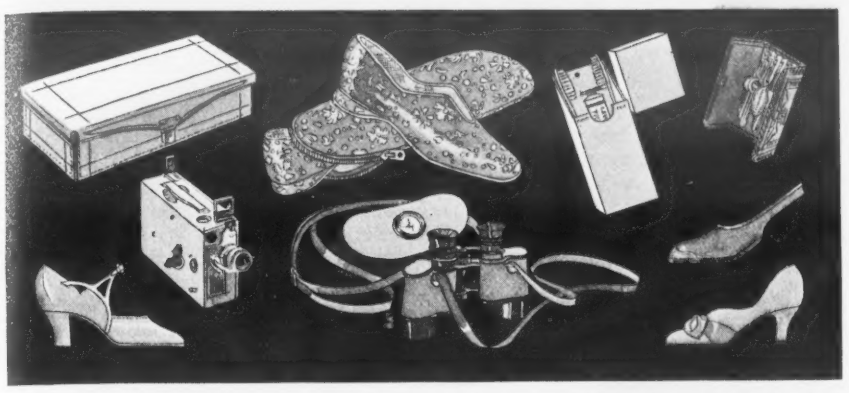

Above, left to right—Hamley Kit, courtesy Hamley & Company; week-end set, courtesy Best-Ever Slipper Company; Dr. West's Travel Kit, courtesy Western Company: Key Kaddy, courtesy Amity Leather Products Company. Lower line, left to right—Drew Arch Rest shoe, courtesy Irving Drew Company; Ciné-Kodak, courtesy Eastman Kodak Company; binoculars, courtesy Bausch and Lomb Optical Company; Ball-Band Black Ariel Footholds, courtesy Mishawaka Rubber and Woolen Manufacturing Company; Bridge Slippers, courtesy The Daniel Green Company.

Vacation Wardrobes

(Continued from Page 17)

weather, or, for hot-weather travel, the silk frock with matching jacket. Gloves should be immaculate—at the beginning of the day, at least—and very plainly tailored in style, shoes should be tailored, with moderately low heels, hosiery should be inconspicuous in color and not too sheer in weight.

For motor travel, as for train travel, one chooses fabrics which will not show the dust easily, wrinkle easily, comfortable, simple models and inconspicuous accessories. Hats with brims will be found preferable for motoring.

The luggage in which your wardrobe is carried not only contributes to your daily appearance, your peace of mind and your comfort, but also forms a part of the impression which you make on others while you travel. A pile of smart, good-looking luggage almost invariably belongs to a smart and well-turned-out traveler.

If you are going abroad and plan to spend a considerable length of time in Paris, and to buy clothes there, it will no doubt be practical to take a trunk no matter how small a wardrobe you take. If you are having a good-sized stateroom, by yourself, you will find a wardrobe trunk very convenient. One very smart wardrobe type has duck covering with red and yellow stripes, as distinctive as it is durable, and convertible drawers with hat holders, a combination dust door, laundry bag and shoes holder, a folding ironing board and an asbestos electric-iron carrier, which not only protect your wardrobe but add to your comfort in packing. This type of trunk is suitable, of course, for travel in this country, wherever your wardrobe will be sufficiently large to indicate it.

Packing the man of the family's clothes is apt to be even more troublesome than your own, but a suitcase is made which provides a particularly convenient suit holder, on which, with a little practice, it is possible to stow away suits with the certainty that they will be unwrinkled when they are taken out. A carry-all is a convenience for traveling anywhere, with its hookless fastener closing. In it may be carried rubbers, raincoats, cameras, extra shoes, and all the souvenirs and odds and ends which one picks up while traveling, and cannot be parted from, but has little room for in well-organized luggage. The small Gladstone bag is an item which you might not think of offhand as useful, particularly for feminine wardrobes, but the small sizes, such as the very smart twenty-inch model, have a number of advantages. This is a particularly comfortable type of bag for long motoring trips, as it is large enough to hold a "change for dinner" and is sufficient for overnight stops, without the necessity of burrowing into the larger bags.

Dœuillet-Doucet
1407

Joseph Paquin
1424

If you are not of the acquisitive nature which acquires three tons of souvenirs in three weeks abroad, a whole summer on the Continent could be managed with a large suitcase and a small "bottle bag." As many as twelve frocks can be successfully packed on the hangers of some of the stunning linen-covered cases.

There are many women whose experience has led them to decide that after all the most successful way to arrive in good condition is to carry frocks in a case of their own. Any number of dresses can be folded into wardrobe-type hat boxes, and the new ones take care of the longest and most trailing of evening gowns.

The fitted case, if not too heavy, is undoubtedly a week-end convenience.

Steamer-size trunks have much to be said for them, and pack ironing board, drawers, hat and shoe boxes, not to mention hangers, into very small compass.

Traveling accessories which add to the joys of being on vacation are excellent "going away presents" as well. The tragedy of stained frocks is avoided if your favorite perfume is carried in a traveling atomizer. Whether the summer's hobby is architecture or yachting, fewer fine points are missed if special glasses are taken along; sports glasses are very compact, fitted into their tiny pigskin case, but surprisingly strong; even more powerful binoculars have a shoulder-strap carrying case. One needs to go away for only one vacation without a camera to learn the folly of such omission. Tiny cameras fit away into handbags or car pockets, while a permanent movie record is made by a machine which is compact in size. A pleasant gift for a man is a bill-fold which has an additional compartment in which all kinds of club cards, licenses, and the like, are kept, each in a transparent envelope. Key holders are made to match.

A small case of sole leather, in which the male traveler may throw all his shaving and toilet articles with agreeable abandon, sure of finding them assembled when he wants them, is convenient. Slippers for the very crowded week-end case are made very flat and slip into a case. Toothpaste and two toothbrushes, one for night and one for morning, fit into their special kit.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

as told to PRINCESS PAT
by 10,000 men

"WOMEN USE TOO MUCH ROUGE"

THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge does look unreal.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. There is never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the most natural rouge in the world. Blonde and brunette use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing almond base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never, because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent almond base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the almond base to make the light powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of colors as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge.

PRINCESS PAT
CHICAGO, U. S. A.
Canadian Address:
93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-1326, Chicago.
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.
Name (print).....
Street.....
City and State.....

LOOK TO THE BODY!

THAT happy intuition for quality which a woman carries into her choice of the more important things of life, is a final and trustworthy argument against any body standard less fine and good than that of the Fisher Body car. Under the emblem Body by Fisher, she unerringly discerns the finer style, the greater safety, comfort and durability which to her discriminating taste mean extra value. The result is a feminine preference for Body by Fisher so pronounced and so widespread in every price field as to be a determining factor in automobile buying today. General Motors cars, and these cars *only,* are equipped with Body by Fisher.

* * *

CADILLAC · LASALLE · BUICK · VIKING · OAKLAND
MARQUETTE · OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · CHEVROLET
GENERAL MOTORS

Among Those Present

(Continued from Page 25)

"You think it will come to that, eh?"

"That, or you give in," said Peters. "And I'm watching your fingers like your mother never did, bo," he went on. "Press that trigger the least bit more and I'll be shooting the same time."

"Not so certain you'll be ahead of me, eh?" jeered Davis.

"I ain't half as much worried about my shooting as you are," retorted Peters. "Now, listen: Crandall goes. And before he goes he finds out about his girl. Yes, I been listening outside. I got the dope. He takes her with him if she's here; and if she ain't here, you tell him where she is, and he goes and gets her, and when he's got her he tells me, and then you and me talk some more."

"Just like that, eh?" said Davis.

"Just like that," said Peters, "with any little changes I happen to think of and feel like adding to the program."

"Want to hear my program?" asked Davis.

"Spill it," said Peters.

Slavini moved ever so faintly, and I jammed my gun savagely against his ribs. Peters laughed.

"One thing certain—Crandall can't miss the fat lad," he laughed. "Get on with your chatter," he said to Davis.

"CRANDALL has outlived his usefulness," said Davis coolly. "He dies. That's settled. After I've got the Seeley emeralds I'll decide what to do with his girl. But Crandall won't care about that, because he'll be dead."

"Pretty party," said Peters. "Go on with it."

"I can use you," said Davis. "You'll have to be taught a few things. One of them is that I'm the boss. And the quickest way for you to show that you've learned that is to put away your gun."

"Ye-ah? And if I don't, what then?"

"You'll get the answer to that when you refuse to obey," said Davis.

"Me—with a gun on you? Crandall—with a gat in the fat lad's ribs? Your two other pals so scared they're shaking? And you got nerve ——"

"I've got plenty of nerve, all right," interrupted Davis.

"Yes?" Peters' voice rose slightly. "Nerve enough to look a gun in the eye and think you can outguess the guy that's holding it, eh? And you think that takes nerve, do you? You think so, because your bluff has never been called, feller. These rats that work for you—afraid of their shadows. You bluff them and think it shows you got nerve. Because I don't shoot the second I come in here, you think it's because I ain't going to. Listen, feller, I didn't shoot because I'd rather be boss without shooting. Why wipe out a ready-made gang?"

HIS thin lips parted, incredibly, in a grin of mirth.

"But I like shooting. This Crandall lad is game. He had nerve enough to meet you in your own alley, nerve enough to stick you up. One to four, not four to one. That's his racket, and a lot better racket than yours. Threatening girls to make a lad weaken; making a lad stay crooked when he wants to go straight! I don't like it."

"No? What then?"

And now I saw the thing I'd been vaguely anticipating. I saw a killer working himself deliberately up to the pitch of murder. I'd heard of such things, read of them, but never had I expected to see a man lash himself purposefully into the fury which can be satisfied only with death.

"What then?" cried Peters. "I'll tell you what then. I said to Crandall to shoot his way out. I said I'd be right with him when the shooting started. I'm here, ain't I? Like I said I'd be, Crandall, eh? But I figured you'd yellow it, Davis. I figured you'd have sense enough to step down and let a better man take your place. But you won't have it, eh? Well, it's too late to change your mind, because I've changed mine.

"I'm tops wherever I go, get me? No man ever pulled a gun on me and lived to tell it. No man ever ran a blazer on me without showing his cards.

"Tops! That's what I am, get me? And if New York don't know it now, New York will know it tomorrow. Tops! Kern Peters, what takes the slickest mob in New York and bumps 'em all."

His voice rose to a scream. He could kill—I was sure of that—without this self-incitement, but he was infinitely more deadly, I felt, when he had worked himself into the reasonless passion of the congenital murderer.

"Crandall! Get out of this room. This ain't your racket. It's mine. Get out, and it won't be four to two, it'll be four to one, and let 'em play with that for a minute. Four to one, and three of you are scared to death now, and the fourth ain't, because he still doesn't believe me. Because he does his shooting with his mob, or because he's so sure of himself that he never thinks his bluff will be called. Well, it's called now."

And Davis knew it. Infinitesimally his eyes flickered. Peters' left hand struck me staggeringly on the shoulder, threw me violently to the floor. His gun barked, and I saw Davis' weapon spit fire in return. I saw Davis whirl over backwards behind the table where he had been sitting. I heard Pots Slavini shriek. I heard a curse from Jimmy Greco and a groan from Andy Horn. And these actions, these sounds, but punctuated the sharp drum-beat of the fire from Kern Peters' automatic.

Slavini, Greco, Horn! All upon the floor. And behind the table a movement from Davis. Through the woodwork ripped bullets from Peters' gun. Then the lights went out.

"Crandall," Peters called. "Don't move—that rat behind the table ——"

FROM the floor spat a tongue of flame. I heard Peters curse savagely, heard his feet smashing across the floor, heard him bump against the table, heard him cry in the savage disappointment of the killer balked:

"Crandall, he's got away—this damned door . . . Crandall, beat it . . . Here ——"

I felt steel fingers grip my shoulder, felt myself dragged from the darkened room into the dimly lighted corridor which I had crossed half an hour or less ago. From either end of the corridor came shouts of alarm.

"Easy does it, lad," said Peters. "Like you were walking into church—calm—slow ——"

He guided me through the door near my table in the restaurant, pushed aside the velvet drapes and forced me into the seat I had left at Pots Slavini's summons.

"Don't rush it yet," he advised. "Wait till we see ——"

The patrons were undisturbed. Two doors and heavy curtains had kept sounds of the shots from reaching the restaurant. Only those in what I imagined were kitchens and pantries had heard the noise. But across the room, staring at me with a frown, was D'Esterre, the head waiter.

As I looked at him he moved backward through the main entrance, eying me watchfully until he disappeared.

"The head waiter—he knows—about me ——"

"Let's go," said Peters. "But easy; if we have to shoot—shoot! But not unless we have to. This way."

I, in my innocence, would have crossed the room, threading my way between tables, but Kernan knew better than that. Half shoving, half leading me, he chose a course around the edge of the room, and anyone looking on might have suspected that I had taken a trifle too much to drink and that my companion was making my exit as little conspicuous as possible.

We reached the door in safety, without alarm having been raised. But there, by the coat-room door, stood D'Esterre, his olive face hard and threatening. Peters took one stride toward him.

"I've killed three," he whispered, "and drove their boss to cover. I'll make it four—or forty—if anyone wants."

The maître d'hôtel shrank away. "The police ——"

"You don't know nothing," snarled Peters. "Not for the police. But for your friends—for anyone else—I'm Kern Peters, and I'm going out of here. And the guy that tries to stop me ——"

"GET HER OUT OF HERE! I'M TRYING TO DO THE BEST I CAN, AND YOU WANT MY FLAT TURNED INTO A SHOOTING GALLERY"

WHAT plan had been in D'Esterre's head left it instantly. Whether or not he had already received word of the shambles in the inner room I didn't know. Certainly he had known what was planned for me. I wondered if the Scotch so solicitously provided for me had been doctored to make any possible resistance more futile. At any rate, he had been amazed at my reappearance in the dining room, had been about to take some measures to prevent my leaving.

But before the flame in Peters'

Prove it at our expense!

La France saves hard rubbing saves bluing

. . . cuts washday work in half!

FREE . . . A TRIAL SIZE PACKAGE—ENOUGH FOR A FULL-SIZED WASH!

La France is a wonderful cleansing agent that you use *with soap*. It's different from anything you've ever tried! For it loosens dirt and grease as if by magic—makes hard rubbing unnecessary —and blues your clothes at the same time!

Straight off, you'll see the difference it makes. Rich, buoyant suds! Only stubborn soil holds out against such suds! And with light rubbing, even stubborn soil is gone! If you use a washing machine, you'll find you won't have to run it so long! What's more, no extra bluing operation is necessary —La France blues as it cleans . . . without streaks or spots . . . the loveliest bluing you ever gave your clothes! With half the work, your clothes will go on the line . . . a perfect wash!

La France is safe for colors . . . cleans and freshens even the most delicate tints. Use La France for white silks—it prevents yellowing. La France won't—*can't*—hurt the finest fabrics —can't hurt your hands. Send for the free test package. You'll never go back to old washing methods again!

Try Satina for Easier Ironing!

With the sample of La France we'll send you also a sample of Satina. Add it to hot starch. It prevents irons from sticking, gives an exquisite gloss and finish to table linens and garments, and keeps clothes clean longer.

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FREE..enough for a week's wash! Send Now!

L.H.J. 6-30

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Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And P. S.—please include a free sample of Satina.

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eyes he weakened. We retrieved our hats and coats without difficulty, and sauntered down the broad steps that led to Fifty-sixth Street without interference. From the corner of Broadway I heard a police whistle, and then the rat-a-tat-tat of a nightstick on the pavement. Now, above us, came cries of alarm from frightened patrons of the night club.

"They're hep," commented Peters. "Well, take it easy, Crandall. Just around the corner ——"

We made it, went north to Fifty-eighth Street, crossed to Sixth Avenue, and felt—I did, anyway—out of danger of pursuit. For the first time Peters commented on the battle.

"Missed him," he said bitterly. "Got the other three clean as could be, and blew the big boy. Well, it's me for a rattler. Not that those lads will squeal, but—you never can tell. And this Davis bird may talk about you, Crandall. I think it's your finish. Sorry—he got through that door and locked it—better come with me, lad."

"I can't," I said. "Miss Seeley ——"

Peters stopped short: "I'd forgotten her. Say—do you suppose this Davis lad—he may have been bluffing. That guy's been used to getting away with bluffs. Here, call up the little girl ——"

HE DRAGGED me into a drug store, and I was in a booth asking for Joan's number when he pushed me aside.

"If it's you asking, and her family recognized your voice, they'd think it was funny, you supposed to be out with her. Lemme talk."

But Miss Seeley was not in. Yes, the servant would inform her that Mr. Peters had called.

Outside the drug store, Peters stared at me. I think the anguish on my face must have aroused even the wrought-iron emotion that passed for pity with him.

"Listen—you can't go back there to the Blotter. Neither can I. But there's places I can go—places where there's plenty talk, and where the fact that I dutched three lads ain't going to make me any too unpopular. You go back to your hotel —— Listen, pal, thinking it over, I don't believe this Davis bird will squeal. He's a rat, but not a yellow rat. I bumped off three of his men. You were in that play, even if I acted too quick to give you a chance to shoot. He'll want to get square his own way. And a bullet will be the only way he can see.

"If he squeals he'll pretty much have to give himself away. Anyway, it'll come out that you were in that room with the shooting tonight. It'd leak out that Davis squealed. And his own pals would bump him for squealing. And listen. He's a gone coon unless he shoots his way back to glory.

"He's got to bump us both off, see? He's got to, or poor hopheads will slap his face and make him run errands. He's done, get me? Unless he gets us both. Now—I'll circulate. I'll find out his hangout. I'll telephone you at the Plandome—we'll round him up, and you needn't worry about the young lady. Wait for me, kid."

With that he wheeled about and started toward Broadway. I would have followed, but what was the use?

But to wait, while Joan. . . . From some storage place in my brain, waiting for the occasion to demand its entrance into my consciousness, came recollection of the insolent girl and her whispered telephone number. It hadn't been meant for me, but—it might have been. I almost ran back to the drug store, entered the booth and asked for Circle 62945.

XIX.

AS I WAITED for Central to ring I told myself that I was a fool. Even if the lady, who was so obviously what she was, had meant me to make mental note of her telephone number, what had that flirtatious advance on her part to do with Joan? And yet, her very furtiveness had indicated something out of the ordinary.

The number answered. A feminine voice said "Hello?"

"Lacy Crandall speaking," I said. "Is this the young lady ——"

She unquestionably was. She cut in on me instantly.

"Mr. Crandall, get up here as fast as you can."

"Where?" I demanded.

"West Ninety-first Street. The Margravia. North side of the street, one door from Central Park West. Second floor—Miss Wanger. Hustle."

HER receiver clicked on its hook, cutting short the dozen questions I would have hurled at her. But I wasted no time trying to ring her back. She had told me to get up to her apartment as fast as I could, and on this night of violence I could afford no delay while I ascertained the purity of her intentions.

This was a woman in terror, or else she was wasting histrionic talents on a class euphemistically known as "daddies." And the only reason that such a woman should, in frightened accents, urge me to come to her apartment must be a reason having to do with the events not half an hour in the past. What possible connection she could have with Davis, why she had whispered her telephone number to me—these questions could wait for answer.

"Miss Wanger, second floor," the young woman had said. The dim light on the first landing was not sufficient to enable me to read the names, so I struck my cigarette lighter.

"Miss Lois Wanger," I read on a visiting card attached to the panel. I pressed the bell beside the name. Almost instantly the door was thrown open, and before me stood the sullen beauty of the Blotter. Her hand reached out, and I was pulled into the apartment, and the door was shut behind me instantly.

"Get her out—get her out before he comes," cried the girl.

I shot a wary glance about hall and living room. In the atmosphere of violence into which I had suddenly stepped, such things as traps, as ambushes, were not entirely unknown.

"Who?" I asked.

"The Seeley girl. Are you as dumb as you look?" she blazed. "Or have you got girls scattered all over town that own million-dollar necklaces?"

"Where is she?" I asked.

"The bedroom—there," she pointed toward a half-opened door. "She's asleep ——"

"Asleep?"

I halted in mid-stride and turned back upon my unwilling hostess.

"FOR the love o' Mike don't glare at me," she protested. "I didn't do it to her—I only let them bring her here—and you know I tried to tip you off. Get her out of here. If Sam gets here ——"

I believed now that here was no ambush, no treachery waiting to enfold me. I was through the door, kneeling beside Joan before the woman had finished her sentence.

But she wasn't asleep. Her eyes were heavy, and their expression dulled, but they were open, and they lighted with recognition at sight of me.

"Lacy," she cried.

I dropped on my knees beside the bed on which, fully clothed, more charming in dishevelment than I had ever seen her before, she lay. Her arms invited me.

"Crandall, get her out of here. Maybe you don't mind risking her neck and yours, but I got use for mine. If Davis comes here—because there's things I won't stand for—and this abducting girls is one of them—don't mean I got any wild desire to get croaked. Get her out of here! I'm

(Continued on Page 56)

"This Common Ailment *steals vigor and leaves its mark on body, face and mind*"

". . . yeast checks it," *says Germany's most colorful physician*

PROFESSOR DR. MARTIN MENDELSOHN of Berlin—no more colorful figure exists in German medicine today. No more authoritative voice than his could bring you this message of warning—and hope:—

"Constipation is the insidious enemy of our time. It affects all classes, all ages. It undermines the system, making it an easy prey to disease. Often it mars a whole life, stealing vigor and strength, clouding the mind, leaving its mark on body and face.

"Yeast prevents constipation. It stimulates the wave-like motion of the intestines necessary to effect regular elimination.

"With the cleansing of the intestines and the toning up of the system, many skin blemishes will disappear.

"Now fresh yeast contains the increased value of the 'sunshine' vitamin D, which counteracts the pronounced ill effects of lack of sunshine."

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast regularly every day, following the directions on the label. Every cake is rich in *two* vitamins indispensable to health—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

DR. MENDELSOHN was physician to the great Eleonora Duse and to the sister of Kaiser Wilhelm I. As medical adviser of the Russian government he reported periodically to the Czar. The entire German press recently acclaimed his latest medical book.

"My doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast"

"I was old before my time," writes Mrs. Mabel Kinneer, Staten Island, N. Y. "As long as I can remember I had suffered from constipation. As I grew worse and worse, I visited a stomach specialist. He recommended three cakes a day of Fleischmann's Yeast. Half-heartedly I began. But very soon I noticed improvement. Now I am well. Yeast keeps me in wonderful trim."

Leading doctors of 3 countries say:

GEHEIMRAT DR. CARL VON NOORDEN, founder of Europe's most exclusive clinic, at Frankfort, Germany, states: "Yeast can bring about normal functioning of the intestines. It is used constantly in my clinic."

DR. GEORGES CAUSSADE, physician of the world-famous Paris Hospital, "l'Hôtel-Dieu," says: "Yeast has a real effect on constipation and nutrition."

DR. PAOLO ALESSANDRINI, head of the hospitals of Rome, says: "Yeast has long been famous for its ability to keep the intestinal tract clean, active and healthy."

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(3-WINDOW)

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4-Door Sedan, 3-Window, $625; Coupe, $590; Roadster (rumble seat), $610; 2-Door Sedan, $610; Touring, $625; De Luxe Coupe (rumble seat), $625; De Luxe Sedan, $675. F. O. B. Factory.

SOLD BY PLYMOUTH, DE SOTO, CHRYSLER AND DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS

(Continued from Page 54)

trying to do the best I can, and you want my flat turned into a shooting gallery."

Gently I released Joan's arms from about my neck, cut short the sweetest embrace that I had ever known.

"Will Davis come here?" I asked.

"Of course he will. Don't you get it through your thick head yet? He lives here. And I'm for him, too," she went on defiantly. "But when he monkeys with kidnaping, goes so crazy that he's asking for a twenty-year stretch, maybe he's flirting with the chair, then I'm going to pull him right out of the hole he's dug for himself. Here, hit me; slug me," she said.

She leaned forward, until her sullen, lovely face was only a foot from me.

"I got to make it look good," she said. "You came here—rang the bell—I let you in thinking you were Sam—you batted me a couple, knocked me out ——"

"Lacy—what does it all mean?" Joan cut in. There was horror in her voice, but not a trace of fear. "You sent a message for me to meet you at the Blotter. I—I couldn't understand, but there's been so much I couldn't understand, that—I went there. The door was closed, but a man said you had told him to meet me—he called me by name—there was some trouble—he didn't explain—said it had to do with your disappearance for so long. I got in a car with him—and the windows were closed and locked, and—he did something—to my arm—I've been asleep. Lacy, take me out of here!"

HER voice rose slightly as she finished speaking. Brave she had been and still was, but her nerves were at the edge of breaking.

"Sing the theme song in a taxi," snapped the Wanger girl. "I'm telling you—Sam brought her up here—cold. If you stall any longer—and if you don't slug me so it will look on the level to Sam . . ."

But I ignored this plea. She had deserved well of me, but not even in gratitude, not even to make face for her with Davis, could I strike her.

"I'll come back," I said. "You're sure he'll be here—Davis?"

Quick suspicion was in the girl's eyes.

"I'll not have you gunning him," she said.

I shook my head impatiently.

"No question of that," I said, "unless he asks for it. But he's got to come to an understanding. If he's willing to call all bets off, I am."

"Can you make him quit this rotten racket he's in?" cried the girl. "He's got dough enough to make Rockefeller jealous. He's been promising for a year to take me abroad—to forget it all. I keep telling him he'll get nailed yet. I kept telling him that enough's enough. But he wouldn't listen, and now—tonight—what happened in that room? I got a whisper ——" Her eyes suddenly widened. "Say—you didn't get him, did you? If I thought you did ——"

She glared at me, the fury of an animal in her eyes.

"He got away," I said.

"Then you get away," she cried. "I won't have killing—I'll have time to talk to him before you come back. I'll get his gun away from him so he can't fight. On your word, you won't shoot if he doesn't ——"

"My word," I promised.

I SLIPPED an arm about Joan—my left arm, because I held my pistol in my right hand, nor did I put the weapon back in my pocket until we had slipped out of the building and had stopped a taxi outside.

I gave the driver Joan's address and followed her into the machine.

"Lacy," she said, "what does it mean? Why should someone pretend to give me a message from you? Why should someone drug me—take me to a strange apartment? Lacy, who are these people? Why do you know them? What are they to you? And that woman talked of killing. Lacy, are you in danger?"

I shook my head.

"Not at all," I said.

"But you must be! Lacy, what kind of life do you lead, that people like these ——"

I felt her shrinking away from me. Confession trembled on my lips, confession that would turn her shrinking into repulsion.

"Joan," I said, "you're worn out—you've been through a dreadful experience ——"

"I would go through worse, Lacy," she said, "if it brought me any nearer to the man I love."

"You will never go through anything again, my dear," I told her. "But Joan—tomorrow—wait till then—please ——"

"I'll wait till then, Lacy," she said gravely.

ON THE corner, a dozen yards from her apartment entrance, was a mail box. Tomorrow I might be dead. Lois Wanger might not have succeeded in getting Davis' gun away from him by the time I arrived again at her apartment. And I had seen enough of Davis' coolness under fire to realize that from a duel between us I was none too likely to emerge victorious.

Wherefore it behooved me to see that Joan received her necklace. So I reached into my pocket for the envelope in which I had placed the receipt for the collar box which I had left in the Plandome safe. And it wasn't there.

Slavini! I guessed it at once. As we walked from the restaurant to the private room, or as I held him close to me, a living bulwark against a shot from Davis' weapon . . . But how could he?

I wasted little time in considering this question. The point was—the envelope addressed to Joan was gone. Already someone might have presented the check to the clerk at the hotel. . . . Five minutes later I dashed into the lobby and almost ran to the desk.

Another clerk was behind the counter.

"A package I left in the safe, this evening," I said. "I—the check ——"

"What was the number, Mr. Crandall?" he asked.

I remembered it.

"Two hundred and thirty," I replied.

"Two-thirty?" The clerk frowned. "It seems to me ——"

He swung open the safe doors, looked inside and turned back to me.

"Sorry, Mr. Crandall, but it's gone. I remember I gave it to a man ——"

"What did he look like?" I asked.

The clerk shrugged.

"Sorry, I don't remember. I didn't particularly notice him—didn't he have any right to it?"

I laughed shakily.

"As much, I guess, as I had. It—it's all right," I said.

XX.

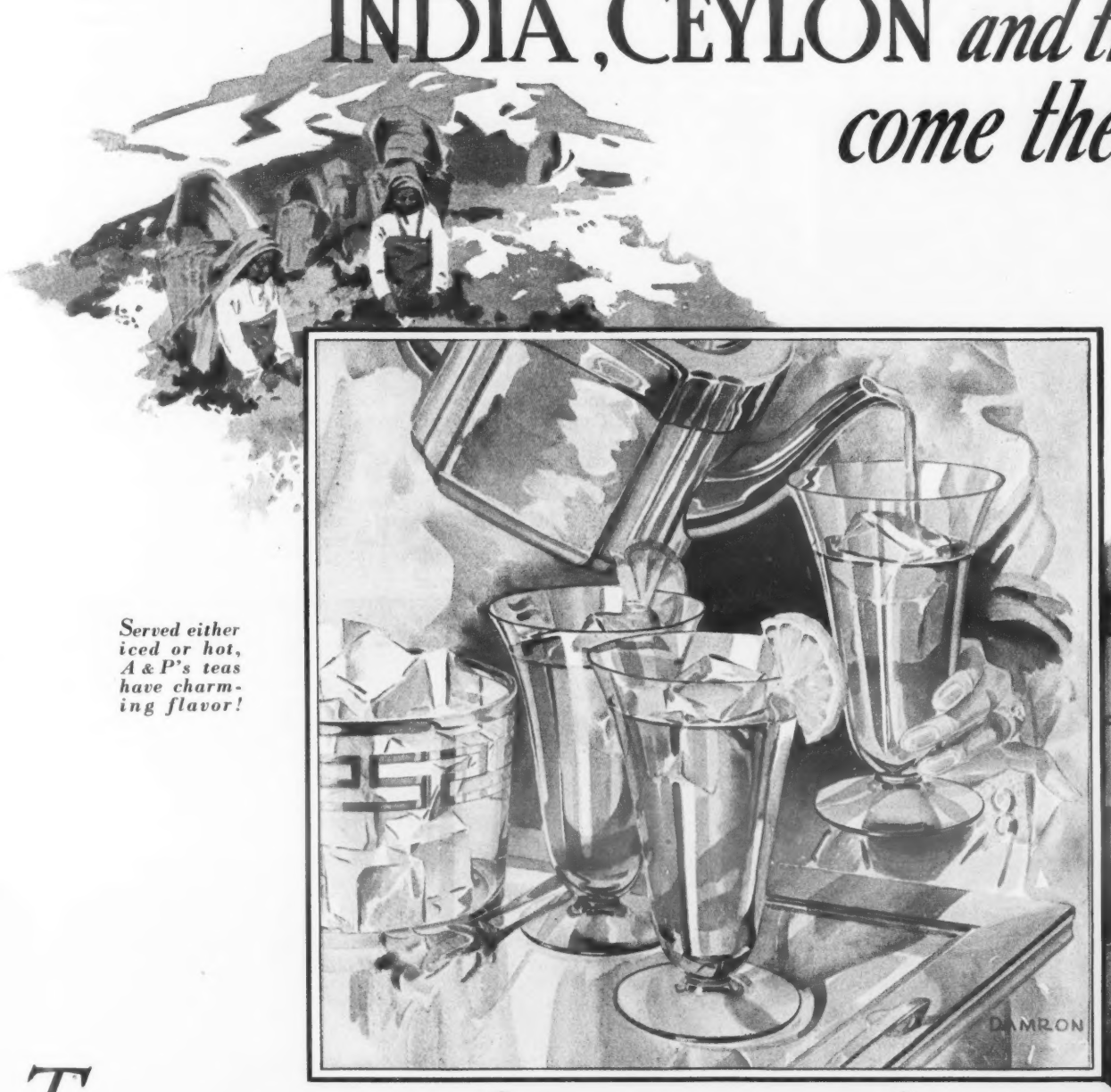
DAVIS, then, in some uncanny way had obtained possession of Joan's necklace. That meant that, warned that I knew Miss Wanger's address, he would not wait long for my arrival. She had known about the Seeley necklace, and I had gathered from her frightened speech that Davis was about to quit New York. Certainly, if he had any such intention, tonight's slaughter would have quickened it, and possession of Joan's necklace would have given departure that fillip of success which men like Davis need.

And I must catch him. Not only must I regain the necklace—to return this to Joan had become an obsession with me—but I must come to terms with him.

Again I rode to Miss Wanger's address. She had promised me that Davis would be unarmed on my return, but she might not have found her sweetheart quite as amenable to persuasion as she thought. So my own weapon, which had been undischarged through all the swift terrible

(Continued on Page 58)

From the famed tea gardens of INDIA, CEYLON *and the* ORIENT *come these fragrant teas*



Served either iced or hot, A & P's teas have charming flavor!

To assure you of captivating flavor A&P's own experts carefully blend them!

"WHAT charming flavor . . . what delightful fragrance." So say countless tea lovers with their first taste of a cup of tea brewed from one of A&P's master blends.

Why, you may ask, are these teas so refreshingly different . . . so much in demand?

First, because the teas used in A&P's blends are the finer grades grown in the world-famous tea gardens in India, Ceylon and the Orient.

Next, because the fine art of blending these delicately different varieties of tea, which finally produces the deep rich flavors so highly prized by tea lovers, has been practised by A&P's blenders for over 70 years.

It is this art of blending that is largely responsible for the amazing fact that more women buy their tea at the A&P Food Stores than at any other stores. In fact, one cup in every eight served in the country is an A&P blend.

To-morrow . . . stop in at the nearest A&P Food Store. Ask for Grandmother's Tea in your favorite blend. You'll find this better tea priced extremely low. This is because A&P is America's greatest tea merchant . . . distributing direct from tea garden to your table.

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Photo by H. D. Carsey, Hollywood

DOROTHY MACKAILL, *talented and beautiful blonde star, says: "So much of a star's charm depends on a soft, smooth skin! The close-up takes the true measure of her beauty. Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for the skin!"*

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Are *you* using Lux Toilet Soap? Such caressing lather as it gives, abundant even in hard water. You'll love the way it keeps your skin delicately smooth and soft as May-apple blossoms. Order several cakes—today.

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LUX Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway —and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

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battle in the private room at the Blotter, was ready to my grasp now as I pressed the doorbell.

I waited. I pressed the bell furiously again.

And now I heard shambling, unsteady footsteps beyond the door, heard the thump of a heavy body as it fell against a wall. The door opened, and I looked into the bloodshot eyes of Kern Peters.

His thin lips parted in a grin.

"WELCOME, pal," he muttered thickly. "In time to see the curtain, but you missed the last act. Come in."

He waved a hand drunkenly; it fell upon my neck; his whole weight was suspended from my shoulders, and he would have fallen but for my quick support.

Drunk! If ever he had needed his wits cool and collected this was the occasion. Instead of which, they were bewildered, scattered by liquor. . . . Then I knew that I had misjudged him. This was not the glare of alcohol in Peters' eyes—this was the film of death; this was not inebriation that thickened his tongue—this was the approaching end.

Not the yielding to a cheap appetite, but surrender to a bullet. This accounted for the man's reeling gait.

"Peters," I gasped.

He sank into a chair, and I saw a great crimson clot below his collar.

"You—oughta—see Davis," he managed to chuckle.

"Where is he?" I cried.

"Waiting for me—in hell," he laughed. "Him and his girl ——"

"You killed her?" I whispered.

"Who? Me? Wha' right you got—think Kern Peters kill a woman? Didn't I tell you—never manhandle gals? Sit down, Lacy—no hurry. Die soon. Want someone with me ——"

I bent over him, touched his coat, but he motioned my hand away.

"Stopped bleeding for a minute—don't touch it. Start me off. Going soon enough anyway." A gleam appeared in the dulling eyes. "Swell scrap, Lacy. For a rat—he died damn well."

"Where—did you see him?" I asked.

"Stick cigarette in mouth—want to go out happy."

I lighted a cigarette and placed it between his lips. He puffed on it a moment.

"Left you—went to—place I knew—lot of talk about the lad that bumped off Slavini and the other two. No one knew—know tomorrow O. K., but don't know yet. Not a soul knew your name, either, Crandall. Dead sure of that. You're safe. Get the little girl and marry her. Give her story about tonight—explain—anything will do if she loves you—about her being taken up here—ye-ah, I know—Davis talked—well, I found out where he hung out with this Wanger girl of his. Figured he might have dashed up here, might have had Miss Seeley here."

SUDDENLY he began to laugh, laughed until gasping pain and choking blood stopped him.

"Something funny, pal. Did an errand before I came up here. Tell you about it—well, came up here and rang the bell. Girl opened it, saw me—screamed. Something about Davis not having a gun. I pushed by her—there's Davis and I drop my gun on him. The girl rushed to him—said something about not double-crossing him—about expecting you, Lacy. Davis grins at her.

"'Thought I'd intended to argue it out with Crandall, eh, Lois?' he said. 'Got me to put away my gun, you little cat! Well, I've had another gun all the time. Double-cross me, would you?'

"And with that, before I knew what he was up to, he shot the girl."

I groaned aloud. To gain my promise not to kill Davis, she had got one gun away from Davis. And he, when Peters entered, had thought his sweetheart betrayed him.

"Where?" I asked.

"Next room," said Peters. "And with that I let him have it. But his shooting the girl—surprised me—I got him through the shoulder instead of the heart—he got me—high in the lung, I think. Stood right up to me, then, and shot it out with me. I killed him. And I guess, pal, that's all. Except one little thing."

His eyes closed, and for a moment I thought he was dead. Then they opened, and I read indescribable mockery in them. It was ghastly, with death at his elbow, that he should be gay.

"I'll get a doctor ——"

"Doctor, hell!" he interrupted. "What for? Save me for the chair? Nix, Lacy. And don't feel bad, pal. The kind of a finish I always wanted. Top dog, that's me. Took the biggest gun in New York, took all his job, and rode 'em to hell before me. And say, Lacy, fish around in my inside pocket—can't seem to move my arm—look in there and see what you find."

I OPENED his jacket, gently as I might, and put my fingers in the inside pocket. Something smooth and cool and wrigglingly alive met my touch. I drew forth the Seeley emeralds.

"No plaster saint, pal," stammered Peters. "Wouldn't kill a game lad like you. Not for fifty necklaces. Kinda liked the little lady too. A game kid. Tackled Kern Peters. But—thinking it over—says to myself that if I wiped out the gang that had been putting the work on you—that's plenty, ain't it? A man couldn't ask any more of me than that, could he? At that, wouldn't have harmed a hair of your head, Lacy. But—Davis gave me the tip-off on what you'd done with the necklace. Worth trying, wasn't it? As I led you out of the restaurant—went to your pocket. Used to pick a pocket or two when I was a kid. Haven't forgotten how. Got an envelope; when you left me, opened it. Found the receipt, went to the hotel, got the necklace—hell, pal, you can't expect a crook to turn angel, you know."

He puffed furiously on the cigarette, then it fell from his parted lips.

"My Lord, how would Davis have felt if he'd known I had those emeralds on me? Wanted to tell him as he was cashing in, but after all, he died game enough. No use rubbing it in. Figured I'd get away; then knew—he got me. Pal, stay with me, just a coupla minutes. Won't take longer than that for me to die. Then—slip out. Nothing to connect you with anything that's gone on tonight. That headwaiter—he'll keep his face closed, never you worry. No one else knows you've run crooked—Lacy, give the little gal a break. Kinda beginning to think, pal, this way ain't so good. But it's the way I took, pal, and I'll smile to the finish."

And he did. Maybe it was braggadocio. I don't know. I only know that a man who might, with other advantages, have been a great gentleman, died very bravely now. Thief, murderer, scoundrel—yet I shall always mourn him.

I laid him down upon the floor, covered his face and tiptoed into the next room. There lay Davis and his poor light-o'-love, who had paid with her life for attempting decency. Well, if she had done wrong in this world, she had at least tried to repair some of it.

EVEN Davis had died well, according to Kern Peters. I wondered what was this thing that makes the most evil show decencies. . . . Soul? Conscience? The Great Plan's attempt to effect a balance? I gave it up.

My jangling telephone awakened me. As I reached for the instrument I noted the clock on the mantel. Half-past ten. Jed Bajeard's hearty voice greeted me.

"That luncheon for tomorrow, Lacy. I'd like to make it today, if it's O.K. with

(Continued on Page 60)

Choose, *Jelly makers,* Choose!

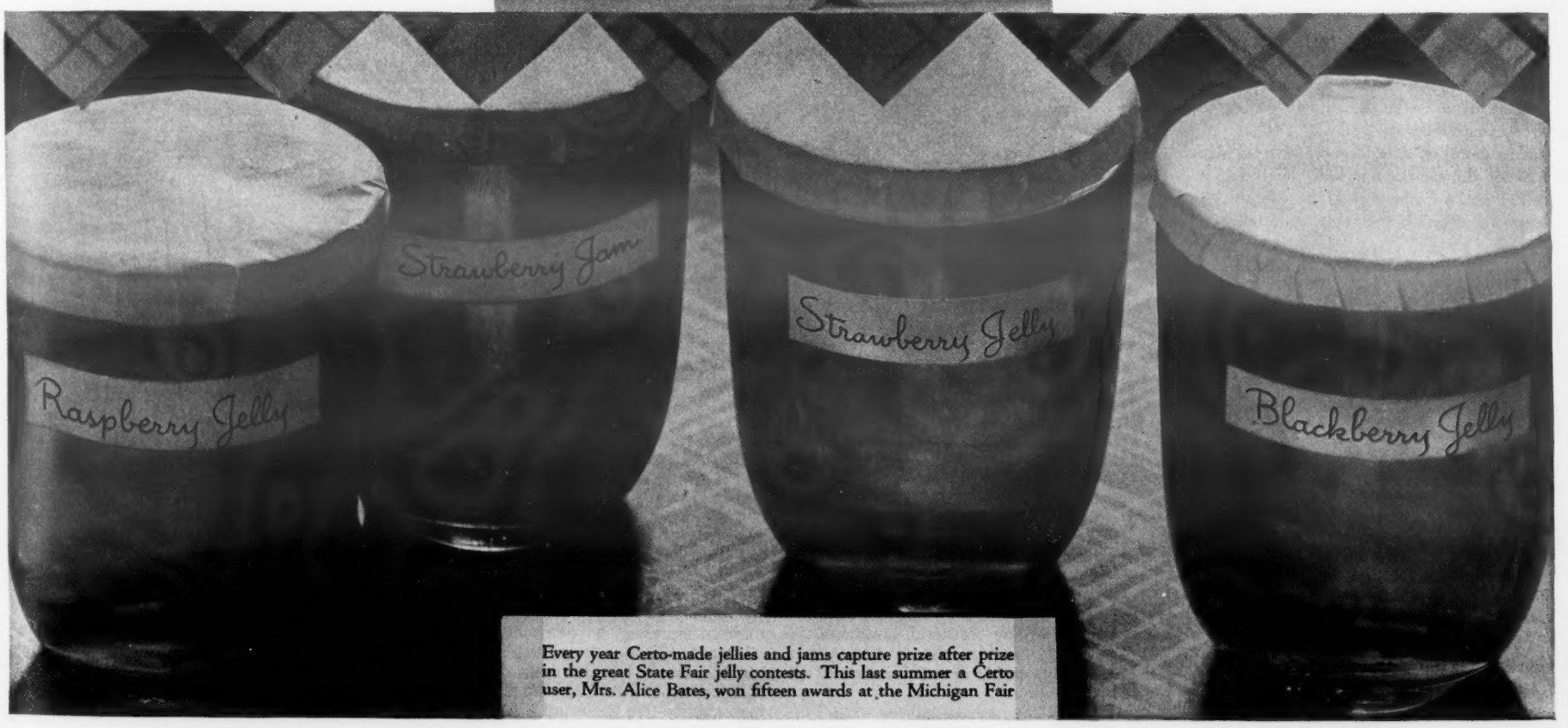
THE OLD WAY OR THE NEW ?

The Old Long-Boil Way

1. Thirty minutes boiling
2. Half the juice boils away
3. Under-ripe fruit usually needed
4. Fruit varies—often fails to jell

The Modern Short-Boil Way

1. Only one minute boiling
2. Half again more glasses
3. Fruit used at its ripest and best
4. Jellying power controlled



Every year Certo-made jellies and jams capture prize after prize in the great State Fair jelly contests. This last summer a Certo user, Mrs. Alice Bates, won fifteen awards at the Michigan Fair

THERE'S an exciting new magic in the kitchens of the land. Behold, four million modern housekeepers making jelly with a quick, sure hand! Four million granddaughters actually improving on "Grandmother's Art"!

Their secret is Certo, a wonderful new product that makes jelly-making a breathless adventure.

When they add Certo they boil their jelly only one minute. Think of it! 12 minutes from the time they put their fruit juice on to boil, their jellies are cooling on the window sill.

Certo heaps thrill upon thrill. These thrifty housewives get half again more glasses, too. Because it reduces boiling time to one minute, the Certo method saves all the fragrant steaming fruit juice that used to boil away, and turns it quickly into jelly.

And such jelly it is! Every last nip of delicate flavor has been captured. It's like tasting the fragrant sun-ripened fruit itself just as you pick it fresh from the plants.

WHAT IS CERTO? . . . Certo is the natural jellying substance of pure fruit, scientifically extracted, concentrated and bottled. This jellying substance is so scarce in some fruits that jelly cannot be made from them by the old-fashioned way. With many others, jelly can be made only with partly ripened fruit, and after wasteful, tedious boiling.

Now in Certo this jellying substance is yours to use whenever you wish. With it you can make jelly from any fruit, even from strawberries and pineapple—yes, even from bottled grape juice! And because with Certo you use the fruit at its ripest and best, your jellies take on an exquisite new deliciousness.

TRY IT—TODAY . . . Why not start today to fill your jam cupboard with a rainbow of gay, crystal-clear jellies and tempting jams? Choose the fruit that is cheapest and ripest—and begin!

Under the label on the Certo bottle you will find 93 jelly and jam recipes, personally prepared and tested by Elizabeth Palmer, the famous authority on jelly making. These recipes are made for use with Certo. Follow them to the letter and your success is assured!

Certo is sold by all grocers. There is no other product on the market like it. Go ask for your supply today.

HAVE YOU STOPPED PUTTING UP JELLIES?

Can you resist the thrill of *your own* jam cupboard filled with *your own* delicious creations — now that jelly making has been made so wonderfully simple?

Think of the ease of Certo-made jellies and jams! Think of the power of home-made jellies to spur the laggard appetite. With all her talent your grandmother could never make such glorious jellies as these. © 1930, G. F. CORP.

FREE! Dozens of recipes for desserts and salads using jellies and jams are included in Miss Palmer's new booklet "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard." It will bring new variety to your table and make your meal planning an easier task. The coupon brings it to you free with Miss Palmer's booklet of 93 jelly and jam recipes for use with Certo.

Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept., Certo Corporation, Fairport, New York. (In Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.) Please send me your new booklet, "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard." (L.H.J.-6-30)

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Drink it! Enjoy it!

COFFEE WON'T HARM YOU NOW!

AH! COFFEE — steaming, fragrant coffee! Perhaps you are one whom coffee keeps awake, yet you yield to its tempting fragrance. Perhaps it affects your nerves or your digestion, yet you love it just the same.

But never again need your love for coffee cause regret! For the way has been found to remove from coffee the one ingredient that ever caused regret — caffein. You can now have a genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. It is called Sanka Coffee—and it is as fragrant and tempting as any blend you ever tasted.

And such delicious coffee!

Sanka Coffee is all coffee—nothing but coffee—a superior blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees grown. Nothing is added—only caffein is removed. It is rich in flavor, tempting in aroma—full of coffee's old-time goodness. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

Physicians here and abroad endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. Your grocer sells it—ground or in the bean—in pound cans that preserve its freshness and its fragrance. He sells it on this money-back basis: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not fully satisfied, simply return what's left and we'll cheerfully refund the full purchase price."

For all of coffee's delights—with none of caffein's penalties, get a pound of Sanka Coffee today! © 1930 S. C. Corp.

MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and *night—without regret!*

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine *Delicious*

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

(Continued from Page 58)

you. Running out of town for a week or so, and I'd like to get this matter off my mind. Dick Wetherall and Billy can make it today. How about you?"

"Why—yes, that'll be fine," I said. "One?"

"One, at the Niblick. Good boy. So long, Lacy."

I climbed out of bed and opened my door. There on the floor were the morning newspapers. I carried them back into my room, ordered breakfast over the telephone, and began devouring the headlines.

The newspaper speculations I read in detail. Another gang war. . . . Rivalry for a girl—Miss Wanger. Kern Peters—he had been identified—notorious Western gunman tried to seize reins of underworld power. . . . But nowhere was there even a hint as to the incrimination of another, myself.

My blackmailers were all dead. I had nothing to fear. Exposure no longer hung above my head. I could lunch with Jed and Billy and Dick, accept their undoubtedly flattering proposition, and then call on Joan. I could say that my absence for four months was due to poverty. I could explain last night's incidents on the ground that I had once been friendly with Lois Wanger, that Davis had been jealous of a long-ended friendship, and wished to revenge himself on me through Joan. I could confess to a trifling peccadillo that had been cut off long before I met Joan, could erect a solid foundation of lies upon whose crest I would stand as securely as though my feet were firmly planted on the truth.

I couldn't be found out. With every passing hour my position would be better established.

The loveliest girl in the world loved me. Her necklace would be returned to her anonymously. She'd forget that it had ever been stolen in a few months. I loved her. Her mother, I knew, approved of me. There wasn't a thing in the world to prevent me from marrying her, taking up a decent position in the world, finding a happiness which I might not deserve but of which I would in future try to prove worthy. And I made my decision. I'd try to forget what I had been, not let it come in any way between myself and Joan. I'd take the job my friends were about to give me and marry her.

XXI.

I FOUND my three hosts awaiting me at the Niblick. We ranged ourselves about a table. Greetings were called to me from all over the room, chaffing welcomes, derisive comments on my struggle with the Wetherall burglar. . . .

"Well, I told you, Billy," commented Jed. "Lacy knows everyone and everyone knows him."

"You didn't have to tell me what I already knew, Jed," replied Billy. "I guess we all know that Lacy's the man for us. Now, if he decides that we're the men for him ——"

"Let's finish luncheon first," suggested Dick. "That was a fine set of murders last night at the Blotter."

"And the wind-up later at the girl's flat wasn't so bad," said Jed. "What I say—let the gangsters kill each other off. The police ought to round them all up, stick guns in their hands, and tell them to go to it. Save the state money, and make decent people sleep easier."

"If they'd give burglars life it would help some, too," said Dick. "That damned scoundrel that fought you, Lacy. The rest of his life in jail is what he deserves."

I colored to my ears. Kern Peters was dead. Unless I disclosed the fact, no one would ever know that he was the Wetherall burglar. And I, who owed him my life, could never tell the gallantry that was intermingled with the viciousness.

"Let's talk about something pleasant," said Jed. Lacy, what's the most significant thing in modern American life?"

"Ask me something easy," I said helplessly.

"Sport," said Jed. He turned to the others. "Am I right?"

Billy Brodbeck nodded importantly. Dick smiled encouragement.

"Sport," said Jed again. "And not sport from the spectator's standpoint, either, although Madison Square Garden isn't doing so badly at that. But the sport that people play themselves—they talk about the growth of great industries. Bosh! Not a business in the country has grown a tenth so much, in twenty years, as the game of golf. Get me?"

"Not yet," I said.

"Got any idea how much is invested in the average golf club?"

I shook my head. "Not the slightest."

"CALL it a hundred thousand for an average. Some cost a million—more. But all over the country are little clubs, where the land didn't cost much; but even in the little towns membership costs too much. Take a man who works all week: Saturdays and Sundays are the only days he can play. But he has to pay a full annual membership. Suppose he got a chance to play for a green fee, on a good course, whenever he wanted. A reasonable fee, say a dollar or so. Not on a crowded public course, but on a private course only—no initiation fee, no dues? Would there be more men who could sneak away from the office on a summer afternoon, but who can't afford membership in a club, and who can't waste the time hanging around the first tee on a public course?"

I nodded assent.

"Now suppose that we acquired land, near to the business or best residential district in, say, twenty good-sized cities? A golf course never hurts real-estate values in the suburbs, does it? On the contrary, it enhances them. Houses grow up like mushrooms around a golf course. Now, suppose you had a big building, adapted to hockey, to basketball, to track meets, to boxing matches, with swimming pools in the summer—the Garden has succeeded in New York, hasn't it? It's succeeding in Boston, isn't it? A sports auditorium that would pay its own way in almost every sizable city in America. No dues, no initiation fees. And a golf course—and tennis courts—run by the same management, a bit out of the city ——"

"It would take millions of capital," I objected.

"We have millions," said Jed complacently. "Biggest bankers in America are prepared to underwrite the scheme."

"Where do I come in?" I asked.

"We want a man who's a gentleman, who knows sports, who can meet people, a man of standing, a young likable chap. We want that man to spend the next few months, maybe the next year, touring this country in our interests. We'll pay such a man twenty-five thousand a year and his expenses. And that man will get a block of our stock—Lacy, there's a hundred millions behind us. You'll be worth a million, if we put it over, in ten years. Are you on?"

I looked at them through tear-filled eyes.

"Gentlemen," I said, "may I have just twenty-four hours to think it over?"

"TAKE a week. I'll be back then, and I'll give you a ring. But think it over seriously," said Jack. "And remember, boy, you'll be working for friends who respect you and—damn it all, we're fond of you, Lacy."

I managed to get away from them without breaking down. For I couldn't accept their proposition now. Half an hour ago I would have thought that I could, but when Dick called Saturday night's burglar a damned scoundrel, his words had done more than make me blush. They had tumbled about my ears a house of cards.

Kern Peters a damned scoundrel! Then what was I? He had died because there

(Continued on Page 63)

TANGEE

The Magic Lipstick! famous for natural color

Tangee is Nature's loveliest color. And therein lies its magic . . . because though you be fairest blonde, darkest brunette or titian red, apply Tangee to the lips and immediately the color changes to blend with your complexion! It provides a lipstick color entirely your own!

Tangee is like a glow from within . . . a natural blush without thickness or greasy smear. Yet Tangee is permanent. With it your lips remain lovely all day.

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that soothes, heals and protects. And one Tangee lipstick outlasts several of the ordinary kind.

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢ . . . *Crème Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. L.6
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name.....

Address.....

Ah! Pink and tender **HAM** *—spiced with this piquant, Cidery Flavor*

LIPPINCOTT
APPLE BUTTER HAM SLICE

1½-lb. slice of ham (¾ to 1 inch thick)
½ cup Lippincott Apple Butter
1½ cups hot water

Gash the fat on the edge of the ham in several places; put in hot frying-pan and sear quickly, turn and brown on other side, then spread Lippincott Apple Butter about ½-inch thick on ham—pour 1½ cups of HOT water in pan—and cook slowly until done. Place sweet potatoes cut in halves on top — let steam with ham about 20 to 30 minutes.

LIPPINCOTT
APPLE BUTTER MUFFINS

1 cup white flour
4½ cups graham flour
5 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
1 cup seedless raisins
1 egg
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons shortening
3 tablespoons Lippincott Apple Butter

Sift white flour and graham flour with baking-powder, salt, sugar, cinnamon and cloves. Stir in raisins; then add egg, milk, and melted shortening which have been thoroughly beaten together. Finally add Lippincott Apple Butter, beat the mixture thoroughly, and bake in greased muffin-pans for about 20 minutes, in a hot oven. (This makes 24 to 30 muffins.)

LET'S say it's one of those days when you simply can't make up your mind what to have for dinner. This or that or the other old favorite seems to have lost its popularity. To prepare something different would be a treat in itself. *But what?*

Why, Lippincott Apple Butter Ham Slice, of course!

So grandly good to eat. So easy to prepare.

Just take a slice of thick, pink ham — about a pound and a half — and gash the white fat here and there around the edges. Put it in a sizzling hot skillet, and give it a quick searing. Wait for one side to be nicely browned, turn it and then . . .

Ah, then! Spread over it a half-inch thickness of chocolaty-looking, cidery-smelling, spicy-tasting Lippincott Apple Butter. Next, pour a cup and a half of *hot* water into the skillet, and "cook slowly until done!"

Now serve this delectable dish, and, depend on it, the family will supply the applause!

EVERY day more women are learning that Lippincott Apple Butter can be depended on to add zest to any meal in a dozen different ways.

Brown Betty à la Lippincott becomes a "company dish" *de luxe*. Then there are muffins and cakes and tarts — pies and puddings and desserts — all made with Lippincott Apple Butter and all indescribably good and *different*.

Your grocer is certain to have Lippincott Apple Butter always on hand — you will know it by the big, red apple on the label.

THE LIPPINCOTT COMPANY · *Cincinnati, Ohio*

Lippincott Apple Butter

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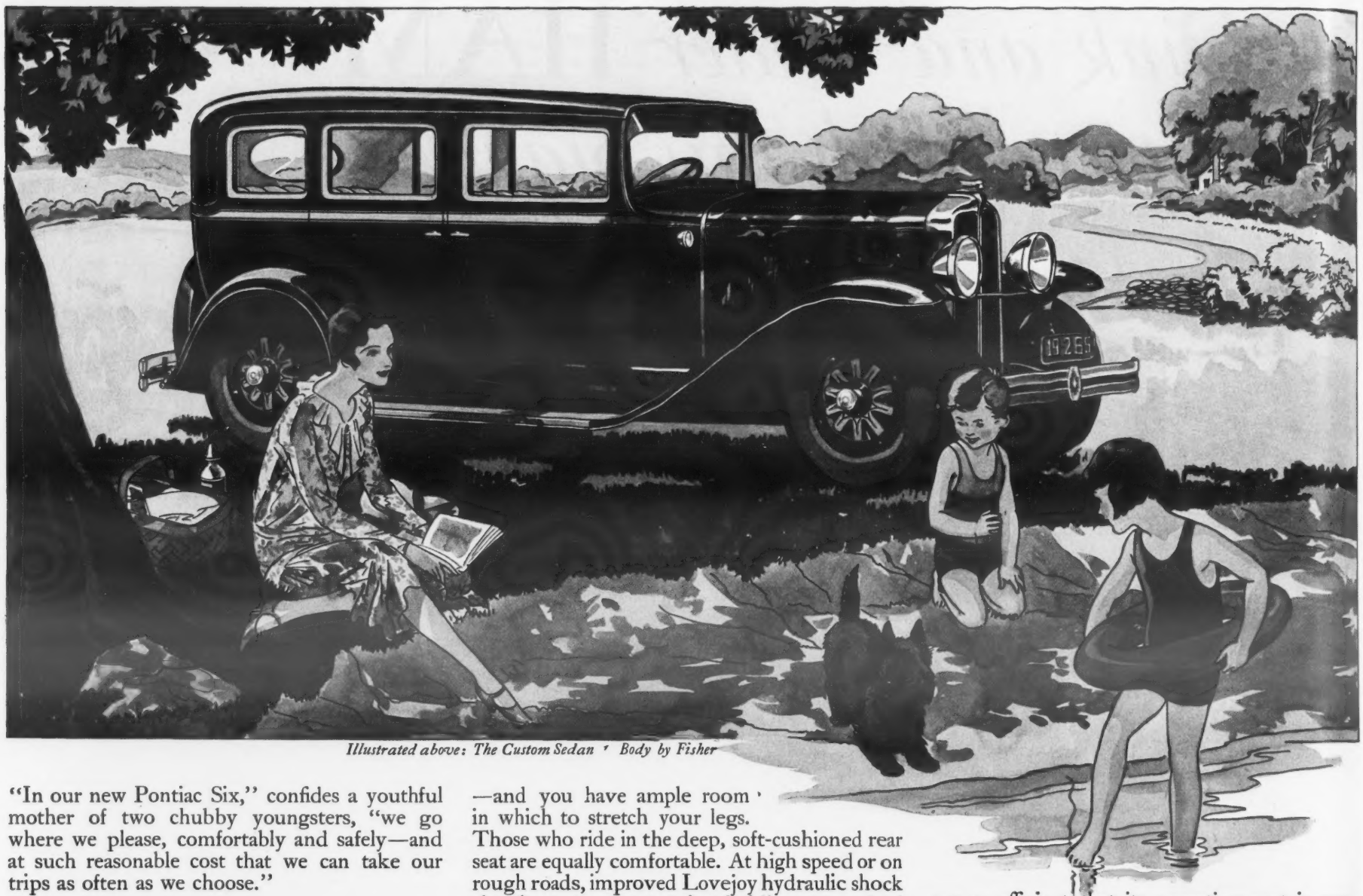
"We go where we please, comfortably and safely ➤➤➤➤➤ *and at such reasonable cost*"



Illustrated above: The Custom Sedan · Body by Fisher

"In our new Pontiac Six," confides a youthful mother of two chubby youngsters, "we go where we please, comfortably and safely—and at such reasonable cost that we can take our trips as often as we choose."

In these words she sums up the experience of thousands of thrifty, forward-looking women who prefer the Pontiac. For in this unusual car, the qualities which make motoring a genuine pleasure are ever so skillfully blended with those which make it very economical as well.

"*We go . . . comfortably, safely . . .*" From the moment you touch its slim steering wheel, driving this car is a pleasurable experience. You quickly adjust the driver's seat for your own greatest comfort. Your position is easy, restful—and you have ample room in which to stretch your legs. Those who ride in the deep, soft-cushioned rear seat are equally comfortable. At high speed or on rough roads, improved Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers assure exceptional riding ease. And you feel scarcely any vibration, so smoothly does Pontiac's powerful engine perform.

When there are youngsters in the tonneau, have no concern for their safety. Pontiac's brakes are so powerful and you can apply them so easily, that the car is always under complete control. Its body by Fisher, too, is a splendid protection. Sturdily built of selected wood and steel, it inspires a feeling of security. For night driving, there is a safety toe-button by which you can tilt the beam of the headlamps, and a new sloping windshield to keep glare out of the eyes.

"*. . . and at such reasonable cost . . .*" Whether you drive out into the country, go marketing, or use the car socially, you enjoy Pontiac's many fine qualities at astonishingly low cost. Advanced engineering makes this car so efficient that its operating cost is comparatively small. And sound basic design makes it so reliable that there are few upkeep expenses during its long life of service.

Our nearest dealer would like you to see the smart new body lines and the beautiful Duco color harmonies which distinguish the New Series Pontiac Big Six. He would like to demonstrate how easy it is to steer and how smoothly and quietly you can shift the gears. In a visit to the showroom you will learn all of these things, and also how inexpensively you can own this finer Pontiac. Ask your husband to go along too, and pay our dealer a visit very soon.

The New Series Pontiac Big Six is available in seven distinctive body types. Prices, $745 and up, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges.

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan

Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Series Pontiac Big Six

NEW SERIES

PONTIAC

BIG SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

$745 AND UP

(Continued from Page 60)

were certain things for which he would not stand. And when he was denounced by Dick, inevitable comparison between Peters and myself had come into my mind.

Kern Peters had refused to let a girl be dragged into the crooked schemes of Sam Davis. Could I drag a girl into my crooked schemes? What did it matter that she would never know? I would know.

And so I went to see her.

She came into the drawing-room whither a servant had led me. I drank her in with a glance.

How darkly blue were her eyes, how bright her auburn hair, how exquisite the lovely form of her! And mine, all mine for the taking. And I took from an inner pocket her emeralds and handed them to her.

She cried out in amazement.

"Lacy—how ——"

"I stole them from the burglar, Joan," I said.

"Stole them? You mean that you ——"

"I took them from him Saturday night," I said.

"Saturday night? Why, Lacy, I don't understand."

"SIT down," I said harshly. "I want to tell you the story you wanted to hear."

Like a little schoolgirl, hands folded on her lap, she sat down before me. One glance I gave into her round, puzzled eyes, and then I looked down at the rug. And I began with the pearl at the Haven party, and the need that had seemed so vital then. I ended with the offer just made to me at luncheon.

Two solid hours I talked, and she never interrupted me once. Finally, I paused. I met her eyes as bravely as I could.

"What do you want me to say, Lacy?" she finally asked.

"That you forgive me."

"I forgive you," she said. "Is that all?"

"It's all I have a right to hear," I said.

"But not all I have a right to say," she cried. "Lacy, don't you know I love you?" I stared at her. The dark eyes were wet, the sweet mouth trembled. And from somewhere back in an ancestry that had not been weak, but that had been strong and decent, I got my answer to her question.

"My beloved," I said, "I know you don't. You're young, Joan. A few days ago you couldn't decide between Tom Marston and myself. Then—something—made you lean toward me. And now—there's romance in the man who confesses, in the man who has struggled to make himself worthy. But love—oh, my child, I know you too well. You said the other night that if the man you loved weren't what you thought him to be—my dear, I am a thief."

"*Were* a thief," she said.

I shook my head and went resolutely on.

"YOU'RE dear, Joan. Pity—and the fact that you have cared; but, Joan, in the days to come it would be different. You'd remember and, Joan, it might leak out—my past."

"You said yourself it never could," she cried. "Lacy, don't you love me?"

"So much, my best beloved, that life without you isn't worth the living."

"Then, Lacy, if I've forgiven, if I love you ——"

"You don't," I told her harshly.

"You mean I'm not able to tell my own feelings?"

"I mean exactly that," I said. "Now—yes. But a month from now—a year from now ——"

"I would not change, Lacy," she said.

"You'd try not to, my love. But always, between us, would be the thing that I have been. Oh, Joan, were you another girl, I'd take the chance. I'd tell myself that a lifetime of honesty, of devotion, of reverence, would offset the years behind me. Were you less than you are I'd let you take that chance with me."

"BUT, Joan, honesty is the one thing you must have. Above all others, you must have the one thing that I cannot give."

"Must a thief remain a thief?" she blazed. "Lacy, you'd never steal again."

"I'd never steal again," I said. "And so I won't steal now—won't steal the thing you offer me—your love."

She rose, crossed over to me, placed her hands upon my shoulders.

"Lacy, kiss me once," she said.

I thrust her from me. "Joan—no," I cried. "Don't you know—don't you see—Joan, if I kiss you once I'll never leave. And Joan—I'm leaving now."

And so I left her, left her in the glory of a surrender which I could not accept. Left her weeping, the lovely shoulders shaking in the sobs that I could not try to still. But I knew another man would quench those sobs, would dry those tears, would bring smiles back to that sweet mouth.

For she was of the type that must love with the mind as well as with the heart, and when the first anguish had passed her mind would rule, and she would know that she could not love me, and would give her heart where, but for my return last week, it would have been given before—to Tom Marston.

I had been her first love and rarely is a first love lasting. Her real love would go to Tom.

But I—I could have had her—I might even have held her—I could have her now! On the sidewalk before her home I hesitated, stopped, turned back to love, to life itself.

And as I turned a taxi stopped before the door. From it emerged Tom Marston. He didn't see me.

YOUNG, decent, fine—he dashed across the sidewalk, through the doorway. Upstairs she was fighting tears—but he'd help her—he'd bring forth the smiles that lurk behind the tears of youth.

Long, long ago I had taken a road, and that road could not lead to the side of such as Joan.

I went back to my hotel. I wrote a note to Jed thanking him for his offer. But I refused it. I said that something else had turned up, and that I was leaving New York permanently.

Then I packed my bags. I could not stay in the town where Joan lived. But somewhere in the world I might find honest employment, begin anew, some day even fulfill my plan to repay.

I found my car still parked and waiting for me. I got into it. Somewhere, away off, where I'd not even see New York newspapers, wouldn't see the smiling face of Joan peeping from the rotogravures. . . . She'd marry Marston. The world would be invited. But not Lacy Crandall. Never again would he be among those present.

(THE END)

Joseph C. Lincoln

starts a fascinating novel of real

Cape Cod Folks

In the July LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Prove it with BISCUITS

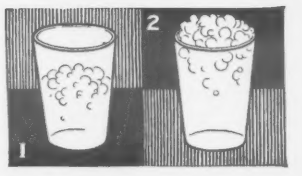
Calumet's DOUBLE-ACTION makes your baking better

MILLIONS of women can tell you that a wonderful change takes place in baking when you begin using Calumet Baking Powder. All baking takes on new lightness—new delicacy of texture. Baking success is easy after you discover Calumet—the Double-Acting Baking Powder.

Calumet's first action takes place in the mixing bowl—to start the leavening. Then, in the oven, a second action occurs. A full, steady rising lifts the batter up and holds it until your cakes or biscuits are high and light, perfectly baked—even though you may not be able to regulate your oven temperature perfectly.

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all are alike in their action. Not all will give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet is made of exactly the right ingredients, in exactly the right proportions to produce *perfect* leavening action—*Double-Action*.

Prove all this good news with a pan of Calumet biscuits today . . . or a Calumet cake. See why Calumet's Double-Action has made it the most popular baking powder in the world. Use only *one* level teaspoon of Calumet to a cup of sifted flour. This is the usual Calumet proportion for best results—a real economy, too. Send for the new, free Calumet Baking Book.



MAKE THIS TEST

Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's Double-Action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with only baking powder and water in a glass, you can see clearly how baking powder acts—and how Calumet acts twice *to make your baking better. Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's* first *action—the action that takes place in the mixing bowl when you add liquid to your dry ingredients. After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of* hot *water on the stove. In a moment a second rising will start and continue until the mixture reaches the top of the glass. This is Calumet's* second *action—the action that takes place in the heat of your oven.*

Make this test. See Calumet's Double-Action *which protects your baking from failure.*

CALUMET *The Double-Acting Baking Powder...*

C—L. H. J. 6-30

MARION JANE PARKER
c/o *Calumet Baking Powder Company, (Inc.),*
4100 Fillmore Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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Please send me, free, a copy of the Calumet Baking Book.

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Fill in completely—print name and address.

"Women represent an actual majority of stockholders in many of America's largest and wealthiest corporations."
—*from an analysis in the New York Times*

WOMEN KNOW SUCCESS! AND KNOW BUICK!

Two women buy Buicks for every one buyer of any other car priced above $1200!

So many women, with so many interests . . . so many individual tastes, requirements, preferences . . . and yet such wholehearted unanimity with regard to the one car they prefer above all others—BUICK!

The woman who concentrates on home-making . . . the woman who figures in industry or in the professions . . . the woman who presides over a little shop . . . the woman who paints or acts or writes . . . each finds constant need of a car and each finds perfect solution of that need in Buick.

Year after year, over a long period, women have purchased twice as many Buicks as any other car priced above $1200. And today, together with men, they are awarding Buick from 35 to 50 per cent of the combined sales of the fifteen makes of cars in its price class.

Women are saying in the plainest possible way—with actual buying orders—"We get more beauty, more comfort, more *reliability*, more downright dollar-for-dollar value in Buick with Body by Fisher."

This is a wonderful tribute to Buick. It is also a wonderful *proof* of the fundamental goodness and superiority of this car. It may well serve you as a guide in making *your* motor car selection.

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
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BUILDERS OF BUICK AND MARQUETTE MOTOR CARS

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick

There are three series—three wheelbases and three price ranges, with 15 luxurious body-types, priced from $1260 to $2070, f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra. All are available on the extremely liberal General Motors time payment plan.

The Man-You-Kiss Girl

(Continued from Page 7)

despite the pursuing voices over the ivory telephone. He had stopped work and was looking at her, which was equally stupendous. She felt herself growing red.

"I'm awfully sorry, Johnny. I have a—a tea date."

"Oh!" Johnny's voice was queer. "I didn't know—you've never said you had dates which made you look like that. . . ."

"I've never had—before."

There was a little pause. Very slowly Johnny put the anti-whoopee design away. She broke the silence:

"Well—good-by."

"I hope not good-by," said Johnny. "Just because of a tea date that makes you blush. Would you mind telling me what's he like? Is he worth saying good-by to me for?"

"Can you ever really tell what a person's like if you fall the very first time you look?"

"Sometimes." Again Johnny's voice was queer. "Has he got a sense of humor, what I mean? Does he like your songs?"

"Didn't hear 'em. Nobody ever hears my songs in that old place. But—well, he saw me."

"I imagined that," said Johnny. "Are you going to be as dim about this as you were about the costume that I was up two nights on, battering my brains out to make you the center of the show?"

"Oh, Johnny, is that what you intended the costume to be?" she cried.

"Well—good-by," he said.

She lingered at the door. He had not gone back to his work. "See you tomorrow!" she faltered.

"Sure. On the set," said Johnny.

SHE had to spend most of the day at the hairdresser's being beautified. When she returned to the apartment it was late and Gen and The Grudge had vanished, for which she was thankful. After all, it was very little of them to do when you realized that this was the first caller she had ever had there.

She had to make tea in the kitchenette, which was a two-burner electric stove set in The Grudge's closet upstairs, and carry it downstairs, where she posed it on the console in the hall; and if he was so late that it went cold, it was just too bad.

Living in a walk-up, Gen always said, was a convenient method of testing men. If they came up puffing like grampuses they were too soft, and if they did not like the sordid tenement aspect of four flights to climb they were too hard, and either way there was no romance in them. Jarvis McLean, Third, passed the test of the stairs with flying colors; he loved them and leaped them. She opened the door to meet him and they both laughed and came into the hall, and he said, "I've been trying all day to picture what you look like and every time you've fooled me and now you've fooled me again."

"What did you think I was going to look like?"

"Like other girls," he said, standing in the hall and just looking at her, "because, why not? All day I've tried to make you do the reasonable thing and look human, and now I find you're just like you were last night, so we've got to go on right from where we left off, and do you realize how few people are able to do that?"

THE living room opened without a door into the hall, so that they had been standing almost athwart the threshold. To the right was a fireplace with a davenport facing it. And now as they entered a gorgeous figure arose from where she had been hidden by the high back of the davenport and Lilac Budd drawled:

"Oh, good evening, Daphne! I was so lost in my reading I didn't know anyone was here!"

It was the most unseemly thing one could have imagined. The Grudge wore her drippiest tea gown, which was made out of an old evening dress—but who would bring that up? She looked beautiful because she could not help it, but she looked as if she were painted on the twenty-thousand-dollar curtain at George Caryll's Rumors, because she could not help that either. And you had to introduce her, and it seemed funny to introduce a pose painted on a curtain.

"I was so lost in my reading," Lilac reiterated, gazing at Jarvis McLean, Third, the way no girl could probably help doing when she saw him for the first time.

JARVIS was tall and fair with a brown polo face and blue eyes so deep-set they seemed black and clothes so right that they were careless about it. Lilac gazed and sprang her most dazzling show-girl smile and waved a little limp-leather book which Daffy recognized as one of a bargain lot they had bought to fill the built-in bookshelves.

"Walter Pater, you know," she explained; "Marius the Epicure. I find it so stimulating and full of quaint humor withal!"

Jarvis was too astonished and Daffy too angry to say anything, and so Lilac said that she would leave them to their tea, although she had not had any, still she could see that they would like to be alone. She trailed fluidly out of that lamentably doorless exit and up the stairs, and Jarvis laughed.

"So that," he said, "is one of the girls you live with."

It was the tone in which he said it. As if Lilac came from another world. But then he looked at Daffy and their interrupted moment began to go on.

"I had to write a brief today," he told her, "and what do you think I discovered I'd put halfway down the first page? Right in the middle of an oil-company haggle I'd written: 'I wonder what she really thinks of me!'"

He was holding her hand and they were both trying to be oblivious about it. "You haven't answered," he said. "You haven't told me what you really think of me!"

"Wouldn't it be too soon," she said, "for that?"

"Would it be too soon," he said, "for this?"

HE KISSED her. It was not too soon. Even though they were embarrassed at the suddenness of so much realization, and separated quickly to test the validity of their emotion by a long, grave measuring of each other's glance.

"Darling," he said, "I'm taking this so sort of seriously."

He was going to kiss her again, and the second time they would not be embarrassed. But a plaintive voice lifted in song winged its way between them and they fell apart before they had come together:

"Folks say I am wrinkled with age, Maggie,
My step is less sprightly than then."

The door was flung open and Gen came into the hall, saw them and went on singing more plaintively than ever while she dumped her music roll on the console and threw her hat and coat to points west and east:

"My face is a well-written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen."

Jarvis had pulled out his watch to help a nonchalant pose along and now gave an exclamation: "Good Lord! I was supposed to be dressed and on the other side of town for dinner half an hour ago!"

There was nothing to do but go out into the hall and introduce him to Gen, who you could see did not like him because she

In brilliant BERLIN "die eleganten Damen" use "LYSOL" for feminine hygiene

A type of German beauty one sees in exclusive meeting places of Berlin.

TONIGHT, in the most exclusive cafés of Berlin—on the Kurfürsten Damm and the Potsdamer Platz—will gather "die eleganten Damen" of the gay German capital. Smart women of society, the stage and the screen, envied for their immaculate beauty and rare charm.

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Know more about feminine hygiene and the protection "Lysol" affords. A prominent woman physician will give you professional advice and specific rules in the booklet offered below. It is reliable, it is enlightening. It is free. Send for your copy today. In the meantime, get a bottle of "Lysol" at your druggist's and follow the directions on the circular enclosed. Being a *concentrated* germicide, "Lysol" gives you many times more for your money.

Be careful! *Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being sold.* Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

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Hands that Charm on just 3 minutes a day

Busy women find 4 delightful advantages in the new Liquid Polish

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Harper's Bazaar *says:*

"THERE is no longer any doubt that liquid polish is indispensable to the well-groomed woman. If she wants her hands to be as smart as her frock, her hat or her coiffure, she has no recourse but to use liquid enamel on her nails. There can be no compromise.

"Whether she uses it in a shade of rose-petal pink or cardinal red is a matter either of personal preference or a Paris decree. The use of liquid polish has several definite advantages. In the first place, it is quick, more lasting, supplies a much higher polish to the nails and gives them a delightful color."

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What woman need neglect her hands —now? With the delightful new liquid polish, so quickly and easily applied, even the busiest women can have nails always lovely . . . finger tips that sparkle!

Just one manicure a week, when you use liquid polish, will keep your nails radiant—with only three minutes' care each day. And such simple care! Just scrub the nails with warm soapy water. Mould cuticle with a cotton-wrapped orange stick saturated with cuticle remover and nail cleanser. Then, with fresh cotton, freshly saturated, cleanse under nail tips. Rinse the fingers, and massage cuticle cream or oil into cuticle.

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. ***Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser —to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.*** Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser, around the base of each nail to remove dead cuticle. Then use fresh cotton—freshly saturated—to cleanse under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

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As a finishing touch, use a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tip to enhance the radiance of the polish.

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Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover 35¢. Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢. At toilet-goods counters everywhere.

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I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

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_____

_____

So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢ • *perfumed of course*

went right on singing while Jarvis got his hat and stick.

Howdoyoudomister—wrinkled and gray,
Maggie,
Like foam by the while breakers slung—

"She's practicing," Daffy felt compelled to explain. "She goes on the air tonight for Old-Fashioned Girl Soap."

"How interesting," said Jarvis in the tone he had used on The Grudge. "Well, I've got to tear. I'm going to Baltimore tomorrow to try a case; I'll call you when I get back."

He was gone and Daffy gazed at Gen in speechless rage.

"I don't think that was very nice of you, Gen," said The Grudge, who had been listening over the banisters for who knew how long, "when it's the first man Daffy's ever been able to get, and I did my best to establish a cultural home atmosphere for her, and then you come in and ruin it all!"

"All I've got to say," said Gen, "is this: Every girl has to fall for one stuffed shirt in her life so as to learn never to fall for another!"

Daffy went back into the living room and sought her usual solace, the piano. Upstairs the girls dressed and went out to their jobs; she had to kill time until the one-o'clock show and she generally did it in this manner, experimenting on new swipes and thinking out new words. Creation was an excellent defense mechanism against existence.

SHE would have to do a new song tonight to keep from wondering when she would see him again and mourning their jagged parting and missing that frustrated second kiss. She played little lilting chords and speculated on how different a second kiss would have been from the first. As different as, probably, the third kiss would have been again.

Suddenly the keys quickened under her fingers into a melody that wove its words right along with it. A new song was born. She felt her way through several times and then gave herself a first performance, chuckling with impersonal enjoyment.

It was good. She could always tell. It was the best thing she had ever done and Jarvis had inspired her to do it. And he had inspired her just in time for tomorrow. She would sing it as the one song which would decide her fate in the talkies.

She would not even try it out tonight at the Shoulderblades Club. She felt as breathlessly sure as Verdi must have been when he saved the music of La Donna è Mobile until all the rehearsals of Rigoletto were safely over, giving it to the tenor just in time for that outraged individual to learn it for the performance. Verdi knew he had a smash. So did she.

Shooting began at eleven o'clock in the morning and it took an hour to get to the Brooklyn studio, but she was too excited to mind the lack of sleep. She was so excited that she even forgot to go on resenting her costume, although she shared a dressing-room with the girls who were to dance in the revue and they all had the most enchanting little blue-and-white feather dresses which made them look like a flock of turtle-doves.

AS SOON as she was made up Daffy went to find Ed English and ran into Johnny before she had reached the studio.

"H'lo," said Johnny. "Going in to the pneumonia room?"

It was her first glimpse of a motion-picture studio. It was like a big drafty barn cut up into small theaters and stretching the whole length of the top floor of the Larner Brothers' building. Johnny took her past three interiors to the far end where cameramen, directors, grips and props were buzzing around the night-club set which was to be shot first.

"I was up all night on that," said Johnny. "Is it worth it? I always think of these things afterwards."

There was a dance-floor space and the walls on both sides were lined with gilt tables and chairs. At the back there were steps going up to a gorgeous stage with a background of lace curtains which looked exactly like the paper frills on a candy box.

"It's pretty," said Daffy.

"Now," said Johnny, "do you feel any better about your costume?"

She glanced down at it. It was perfectly plain red silk with two curves at the top, and the bottom went into such a point that she could not take a long step.

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," she said. "I have a new song."

Ed English came up in time to hear her. "You mean you're not gonna do that Prom Girl number?" he demanded in quick alarm.

SHE explained, but he was skeptical and also in a hurry. He had engaged her for the song he'd heard her smite at Shoulderblades ——

"Let's hear the new one," said Johnny before Ed could get away.

She went up on the stage and sang, her heart pounding a little. The studio mechanics stopped work to listen and laughed and applauded at the end.

"Oh, well," said Ed English, "you can sing it if you want to that bad. Only you better sing it twice, playin' a different rhythm the second time."

The actors were beginning to straggle onto the set. There were the orchestra, and show girls dressed as pink roses, and the blue-and-white turtle-dove dancers, and some Cupids with gilt bows and arrows, and everyone was brilliant in the color make-up which was a heightened natural color with orange-vermilion lips. Johnny gave her a gentle shove.

"Go hide," he said, "till Ed calls you."

She went back of the set and peeked through. She was to come on after the turtle-doves danced, which was in the first three minutes of the sequence, but they were an hour doing that three minutes.

Johnny had given the night-club queen a lovely costume. Damask was tall with a full-blown figure which was delicately clasped in candy-box lace that frilled down on each side of her like the curtains on the set and disclosed, instead of the stage, an alluring amount of Damask's epidermis garnished with rows of pink roses and blue turtle-doves to match the show girls and dancers. Oh, well ——

THE dances were already prepared, but there had been no rehearsals. You rehearsed now, and then they went into a take, and if anything slipped up they had to take you again, and then they took the film to the play-back room and ran it over and if it was all right you could go on. Daffy did not know what take blended into her entrance and was unprepared when finally Ed English called, "Where's Daphne Dunn?"

Cold chills began to tease her spine and her throat went dry and she walked onto the set. Johnny was on the little stage where he had just finished draping the turtle-doves and pink roses and Cupids into a tableau between the lace-frill curtains. He was talking to Damask Holliday, who did not look around at her entrance.

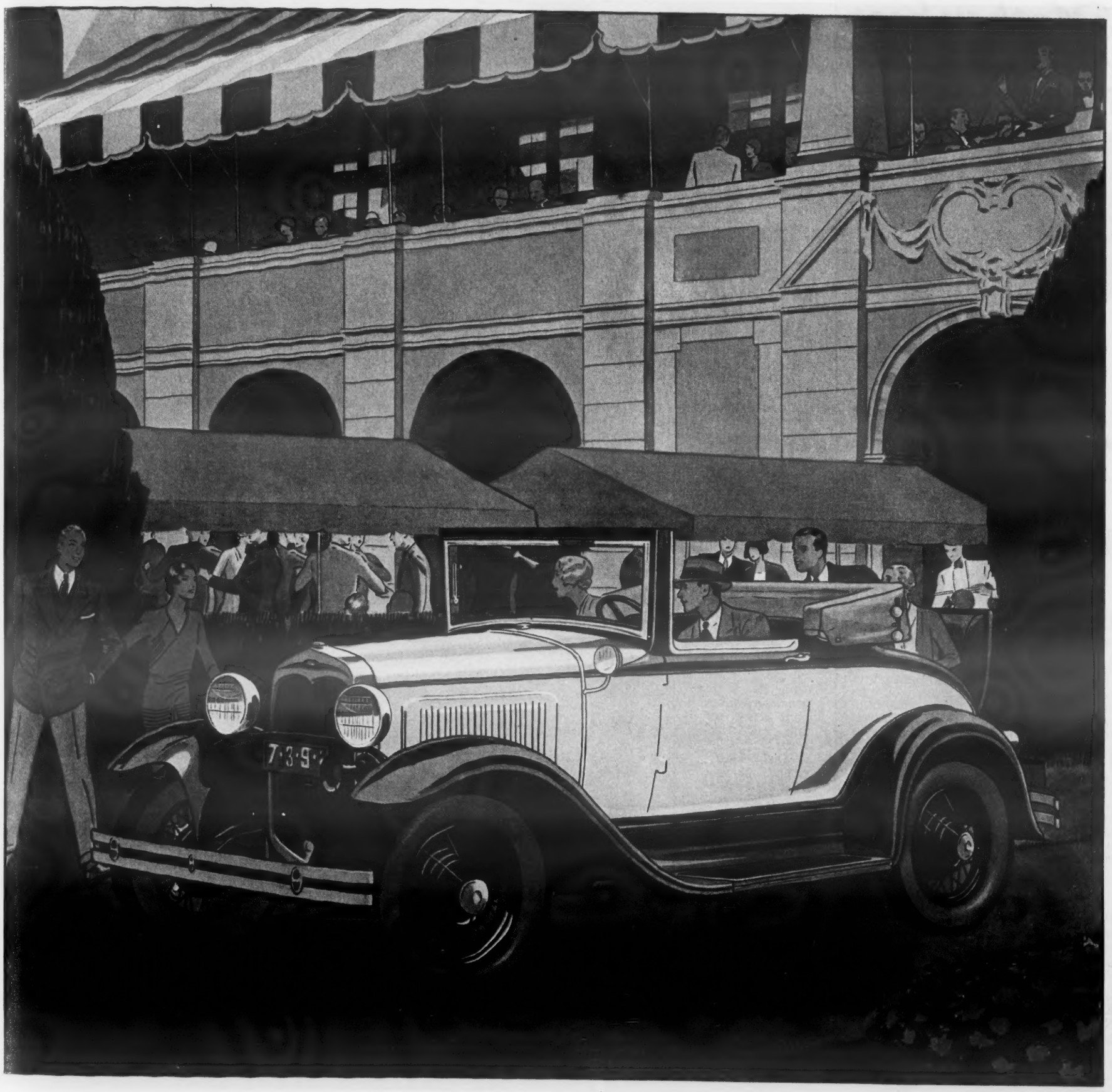
"We can go right into this," said Ed English. "She rehearsed before we started shooting."

Johnny went down front without looking at Daffy and Ed gave his instructions to Damask, who did not look at Daffy either. The microphone hung over Damask's head on a long pole from the camera booth. When Daffy went to the piano it would follow her. Like the sword of Damocles.

"All ready?" shouted Ed. "Lock 'em up!"

The two cameramen crawled into their booth and Ed blew a whistle, and a sticky silence pressed itself down over the studio for one terrible moment until a whirring

(Continued on Page 68)



The New Ford Convertible Cabriolet

PROUDLY you will drive the new Ford Cabriolet because of its distinctive grace of line and alert, capable performance. It has the further advantage of being a most practical car.

On clear, brisk days, the blue sky overhead, you can enjoy the airy freedom of a roadster. When dark clouds come, it takes but a few moments to raise the top and command the snug comfort of a coupe. It is thus a splendid car for all the year, for every changing mood of mind or weather.

Ease of control, comfort, the safety of fully enclosed four-wheel brakes and a Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield, reliability, economy and long life are among the other outstanding features of the new Ford Cabriolet.

Mother, keep your baby safe

from loose pins and buttons

Vanta

Baby Garments

No Pins No Buttons

PROTECT the tender little body. Keep Baby safe from pricking pins and twisted buttons, and danger of swallowing a pin or a button. Vanta Baby Garments tie with dainty bows of twistless tape, making them always comfortable, never too tight nor too loose, adjustable as baby grows. No turning or twisting to dress him so safely in the softest, downiest Vanta Quality Garments and Hosiery that Mother-love can desire.

DOCTORS and nurses everywhere recommend Vanta which originated the idea of dressing babies without pins and buttons for the first two years. Every prescribed weight of knitted fabrics in silk, wool, linen mesh, rayon, sase, cotton, fashioned so carefully for tiny bodies. Every Vanta Garment is guaranteed non-shrinkable, always giving perfect protection.

Vanta Self Help Garments

After Baby is two years old, Vanta Self Help Garments, bearing the Red Heart label, make it easy to teach him to dress himself, thus saving Mother's time, and at the same time training Baby's mind.

Ask your store for the original Vanta Garments. If you cannot get them write EARNSHAW SALES CO., Inc., Dept. 305 Newton, Mass. In Canada, write J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

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Dept. 305, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(Continued from Page 66)

noise began to come from the camera booth. Damask stepped forward and beamed at the cameramen working behind their little glass window and told them that she expected them all to give this little girl great big serious consideration. She had said it before for the turtle-dove ballet and it zipped along without a catch until the moment when she ended and the evening-dressed supers at the gilt tables burst into applause which Damask led, turning as she did so to look at Daffy.

DAFFY was too tense to notice Damask's expression as the night-club queen saw her for the first time. She was walking to the piano as she had been told to do, and Damask was supposed to sit down at the side. But instead Damask spoke quickly into the mike that was starting to travel away from her after Daffy. "Sorry," she said; "I'm up!"

To be up meant that you had forgotten your lines. The whirring stopped, everyone began to talk, the cameramen came out of their booths and Ed said, "But you have no more lines there, Miss Holliday. You're washed up, all you got to do is sit down ——"

"Oh, that's all I got to do, got I?" said the night-club queen. "I'm just the patter blender for this picture, am I? That's the idea, is it?"

"Would you mind telling us, Miss Holliday," said Ed English, "just what *is* the idea?"

"Ask me what's the idea," said Damask. "Ask me and I'll ask you, where's the drip that designed this set to be a valentine and puts me in a costume you can't tell from the set while this little lens lizzard takes front center all done up like a red heart?"

"Oh!" Daffy gasped. It was true. Her perfectly plain costume was built in the form of a heart, and the moment she entered between the lace frills she became the center of the valentine picture which Johnny, by massing turtle-doves and Cupids and pink roses and Damask Holliday's composite-of-it-all costume on either side, had built up to wait for her.

Others had been as dumb as she in failing to realize Johnny's intention. Everyone was looking surprised. Johnny stepped forward with a face of polite inquiry.

"Do you mean, Miss Holliday," he said, "that you do not like my set?"

"You heard what I meant!" said Miss Holliday. "Either this little monkey mug is out or I am!"

JOHNNY turned to Ed English who was opening and shutting his mouth like a talkie whose synchronization had gone bad. Everyone else, on the stage and off, was as still as if Ed had blown the whistle.

"My set," said Johnny to Ed in the voice of one who could be an arbiter and knew it, "goes as originally planned or not at all. And since you've got to shoot this short in two days and it would take ten to get some more costumes and another set, I would advise every one of us not to waste any more time."

"Didn't I manage it all wonderfully?" asked Johnny when he and Daffy were going back to New York on the Elevated.

"Yes," she said for the twentieth time, and asked, for the twentieth time, "but didn't you like my new song?"

"You had your answer on that," he told her, "when Ed English said you'd better sing it twice. Here's our station."

They got out at Times Square and strolled up Broadway past the Larner Brothers Theater where, in one week's time, the world première of Gimme Lady would be shown. It was fantastic. One morning of work and battle and song and her career had floated out of her control onto a colored screen where she could only watch herself make her plea for fame.

"I suppose," said Johnny, "that your tea date will take you to the opening."

"Yes. That is," she said, "I hope so."

"I'm glad I won't be there," said Johnny, "because Damask might stick a knife in my back."

"You mean to say," she cried, "you're *not coming?*"

"Listen," said Johnny, "if I had to see all the shows I glue together—I should hope I get enough grief on 'em without that!"

They had halted at the corner of Fifty-fifth Street; she stared at him, her mouth a question mark of dismay. "But don't you want to see how it comes out?"

"I know how it's coming out," said Johnny. "I didn't even have to hear the play-back for that. G'by; I got to find some sleep!"

She ran after him across Broadway. "But when'll I see you again?"

"Any time," said Johnny, "when you're not waiting for calls from tea date!"

HOW could he have known that that was just what she had to do? And Jarvis did not call her until the day before Gimme Lady opened. He was still in Baltimore on his case but coming back tomorrow and he wanted to see her most anytime providing it was immediately.

She told him about the first showing of her short and he was sufficiently impressed at the prospect of seeing her in color on the screen. He could not take her to dinner before the show as there would be too much stuff to clean up at the office after a week's absence, but he would come for her at eight-thirty. She had bought a new dress for the occasion with the money that Gimme Lady had earned for her. It was of perfectly plain red silk with two curves at the top and a point at the bottom and The Grudge thought it was a little daring.

"But it's like my costume in the show," Daffy explained. "I've got to be recognized, haven't I? Isn't that what movie premières are for?"

Lilac looked pityingly. "As if," she said, "anyone will be looking for anyone but Damask Holliday."

As it coincided with hers, Lilac could not catch the show until tomorrow afternoon, but Gen was going with one of her numerous young men who, of course, arrived simultaneously with Jarvis and so the four had to ride to the theater in the same taxi.

GEN'S young man was still in Princeton and his idea of living up to a talkie première was a nice baggy tweed suit, and he and Gen dusted all their collegiate cracks out on the way over and Gen obviously thought less so than ever of Jarvis and you could see Jarvis trying not to let Gen matter, but Daffy did not care.

She was glad, however, that they had seats far apart from Gen in the back row of the theater. There was no great excitement. The only celebrity she recognized in the audience was Damask Holliday who

(Continued on Page 71)

Dorothy Speare

has another of her

Delightful Color-Talkie Stories

In the July LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE

"Mode OF THE Lady"

INSPIRES A NEW *Scent*

THE Lady — fragile — dainty — *lives again.* Again, all is softness and subtlety — lace and chiffon — allure — delicately feminine. And for the new "Lady" is the new REVE D'OR. Acclaimed in Paris, REVE D'OR brings to America its soft fragrance—its elegant delicacy, as feminine as the "Lady" herself.

Piver, oldest of French perfumers, has created REVE D'OR for the new mode. It is here in America in REVE D'OR *Face Powder,* in four flattering tints, including the new *Basanee* (*an "after sun-tan tint"*) at $1—REVE D'OR *Perfume,* $10 and $4 (also a purse size at $1)—REVE D'OR *Toilet Water,* $2.50—*Talc,* $1—*Bath Powder,* $1. At all good perfume counters. L. T. Piver, New York and Montreal.

Rêve d'or
(Golden Dream)

PRODUCT OF PIVER···PARIS

Its Bubbles wash Impurities from *Between* the Teeth

Colgate's not only polishes the smooth outer surfaces . . . but also washes out the tiny crevices where ordinary brushing can't reach. Thus, it cleans teeth completely.

MERE surface polishing of teeth is only *half* cleansing. Danger lurks in the spaces between teeth; in the tiny fissures where food particles collect and where decay may begin.

Colgate's cleanses these hard-to-reach places. Its bubbling, sparkling foam penetrates the crevices; softens the deposits and flushes them away in a hygienic wave of complete cleanliness.

This Colgate foam is unique. Scientific tests prove that it has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading toothpastes. Its washing action is amazingly thorough. After brushing with Colgate's, your mouth *feels* clean . . . because it *is* clean . . . as no other toothpaste *can* clean.

Colgate's polishes teeth brilliantly . . . using the soft, chalk powder which all dentists use for this purpose. But any good toothpaste will polish the teeth. Colgate's, *in addition* to polishing, gives the *extra* protection of a thorough washing action which makes the cleansing operation *complete*.

Superiority in cleansing and economy have made Colgate's the most popular toothpaste on earth . . . used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice made.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder. It has the same superior cleansing power as the cream.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

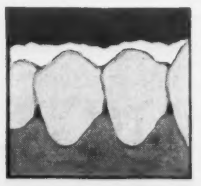
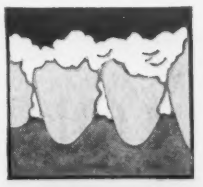
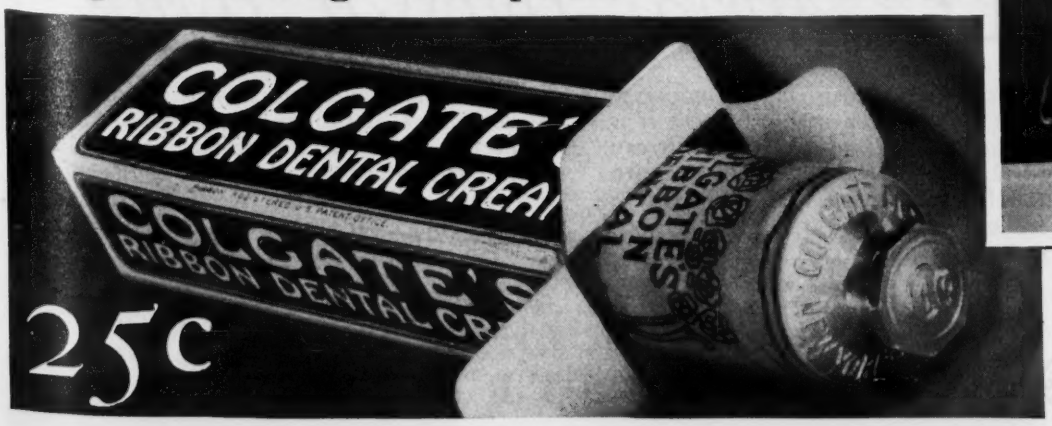


Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the Largest Selling Toothpaste in the World



FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-551, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N.Y.C. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

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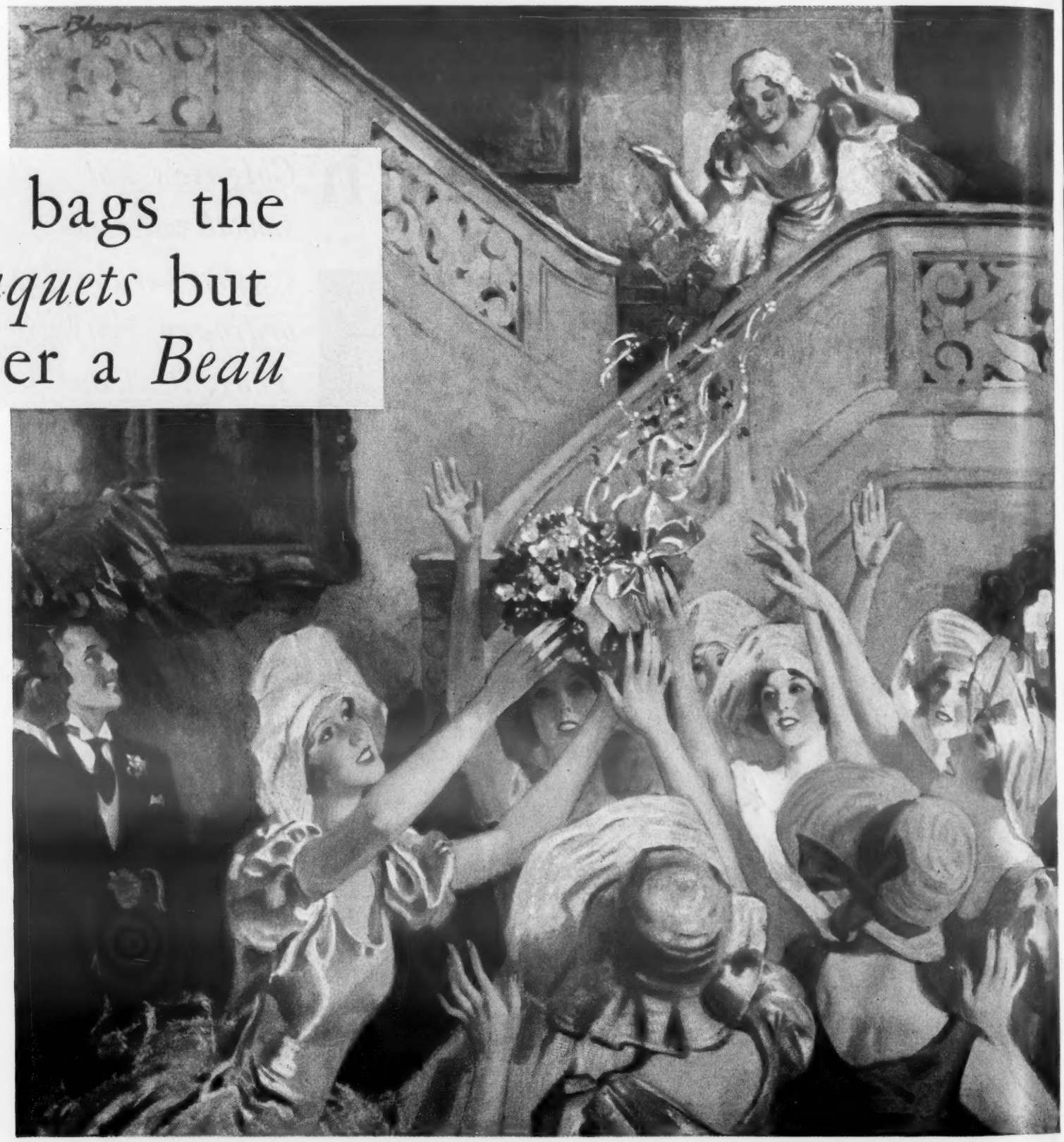
She bags the *bouquets* but never a *Beau*



Many in Chicago society can remember when Mildred caught her second bouquet. The year was 1917. "Surely now, she will be the next to marry," they said, remembering the old adage. Everybody was marrying; war, romance and matrimony were in the air. It was almost a foregone conclusion that the groom would be one of the nice young men training at Fort Sheridan. But somehow or other, none of them seemed interested in her after they really got to know her. The years rolled on . . . Mildred was still attractive, still catching bouquets. But there her luck ended. Matrimony seemed further off than ever. The truth was that Mildred repelled others without knowing why. And none of her friends had the courage to tell her.

You never have it? – *what colossal conceit!*

Surveys show that not one person in ten escapes halitosis (unpleasant breath). It may be absent one day and present the next. Its causes are many: excesses of eating or drinking, decaying teeth, pyorrhea, fermenting food particles in the mouth and slight infections of the gums, mouth, nose or throat, from which unpleasant odors arise.

Whatever the cause, halitosis is an unforgivable social fault. It is unforgivable because it is inexcusable. And it is inexcusable because it can be promptly overcome by the use of full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a mouth wash.

Being a germicide capable of killing 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds, Listerine checks decay and infections which cause odors. Being also a powerful deodorant, it promptly gets rid of the odors themselves. The breath is left sweet and clean.

Rinse the mouth with Listerine before any business or social engagement. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. It puts you on the safe, polite and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis.

End halitosis with LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

(Continued from Page 68)

fortunately sat well up toward the front and did not see Daffy.

When the house darkened for the news reel that began the show Jarvis took her hand. "I never thought I'd come to this," he whispered, "but can you bear it not to?"

"There's something I've got to tell you," she whispered back, "before the short comes on." And breathlessly she told him that he had inspired the song he was to hear her sing.

She had thought that the moment in which he learned that he had had a part in her creation would be different. He looked pleased but puzzled. "I don't see ——" he began. And suddenly Gimme Lady flashed on the screen and she clutched him with fingers that had grown icy.

She wanted her entrance to come, and she trembled with a stage fright a thousand times worse than the kind where you could at least go out on the stage and do something about it.

She was helpless. The play-back had shown that her voice reproduced well, but that would all become a matter of opinion when linked with her screen personality, and she had no idea what the camera would make of her. You did not have film tests for shorts; the short was your test.

"Ah!" said the people in front of them. It was the night-club set. It was beautiful. She had never realized before how beautiful Johnny's work was. Damask Holliday looked much better than Daffy wanted her to look. The turtle-doves danced and the valentine drifted into a picture which made you remember the time when you spent all your pennies for that great big one in the window.

AND a little girl with a heart-shaped face and a heart-shaped dress came out between the Cupids and the roses, making one splash of fervent red in the exquisite pastel design, and the people in front of Daffy and Jarvis said "Ah!" again.

She was not so pretty as that. Practically nobody was. She held Jarvis' hand tightly and the strange, pretty girl on the screen tripped to the piano, played some buoyant chords and sang:

The man you kiss once is just a leaf in the wind,
But the man you kiss twice is worth a sigh;
Three times is a number pretty hard to leave behind,
And four times is just right to say good-by.

For five times is that little much that's just too little more,
And six times is too late to analyze;
So you'd better stop where I do and just let it go at four,
'Cause it's so nice and lonely being wise!

The people in front were laughing and clapping. Everybody was. "Oh, she's going to do it again!" whispered somebody, and the same whisper came in pieces from several different parts of the house at once as the little heart of the valentine went impish and pounded out a saxophone rhythm, ending with a face so demurely at variance with the sophisticated blues which her text only embroidered that a shout of laughter and applause went up from all over the house.

JARVIS' hand had fallen away from Daffy's, but she was listening to the people in front of her and echoes round about. They could not stop expressing delight, although Damask was going into her big scene. Daffy sat in a maze of bliss while the night-club queen sang Just a Man and the film faded to one of those wistful endings and the lights went up for the intermission before the big picture.

"That little Man-You-Kiss Girl never came on again and she was the best thing in it!" a woman in front of her was saying indignantly.

"I'm coming back tomorrow," said a man who looked as if he might have had more sense, "and sit through that blooming thing just to hear her another time!"

Daffy saw Ed English and rushed out into the aisle to meet him, Jarvis following. Ed was beaming. Of course, as he told Daffy immediately, he deserved most of the credit for this because he had discovered her. "Did you hear your new name?" he demanded. "All over the house I've heard it. The Man-You-Kiss Girl!"

From an awed distance Gen waved to her and went out. Gen being awed. . . . Ed English told her to come and see him in the morning. As a friend he advised her not to tie up with anybody before consulting him. Besides, it wouldn't be hardly fair. . . . She saw Damask Holliday stalking up the aisle vibrating thunder and destruction, and so she made a swift exit to the lobby where, thanks to her dress, she was recognized and pounced upon for signatures by her first fans.

SHE could not help speaking the words when they came out into the taxi-hunting anonymity of Broadway after dark. "My first fans, Jarvis!" she cried, and looked to him for a reflection of her exaltation as they paused in the brilliance of an orange-drink stand.

"So," said Jarvis, "I'm just a leaf in the wind, am I?"

She gaped at him in gentle blankness. She did not think that she had heard.

"You said—that I inspired that thing you sang. I'm the man you've kissed once, just a leaf in the wind. Too bad I wasn't one of those who got—farther along!"

"Oh!" cried Daffy.

They were still standing in front of the orange drink.

"That's all you've got to say to me—a thing like that—after what you've seen me do tonight!"

They gazed at each other in the hard white light from the booth, eyes wide with pain and terror.

"What else can I say?" cried Jarvis. "Do you want me to congratulate you on your new—title?"

"No." She was trembling. "The only thing I want from you is never to speak to me again as long as we live!"

She turned and ran away from him across Broadway. She saw him waver before he followed. She saw him follow, saw the traffic change and maroon him in the middle of the street. Fate is a green light. . . . She ran swiftly on toward the Ziegfeld Theater.

JOHNNY was working at his table when Ito ushered her in. "H'lo," he said without looking. "I've been up for two nights on a new show and I haven't finished the old one either ——"

"You might ask about my show," said Daffy.

Johnny looked up quickly. It was the tone of her voice. Then he saw her dress and tried to control a pleased smile. "I already telephoned and got all the dope," he said. "But I told you I knew in advance. Now *you* haven't got brains enough to know in advance when *I'm* going to crash through!"

"Have you thought of something yet," she said, "for your Spirit of Gloom?"

"You would bring that up! It's the one thing been keeping me awake two nights on the old show ——"

"Because I thought what you could hang on him," she said. "Padlocks. Padlocks on his eyes and nose and ears ——"

He gave a whoop of joy and reached for the design among a cloud of papers at his feet. "Why," he deplored, "do I always think of these things so late?"

"*You* thought!" cried Daffy. "As if I didn't see someone tonight who just seemed to have padlocks hanging everywhere—in his eyes and ears and soul ——"

He looked at her again and the Spirit of Gloom fluttered back to the floor. He almost got up. There was a little pause, and the ivory telephone jangled.

"Answer," said Johnny.

We used to *pay* Tommy to drink his milk

but now he even begs for it and is growing strong and sturdy

"WE KNEW it was wrong, of course—but it was the only way we could get Tommy to touch milk. And goodness knows he needed it—he was so thin and frail. We'd plead and scold, yet it didn't do any good.

"But how different things are now. Tommy actually begs for his milk, and he can't seem to get enough of it. I mix it with Cocomalt, and he just loves the rich, creamy, chocolate flavor.

"It's wonderful to see how he's picking up these last few weeks!"

Almost doubles the food value of milk

This mother's experience is by no means unusual. In thousands of homes there are growing children who once detested milk, and now drink it eagerly.

For Cocomalt wins over the fussiest child with its rich, creamy flavor. And it adds 70% more nourishment to milk—*making the perfect food more perfect*—providing almost double the health-building elements so essential to the growing child.

Children should *fill out* as they grow. If they fail to build up as their little bodies take on height, it is a sure sign that their systems are begging for *more* tissue-building proteins, *more* carbohydrates, *more* minerals.

Cocomalt supplies these three essentials in concentrated form. Yet it is a food, not a medicine. Children love it.

Vitamin D—*for sturdy bodies*

One of the big reasons why doctors, nurses and dietitians recommend Cocomalt as part of every youngster's diet is that it contains the precious, vital Vitamin D—that mysterious element which makes summer sunshine so beneficial. This Vitamin D helps to *build strong bones and develop sturdy bodies.* And Cocomalt also supplies malt enzymes which help digest other foods.

Mail coupon for generous trial package—free

Cocomalt comes in powder form all ready to mix with milk, hot or cold. Packed in three sizes: ½ lb., 30c—1 lb., 50c—and the economical 5 lb. family size.

Use the coupon below for a generous trial package, free. See how quickly your children take to it—how they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Mail the coupon today.

Cocomalt

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 66, Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me, free of charge, a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name.....

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City.....*State*.....

Safety first FOR LITTLE FEET

THESE LONGEST BUSIEST DAYS

Since medical authorities all agree that ill-fitting stockings and socks worn in childhood may cause many serious foot ills in after life, Safety in children's hose begins with the selection of the proper size.

This is a simple matter with American Baby Hose. Made in sizes 4 to 8½, they are all *knit and shaped* (never stretched) to exact half sizes as well as full sizes. Therefore, as shown above, you need only measure the little foot from the tip of the toe to the end of the heel. That measurement, if in even inches or half inches, is the correct American Baby Hose size. If it is not an even measurement, the *next highest* inch or half inch size should always be chosen.

American Baby Hose are all non-acid dyed and peroxide bleached—finished as perfectly inside as outside—*permanently* elastic. They cannot bind or irritate.

They are leaders in Style, too, as well as Safety. For instance, the smart new spring styles pictured above are made in 18 different color combinations. And there are more than 30 other styles to choose from.

Best of all, too, the very qualities that make American Baby Hose *safe* make them wear and wear. And that, of course, means long-run economy.

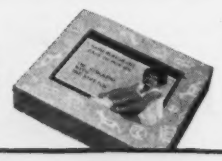
Safe, smart, colorful, durable—is it any wonder that American Baby Hose are the country's largest-selling stockings and socks in sizes from 4 to 8½?

J. H. BLAETZ
Mascher and Allegheny
Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN *Baby Hose*

for Babies and Younger Children

Write for FREE booklet, "The Care of Baby's Feet."



Golf Secrets

(Continued from Page 27)

the action of your shoulders, arms and hands."

"But how is a fellow going to reach the ball if he doesn't bend over?" Mr. Kelland asked.

"That's where all the damage is usually done. Instead of stooping down in the first move you make with your back, if you will tilt your hips over to the left until a decided pressure is felt against your left hip joint, you will find that you can reach the ball easily by having bent your whole body sideways."

"According to that, the more erect you stand the more natural is the position of your spinal column, and smoother action is bound to result," observed Mr. Kelland.

"That's why I always suggest that in practicing your swing you should stand just as erect as possible. It is the surest way of loosening up your entire body, particularly of overcoming any tension in your back," I added.

The relation of the starting position to the action was put to a very exacting test in an experience I had in teaching the golf swing to the young ladies in the golf show called Follow Thru.

Nearly everybody on the stage was swinging a club at some time during the performance. Both Miss Irene Delroy and Miss Madeline Cameron portrayed the rôles of golf champions and their handling of the clubs had to show something beyond theatrical technic.

Since both these young ladies had played the game it was simply a matter of ironing out a few kinks. The chorus presented an entirely different problem.

At times there would be at least forty girls in rows across the stage—which was made smaller by scenery and curtains—and during one of their dance numbers they had to demonstrate their ability to make the correct golf swing. This meant that every girl had to make a complete swing while keeping strict time with the orchestra.

The Technic of Golf

WE ARE told that if the ladies of the chorus have looks we shouldn't expect much in the way of brains from them. This group had more than its share of beauty, which increased my difficulty. When they were lined up at rehearsals, however, each holding a club, I stood before them and showed them how to place their hands on the club; next, how to tilt their hips over to the left for the starting position; and then told them to swing and keep their heads independent of the entire action.

Being part of a dance number, it was necessary to arrange a numerical count that suited the tempo of the music. On the count of one they took their starting position, on the count of two the backswing was made, on three the downswing was made, and on the count of four they allowed their heads to come up and look in the direction in which the ball had gone.

It didn't take much rehearsing, and it gave me a real thrill to watch those girls swing the clubs with such rhythm and precision, every swing completed before their heads were lifted to look for the ball.

This was an instance where every one of them had to get the right starting position and make the right swing, otherwise they were so close together that one swing out of time not only would spoil the picture but would split someone's head open. The audience thought these girls were experienced players, from the swings they made.

Mr. Kelland wasn't entirely sold on my idea yet. "So far the points you've mentioned could apply to most anyone, but I've been playing golf for over fifteen years and I haven't found a way to get consistent results. Everything you say about the swing sounds perfectly logical, but every teacher has different ideas. Some say to place your feet one way and others tell you just the opposite. They can all find something wrong with my grip, and no two persons seem to agree on what is right or wrong in any part of the swing, so I've made up my mind that you've got to start young and learn by imitating some good player."

What Mr. Kelland said about the confusion over golf technic is perfectly true, the result of a combination of bad teachers and bad pupils. Perhaps that is unfair—to the teachers. As Rex Beach says, when the average person takes up golf "rigor mortis, ossification and mental paralysis set in." But I had to contradict Mr. Kelland when he made that old complaint about golf being only for the very young. Golf is no bedtime story.

Age No Barrier

YOUR age or size is unimportant when you apply the right principle. Anyone, even a child, has enough strength to make an ordinary shot. Your muscles don't have to be developed, simply accustomed to the action. And the swing does not depend on what you do with certain parts of your body, the work of every swing is distributed throughout the entire body.

If the results of the game depended on age alone I'm sure that Mrs. O. S. Hill, of Kansas City, could not have taken up golf after her thirtieth birthday and within a few years established herself as one of our leading players by winning the Women's Western Championship, North and South Championship at Pinehurst, Trans-Mississippi Championship, and a number of state titles which she earned by defeating such players as Glenna Collett, Helen Payson and Virginia Van Wie.

Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd won the Women's National Championship after she had passed the forty mark, and right now, in her forty-seventh year, she is quite able to hold her own with the best players in this country or abroad.

Mrs. Henry G. Stetson, of Philadelphia, like Mrs. Hurd, won the national title at the Merion Cricket Club in 1926 after she had passed her fortieth birthday.

"Our last Amateur Championship saw two veterans, H. Chandler Egan and Francis Ouimet, bringing up the average age of the four semifinalists to thirty-nine years," according to Grantland Rice. "Mr. Egan was an amateur champion when Bobby Jones was only two years old."

"Oh, I'm not trying to be a champion. I'm not gifted with the grace and suppleness to ever become a Bobby Jones or a Glenna Collett," say Mr. and Mrs. Average Golfer.

As near as I can determine, every person who takes up golf imagines that his or her supposed limitations or peculiarities require a technic suited to his or her particular case.

The technic which does suit your particular case is that which I have described as being based upon a scientific principle which can be universally applied.

The results you get depend directly upon the kind of swing you make, and when the right principle is applied in long or short swings, with their varying flights of the ball, the mechanics of every shot are fundamentally the same.

The face of the clubhead must strike the ball just as squarely during the full swing used to drive the ball over two hundred yards as it strikes during the very short swing with the putter.

It is the appearance of simplicity and ease about the making of the swing that

(Continued on Page 74)

you always have time to use MUM

MUM is applied in a moment!

Its protection lasts for hours.

A dab of snowy cream beneath the arms - - or anywhere there's need to guard against body odor - - and you're ready to go! No waiting. Nothing to dry. Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy.

That's the secret of Mum's popularity; no inconvenience, no discomfort, no danger in its constant use. It cannot irritate the most sensitive skin. It cannot injure the most delicate fabric.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a regular part of your toilette. Morning and evening. Every day. Know the joy of permanent protection!

And what complete protection! Mum neutralizes every vestige of odor. The moment Mum is applied, all odor is gone. For convincing proof of this, try Mum on the sanitary napkin. This most important use of Mum makes a woman sure of herself at all times.

Mum brings comfort and security for which most women would pay any price. Yet it costs least of anything on your dressing table! Only 35c the jar, or three times the quantity in the large 60c jar. Mum Mfg. Co., N. Y.

DATED Coffee Delights these Men and Women *who serve their insatiable public*

FRESH . . . TWICE A WEEK!

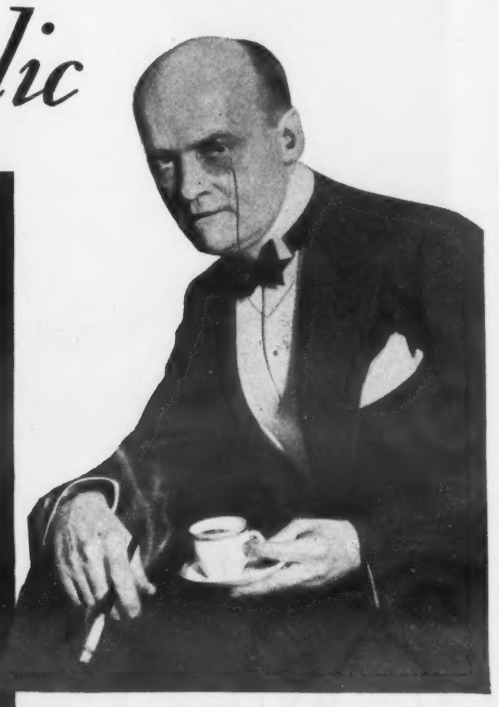
Direct from fragrant roasting ovens to your grocer! No storage anywhere! Just enough put into a store at a time to last until the next delivery! Every can is plainly marked with the date on which the grocer receives it. Any can left over at the end of ten days regularly collected and replaced by fresh!

"I've never heard of such a thing," you say. "I've never tasted such good coffee!"

Of course not. Coffee has never before been nationally distributed in this way.

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee—*dated*—delivered by the "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., is the first coffee ever to be handled exactly like a fresh food . . . so that not a whiff of its superb, freshly roasted flavor can be lost!

Lover of good coffee . . . busy man or woman impatient of anaemic-flavored coffees that are weeks old before you get them . . . say to your grocer tomorrow, "Send me Chase & Sanborn's *dated* Coffee." You'll enjoy it.



LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, distinguished author of more than a score of novels. "The real test of good coffee," he says, "is in your after-dinner cup. This is where Chase and Sanborn scores highest. Breath of the magic East is in its rich aroma, vigor of the West in its true, fresh flavor."

MAY WILSON PRESTON, noted illustrator whose clever drawings humorously reflect her broad contacts with a smart social and artistic world, says: "I am terribly fussy about coffee. Chase & Sanborn's is perfectly delicious. I find it is the one coffee everyone likes."

RICHARD DIX, Radio Pictures star, who thrills the hearts of at least a million screen fans . . . like all men, likes "solid comfort." "Chase and Sanborn took the 'chance' element out of coffee by dating it," he says. "It always was good, but this new way of making sure you get it always fresh makes it just about perfect."

(*Right*) RACHEL CROTHERS, wise and witty author of a dozen sparkling plays, is also a brilliant and experienced hostess, with faultless taste. "Isn't freshness the most important thing in coffee?" she asks. "It's the never-failing freshness which we can rely upon in Chase & Sanborn's 'dated' coffee."

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – **DATED**

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

No summer fears for EDWARD EVERETT HALE, IV

He has this protection so many mothers give

WHAT's a second summer, to a baby like this!

Of course Edward Everett Hale, IV is a young gentleman who has a lot to back him up. Eleven Colonial Governors in the family and a long line of New England forebears are enough to supply anyone with a certain amount of resistance. But Edward is just plain *healthy*.

He always has been. His baby routine—bath, naps, clothes, food—is carefully planned, carefully supervised for his comfort and well being.

At three months the family physician launched him into solid food. As a matter of course the one chosen was the children's own cereal—Cream of Wheat. Edward eats his silver porringer full, morning and evening. He *loves* his meals.

Mrs. Hale wants these foundation months to build up a fine physique for her boy. "Edward is an extraordinarily healthy child," she says. "He has eaten Cream of Wheat every day since he was three months old. Furthermore, he likes it."

How many mothers report the same thing! Specialists everywhere say Cream of Wheat. When we asked 221 leading medical men in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, they gave Cream of Wheat unanimous approval.

In the first place, it's a wonderful energy food for babies. (And no one knows, like the baby's mother, what an amazing little consumer of energy he is.) Secondly, Cream of Wheat is *planned* for untried digestive systems. Its simple form is easily handled by little stomachs making their first difficult change from milk to something solid. So inexpensive too. There are forty generous servings in a package, at less than one cent each.

Now that summer days are at hand, there's one easy thing you can do to safeguard your baby. If the physician says he's ready for solid food, start him off with Cream of Wheat, and let it be a regular part of his routine.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

CREAM OF WHEAT

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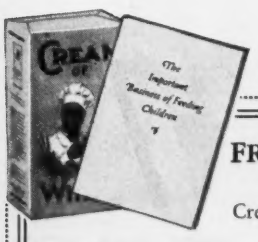


FREE— an authoritative booklet, The Important Business of Feeding Children—giving correct diets from infancy through high school. Send coupon today, to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. B-49, Minneapolis, Minn.

Name.....

Address.....

If sample of Cream of Wheat is desired, check here ☐

(Continued from Page 72)

deceives most everyone, inducing them to attempt its execution without proper principle or practice.

The longer a golfer plays the game the more he appreciates the need for a correct swing, and many a player would gladly start all over again in order to learn this swing if he thought for a minute that his bad habits could be done away with for good.

Even the fellow who "gets results without form" has envy in his heart for the player who has developed a swing.

"What about left-handed players?" asked Rube Goldberg.

Mr. Goldberg is in the process of being changed from playing left-handed to swinging right-handed, and before starting he said, "I don't see why everyone insists that I should play right-handed. I'm naturally left-handed and it seems to me that I ought to be able to play golf on that side."

"Left-handed players seldom acquire any consistency, not because the mechanics of a left-handed swing are any different from the right-handed swing nor on account of any architectural handicaps on the course, but owing to the fact that a left-handed person is more inclined to remain one-handed than the right-handed person in making the swing," I explained. "They seem to forget that one of the essentials of the swing is both hands transmitting an equal amount of force to the club."

After a few days' exercising with the right-handed swing Mr. Goldberg has found that the natural strength of his left hand is really a decided asset in hitting the ball right-handed.

Just as we learn to stand before walking and running, so the full swing should be established first, then you can go out to practice with the different clubs. This practice should be continued until you are able to make swings of any length, according to the club used, with ease before attempting to make shots on the course.

Do You Slice Your Drives

or top your short approaches, or always miss a five-foot putt? Why?

Alex J. Morrison

who has doctored every kind of golfing ill, has written, especially for JOURNAL readers, a booklet of questions and answers on golf.

WRITE FOR IT

The Correct Swing

THE best place to put these instructions into effect is around the house or in the yard, where you can concentrate on your main objective, and that is to make the right swing a habit.

Always begin your practice by trying to put yourself in sympathy with the correct swing, imagine that you are swinging the club in one smooth, flowing motion, and remember the following points and I'm sure that you'll have a very decided feeling of bringing your mental picture into practical use.

These points, which cover the starting position and the action of the swing, apply to the use of all clubs for all shots, long or short.

To get your starting position, grip the club in the palm of your left hand, turning it over so that you can see only the back of it, and have the club and your left arm form a straight line from your left shoulder to the ball. This line should be at right angles to the line of flight. Then bend your body sideways by tilting your hips over to the left until a decided pressure is felt against your left hip joint; this makes it easy for you to place your right hand on the club, gripping only with the fingers of this hand and particularly holding the club like a pen between your right thumb and forefinger.

This position should find most of your weight on your left foot, with the ball just about opposite the heel of this foot. Both feet should be slightly toed out, the right foot a bit forward of the left, and they should be a comfortable distance apart. It is better to have them too close together than too far apart, because excessive spreading makes it difficult to shift your weight from one foot to the other as you must during the action of the swing. The feet should retain this same relative position for every swing, and the distance they are apart is lessened as the swing becomes shorter.

Watch Your Chin

START the backswing by moving your hips, arms and the club sideways toward the right, so as to be able to turn on your right hip joint, and after taking the club back as far as you want with your arms, keeping your left arm straight, of course, allow your wrists to bend at the top of the upswing. Start the downswing by dropping your weight back onto your left foot, and while hitting downward keep your chin pointed back of the ball until the entire swing has been completed.

You will notice that in being able to move your hips from side to side, which is the only means of shifting your weight from one foot to the other, you are actually keeping the lower part of your spinal column in a natural position, and the freedom and ease in the muscles and joints of your legs and feet afford you a movable balance that is required in the swing.

Hold your chin up and point it to the right throughout the swing and you will be keeping your eye on the ball and holding your head in the proper relation to the whole swing. As a sure means of keeping your chin independent of the action of the swing you can count one, two, three, after you have hit the ball before looking up to see where it has gone. Don't worry about losing the ball; if you have kept your chin pointed properly you won't have to go off the fairway looking for it.

The proper pointing of the chin will not only keep your eyes and head on the ball but it will accomplish many other things for you at the same time. It will break up any tension in your shoulders, arms and wrists. Your chin can time and balance the entire action of the swing, and through giving you a feeling of just what you are doing in every part of the swing it is the most important point concerned in helping to get the desired direction with your shots as well as helping your judgment of distance.

Just how you point your chin in every shot, long or short, is the deciding factor between success and failure. Whenever you are checking up on yourself in any shot, check up on the pointing of your chin first.

Even Bobby Jones must keep his chin back or miss his shot.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Morrison on how to play golf.

The sensational success of DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste continues to grow. Have you tried it?*

THIS SUPER CLEANSING *keeps* TEETH *so clean they glisten*

UNIQUE AID THAT SHOWS RESULTS QUICKLY IS PROVIDED BY THE ACCURATE DESIGN OF THIS FAMOUS MODERN BRUSH

You don't need extra effort to have whiter teeth. Just apply these simple facts:

First; this is dental advice: *Brush your teeth always away from the gums toward the cutting edges. Never brush across the crevices, but always with them.*

Second; use a small brush, which is correctly designed to clean inside, outside and between the teeth.

Third; each 90 days, get a new brush. After that much service, the polishing and cleansing ability begins to decrease.

Millions, including dentists, prefer DR. WEST'S Toothbrush because it is designed to make correct brushing easy.

It is 20% to 50% smaller than other brushes. It has wide-spaced open rows and pointed bristle-bodies. These penetrate every crevice and sweep it clean *(danger-spots where most decay starts).*

Correct design enables you to clean teeth far back, or inside, as easily as those in front.

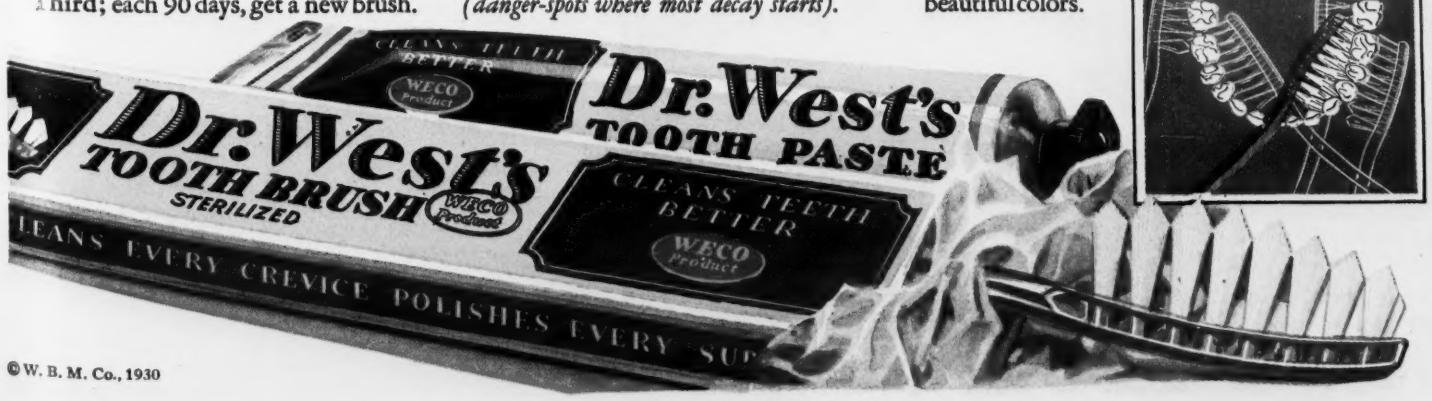
Snow-white springy bristles, used only in DR. WEST'S brushes, are the finest to be found in the whole world.

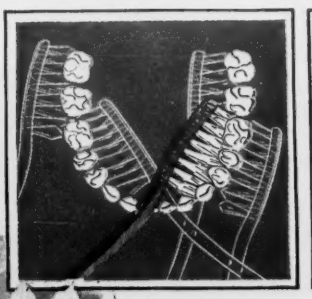
DR. WEST'S brushes are available for every member of the family at your favorite store: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "professional," 50c. Six beautiful colors.

A REAL GUARANTEE

For your protection, each DR. WEST'S Toothbrush is sterilized, sealed, and fully guaranteed. *Your dealer will replace any* DR. WEST'S *brush that proves defective.*

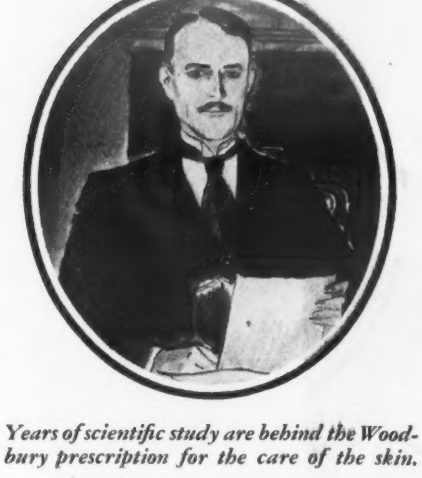
Today throw away your present brush, and get one of these in its stead. You'll see results come, quickly. THE WESTERN COMPANY, Chicago, New York, Toronto.





NOTE how this correct size and shape make it easy to reach and clean *all* your teeth. Behind *back* teeth, or the inner curve, as thoroughly as in front. See how crevices are penetrated and swept clean by correctly shaped and pointed bristle-bodies. Note wide-spaced rows, easily cleaned.

©W. B. M. Co., 1930



Years of scientific study are behind the Woodbury prescription for the care of the skin.

★

DESQUAMATION

—medical term for the invisible peeling that goes on in every healthy skin, and brings out the new skin underneath.

Lift that Veil ★

THERE'S REAL BEAUTY UNDERNEATH

JUST underneath the skin you see, there's a lovely, transparent new skin waiting to come through!

It's fresh and clear as baby skin.

A veil of old skin covers it. A veil so thin you cannot see it.

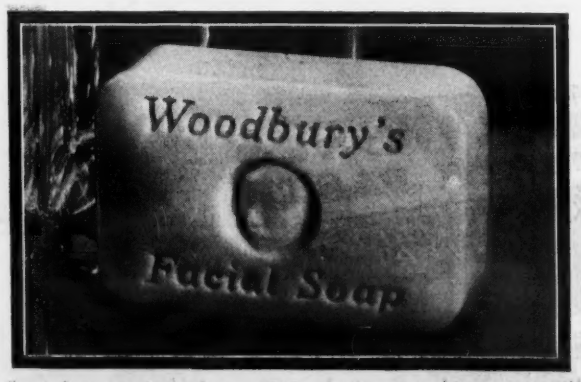
But wait! Day by day, *invisibly*, this veil of old skin that obscures the real beauty underneath is *peeling off* to let the new skin through. That's *DESQUAMATION.*

It's a natural process of the skin. And there's a promise in it for every girl.

Here's the formula prepared by the head of the Woodbury laboratories to help the new skin come through clear and fresh:

FIRST BATHE THE FACE in *warm* water. Then rub up in your hands a generous lather of Woodbury's soap (which was made especially for this purpose). Work this gently into your skin—from the chin up toward cheeks and temples. Now wash off with warm water. Your skin feels new, liberated. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface. Now *tone* the new fresh skin. Bring it glowing health and vigor with a brisk splashing of *cold* water. Ah! how good it feels! Now go over your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel.

This clearing off of the dead tissue which the Woodbury lather gives you, followed by the toning of the new skin, is just the help the new skin needs to bring it out clear and glowing.



See what a soap made to aid the skin's natural processes will do. Give your skin its first Woodbury treatment today.

See what a prescription based on the fundamental processes of the skin will do for *your* skin.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

To meet the Woodbury laboratories' exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use . . . *The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

SEND FOR THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1811 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1811 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name_____

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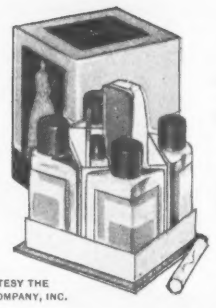


COURTESY THE GLAZO COMPANY, INC.

One of the attractive new manicure sets now on the market, which will make a charming bridge prize.

The Sub-Deb

A Page for Girls

***Directed by* MARGUERITE ASPINWALL**

Illustrated by Earle Kirkbride

Which type is your hand?

IT'S pretty nice, isn't it, to be standing at the beginning of June, looking ahead to three months out-of-doors, swimming, hiking, playing tennis and golf, going on picnics, and forgetting for this all-too-brief season the more serious business of winter that lies behind?

It isn't, of course, that you don't like school and lessons, or that you haven't all kinds of ambitions for the future, for which school and college are helping to fit you. It's just that we all enjoy—and need—a vacation after hard work. And summer has so many gorgeous times to offer each one of us, whether our vacation is to be spent at the seashore, in the mountains, or right in our own homes, wherever they happen to be. It isn't the place that matters so much as our own particular crowd, and how much originality we use in planning our summer's fun.

So, as usual, I am hoping the various suggestions I have gathered together for you here on your page will help you in that planning, and that the months ahead will be the best and jolliest yet!

A Pool Rodeo

OF COURSE you Sub-Debs who live in the West don't have to be told what a rodeo is. However, for the benefit of those who have never witnessed the exciting spectacle I must explain briefly that a rodeo is mostly an exhibition of wonderful riding on the part of cowboys and wonderful bucking, sunfishing, somersaulting and general contrariness on the part of the horses. Even the best riders take tumbles when the broncos display more than usual ingenuity.

The idea suggests a most amusing and hilarious outdoors party for a crowd of girls and boys who live near a swimming pool. Probably most of you have seen the big grotesque water animals of inflated rubber which began to be so popular last summer. The vogue continues to grow in general interest, and most stores which carry athletic goods also have an assortment of these queer marine steeds. Here in the illustration on your page this month you will see one girl riding a rubber alligator in this pool rodeo, while another is wrestling with the contrariness of a giant lobster.

They are almost as hard to ride, too, as the most ingenious of unbroken broncos, for they are slippery, unstable and have a highly disconcerting trick of twisting over unexpectedly and unseating an unwary rider ignominiously.

Why don't you get your little group to form a water rodeo club this summer, and raise money for the purchase of some of these jolly circus animals? You can have a series of practice meets early in the summer, and then after you are all more or less proficient, hold a big rodeo in the pool.

A little time, imagination and planning spent in arranging a program can result in all sorts of seemingly hazardous events. A picnic tea can be served afterward at the edge of the pool, or you can all adjourn to one of the members' homes for a buffet supper and a dance afterward to the radio.

Gay Collars and Cuffs

IT IS often from a bit of unusual neckwear that a frock gets the touch of individuality we admire. And with all sorts of collars and cuffs as smart as they are this summer, it is nice to know some effective short cuts in the matter.

Here are two sets that are very easily made and adjusted, either of which will add charm to a new frock or transform an old one. Both are made from a pair of handkerchiefs—the knotted set from big chiffon ones, and the other from printed linen of average size. The linen set includes a wee matching pocket, into which you might even tuck a matching handkerchief. Really the only work in making these is in finishing off the raw neck and wrist edges, and putting them on your dress.

Directions for cutting out and adjusting, together with two additional, equally smart designs for extra sets, will be sent you in a little leaflet called Gay Collars and Cuffs, for a two-cent stamp. Address The Sub-Deb Department, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

—CHARLOTTE VAN COURT.

DESIGNS BY CHARLOTTE VAN COURT

COURTESY U. S. RUBBER COMPANY

COURTESY HARRIS RAINCOAT COMPANY

At left—Smocklike raincoat. At right—Raynster in printed design, and green Oxford Gaytees.

Sub-Debs in the Rain

AS I POINTED out several months ago, in an article on rainy-day smartness in one's winter wardrobe, the manufacturers of stormy-weather clothes and footwear have come to realize that one can be perfectly protected from the elements and yet be becomingly clad.

In the upper right-hand corner of this page you will see two examples of this new attitude toward wet-weather smartness in summer. The girl on the right is wearing a raincoat in a delightful figured material, coated—by a brand-new process—with a thin, transparent film of rubber which, though making it entirely weatherproof, allows the gay pattern of the material to show through. The coat, the manufacturers tell me, thus treated, is not only waterproof but won't be affected by the heat of the sun or hardened by time. It's light and flexible, too, so it can be easily packed in a suitcase for week-end visits, and—perhaps most important of all in the Sub-Deb's critical eyes—it's smart, well cut and trimly fitting. We are showing it here in a green-and-black design, but the original model had a good deal of red predominating in the pattern.

The gay green rubbers the same girl is wearing with this raincoat come in several shades to match your costume—blue, green, red, russet, brown and tan.

The girl on the left is wearing one of the new smock-type raincoats of rubberized silk crêpe de chine that were so popular this spring at Palm Beach, and which, by the way, are made with or without a belt.

This enchanting smocklike protection for summer storms comes in tan, green, brown, navy, Chanel red, and blue, as well as the green we have illustrated here. It has a slide fastening in front.

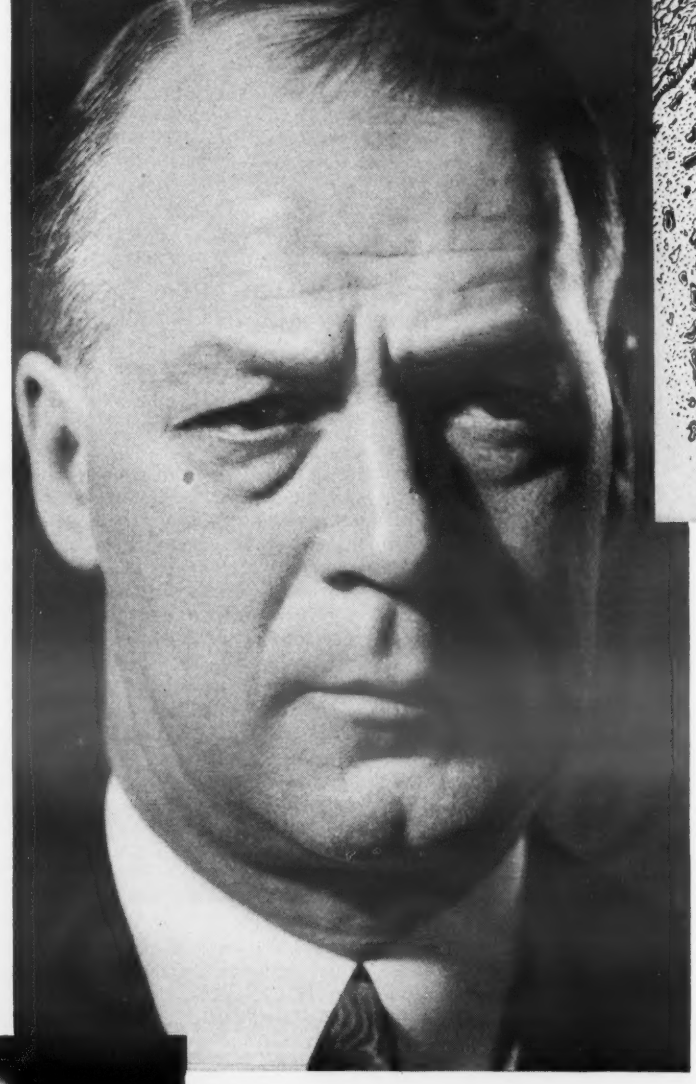
(Continued on Page 79)

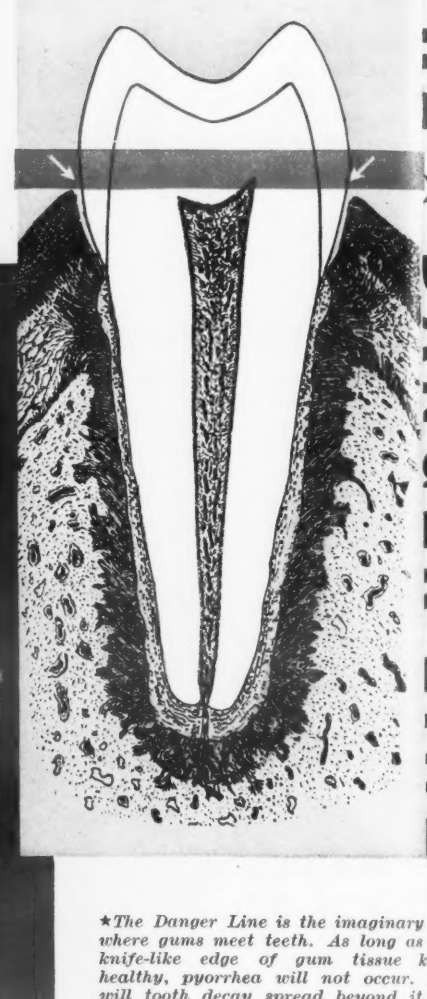
RUBBER WATER ANIMALS, COURTESY TYER RUBBER COMPANY

FOR INSTANCE . . .

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM MAY SAVE YOU A BAD CASE OF RHEUMATISM

Many systemic diseases may develop from infected gums—but gums will not become infected as long as you safeguard The Danger Line



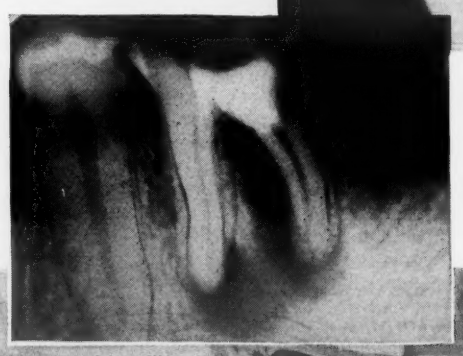


★The Danger Line is the imaginary line where gums meet teeth. As long as this knife-like edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. Nor will tooth decay spread beyond it and attack the sensitive neck of the tooth. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes and then The Danger Line is no longer a protection. Never let this happen.

THE average adult faces either rheumatism, nervous disorder, heart trouble or kidney disease somewhere in the future. For among the chief causes of these diseases are decayed teeth and infected gums. And the average person has five neglected cavities, while thousands are contending with gum troubles.

Germs and poisons developing from one diseased tooth or the infected gum around it may be absorbed into the blood stream. Then they are lodged in other tissues or organs which also become diseased. Many a mysterious ailment starts this way. So what a pity that thousands fail to realize that nearly all tooth decay *can* be prevented and gums kept firm and healthy! What a mistake that so many thoughtlessly use any dentifrice regardless of its actual merit.

The formula for Squibb's Dental Cream recognizes the *causes* behind tooth decay and gum troubles—and the best ways to *combat* them. And so it offers distinct advantages.



An x-ray showing abscess of a tooth, unsuspected by a sufferer from rheumatism. Such a condition pollutes the blood stream with pus germs. It is far more serious than the chances for infection from a skin wound—for it represents a constant source of infection.

Germ acids cause tooth decay by attacking the enamel. These decay germs feed and *multiply* upon the fermenting food particles which collect between your teeth, in the pits and fissures, and along the gum margin, *The Danger Line*, where there is a tiny crevice. Your tooth-brush can't reach all these vulnerable places.

Ordinary dentifrices are insufficient—but Squibb's Dental Cream contains 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate crevices and render acids harmless. In still another way, Squibb's helps keep the gum margin firm and healthy. It definitely soothes irritation. It contains no grit, no astringents—nothing which might injure the delicate tissues. And as long as The Danger Line keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not develop—the gums will not become infected.

Squibb's cleans teeth thoroughly and safely. Begin using it regularly. Within a few months you'll notice your teeth keeping freer from decay . . . The Danger Line pink and firm—real protection against pyorrhea and disease.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

E. R. Squibb & Sons cordially invite you to listen to a radio program presenting WILL ROGERS and a concert orchestra each Sunday evening at 10 o'clock (current New York time) over 32 stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

(Continued from Page 77)

Fingers Tell Tales

DID you ever stop to realize that your hands—particularly your fingers—can tell all sorts of tales out of school about you to anyone observant enough to read the signs correctly? It's true; and an interesting subject besides.

For example, the two hands sketched on page 77 have fascinating tales to tell the girls whose own fingers resemble them.

The hand on the left is beautifully proportioned, with long, slim fingers whose tips taper gracefully. This girl has all sorts of artistic tastes and talents; she probably loves to have beautiful things about her; she is responsive to music and to art. The point, however, which most nearly concerns us in this article is that to bring out all the best in an already lovely hand, the nails should be shaped in a fairly long oval; and the polish used can be, if you choose, slightly deeper in tint than for the fingers on the right of the sketch.

In the latter, the fingers are unusually slim and tapering; a quite frail-looking hand with nails a deeper oval in shape than one generally sees. This is often called the dreamer's hand, and its owner is supposed to be slightly unpractical, and to prefer living in an imaginary land of dreams and fancies to winning her way in competition with a practical workaday world.

Here, a pointed shaping of the nail or a too vivid polish will only accentuate the length and thinness of the fingers. The nail should be more rounded than in the artistic hand beside it, and a colorless or very faintly pink polish will look best.

In our new booklet, Fingers Tell Tales, you will find discussed a variety of hands, their characteristics, and helpful hints on special care for each type. Send a two-cent stamp to The Sub-Deb Department, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Earn for Vacation Joys!

And Prizes Will Add to Your Fun!

You can win a prize tennis racket too.

ARE vacation visions whirling through your head these days? New clothes—a tennis racket for those fast early-morning matches—a gay waterball for a "splash" companion—a camera to tuck under your arm—wouldn't such equipment insure a jolly vacation for you or any other girl?

You may win it for yourself when you JOIN THE GIRLS' CLUB!

Then you'll find how easy it is to earn your own money—how pleasant to win these charming prizes that will help you enjoy the summer sports.

For The Girls' Club is eager and anxious to act as a helping friend—whether you plan a jolly trip to camp, a visit with a school friend, or a quiet, satisfying, stay-at-home summer.

Eleanor Herrick writes of her plans:

My grandmother, with whom I live, said if I could earn $16.00, she would give me another $16.00 for a trip to camp. I've earned $10.00 toward that fund in almost no time.

$5.00 in Two Days

***Dear Manager:* I'm a new member, but two days in The Girls' Club brought me $5.00. Here's what I bought with that money. I am a Girl Scout and I paid for some of my merit badges and partly for my suit. Thank you. —Edna S.**

***Dear Manager:* I've just had my photograph taken wearing my prize pearls. They are so beautiful. Today I am sending to you for a pair of tennis shoes. Thanks to the Club, my dreams are coming true. —Fern S.**

Join Us This Month!

LET me urge you to join us now—so you can be sure of a carefree vacation. A note saying *"Dear Manager: Please tell me about The Girls' Club"* will bring you all the information about our Club. Please give your name, address and age, also. Then you can start planning the merriest summer ever. Not a cent will it cost you, either. Address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
761 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Sub-Deb Booklets

ANY of these booklets, prepared especially for the Sub-Deb, will be sent upon receipt of the amount required in stamps or cash. Do not send stamped addressed envelopes. Address the Sub-Deb Department, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

FINGERS TELL TALES. A little discussion of different types of hands, the characteristics they indicate, and simple rules for the care of each kind. Price, 2 cents.

BOBS OR LONG HAIR? Twelve charming coiffures from Paris for the Sub-Deb. New suggestions for bobs, for long hair and for growing bobs. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB CROCHETS HER HATS. Three smart, simple designs and directions. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB'S BEDROOM. With suggestions and sketches to help any girl plan a charming room of her own. Price, 2 cents.

RAINY-DAY SMARTNESS. Containing suggestions and smart, practical fashions for the Sub-Deb's rainy-day outfit for all sorts of occasions. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB GIVES A PARTY. Entertainment suggestions. Price, 2 cents.

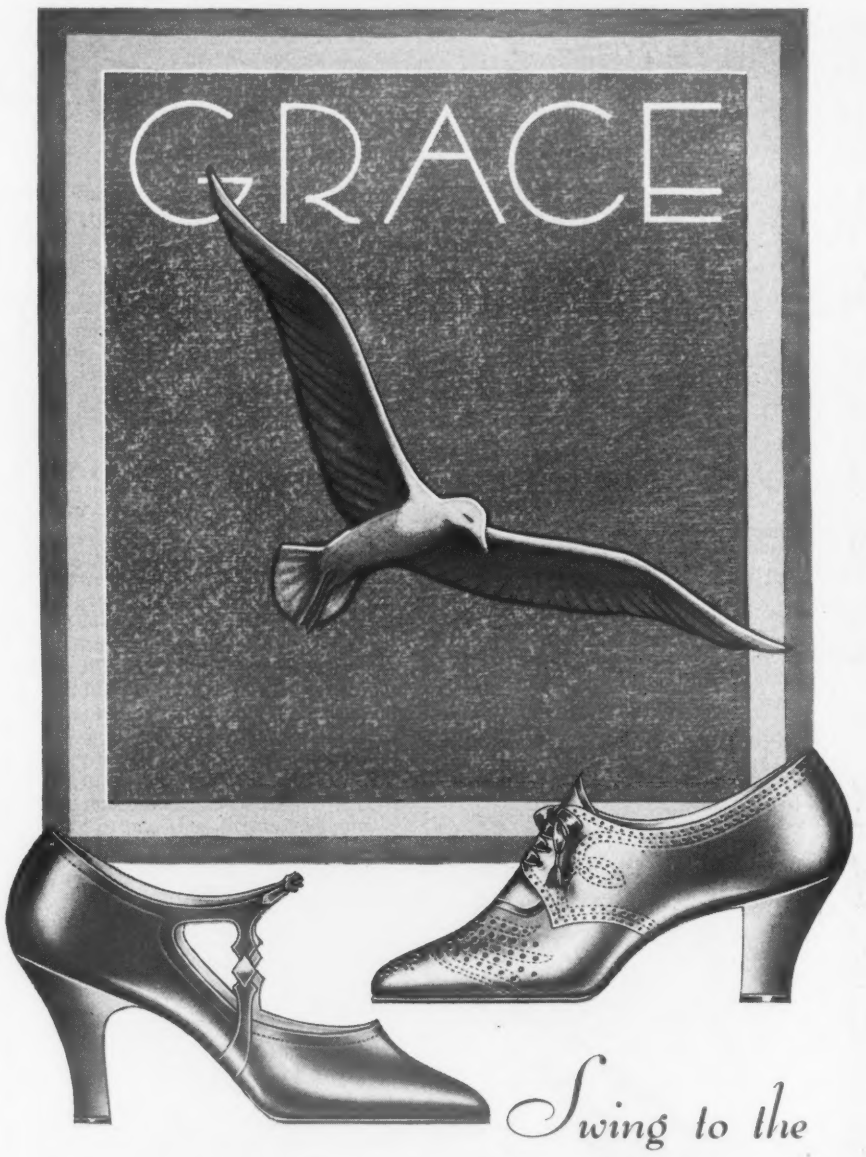
KNITTED SPORTS SOCKS. Directions for making the new, low-rolled kind. Price, 2 cents.

KNITTED SPORTS CLOTHES AND WOOL PURSE. Price, 2 cents.

A TRAVELING BEAD CASE. Directions for making. Also six smart new designs for stringing your own bead necklaces. Price, 2 cents.

DESIGN FOR CAT CUSHION. Price, 4 cents.

APPLIQUÉ SCARFS. Designs and directions for scarfs for sports, afternoon and evening. Price, 2 cents.



Swing to the tune of happy footsteps with smart

FOOT SAVER SHOES

TAKE the first step toward foot freedom...slip into a pair of Foot Saver Shoes! Let tenseness soften into plastic grace. Let cramped, aching muscles relax into natural symmetry... Where strain dwelt, let comfort live. Where pressure lurked, "let freedom ring."

YOURS—the light step. OURS—the light touch... By means of Foot Saver's patented inbuilt construction, so gracefully moulded to the natural contours of the foot. So deftly shielding the grateful arch from harm.

Correctly made of the finest materials, moulded with meticulous craft to give freedom from fatigue, Foot Saver Shoes are a benediction to the eyes of all beholders and a blessing to the feet that wear them.

Of course, you'll want this Style Portfolio! *Our fashion booklet radiates with Foot Saver modes that speak with a beguiling Paris accent. Tell us where to send it!*

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 430 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

The Foot Saver Shoe — Controls the Arch

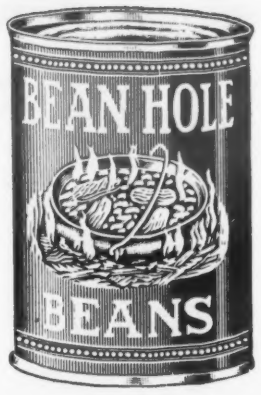
Please send me, without charge, your Portfolio of Footwear Fashions

Name.....

Address.....

LA-30

Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co., Whitman, Mass., and Slater Shoe Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada



Like "Outdoor" Cooking

In the lumber camps of the big North Woods the sealed bean pot was buried in glowing embers, brimming with layers of choice beans and sugar-cured pork, cups of brown sugar and molasses. The elusive flavor of the "outdoor" cooking is brought to you in Van Camp's. Even "home made" beans cannot equal the flavor-rich goodness of Bean Hole Beans.

Nature Makes It Good

Nothing artificial about this delicious Van Camp Tomato Catsup—no coloring matter or adulterants. Nature grows its color and flavor. Van Camp's food experts select choice Indiana tomatoes, season and spice the fruit to give you Nature's finest sauce for meats and other foods.

Ask Your Grocer for

Soups
Spaghetti
Bean Hole Beans
Milk
Catsup
Chile Con Carne

VAN CAMP'S
~of course!

Why Take a Vacation?

(Continued from Page 4)

his office desk and eight hours a day of work as a parent might his long-lost child.

With some complacency they surveyed their own modest preparations for the next two weeks.

They planned to sleep very late on Monday morning, eat a hearty lunch and in the afternoon go out to the Field Club for a few sets of tennis, then motor over to a neighboring suburb and have dinner at a quiet tea house, where the food was superlative in quality and not at all high in price. They went to bed in a state of agreeable anticipation.

Along about two in the morning Mary woke to hear rain dashing against the windows, but she merely thought drowsily, "Rain before seven, shine before eleven," rolled over and went to sleep again.

Alas, an adage, however old and respectable, is only as good as its truth, and this one was no good at all. At half-past seven, the rain was still coming down sharply, and at half-past eight, when they had had another nap, it was worse. But it didn't bother them especially.

Finally about eleven, when they did straggle up, and bathe and dress with unwonted leisure, they began to look at the unceasing rain with the least bit of anxiety.

"THIS storm looks as if it might last all day," said Frank at last. "Sort of a nor'easter, seems to me."

"Oh, well, one day isn't much. I've got a lot of odd jobs I can do; it'll be grand to get 'em off. It'll surely stop by night and we'll have our ride and our dinner over in Bettertown, even if we don't get any tennis."

Nevertheless, she decided, without saying anything to Frank, to order meat and vegetables for dinner at home in case. . . . And then, having washed the dishes and given the house a deft straightening, she began energetically to—of all things—clean closets!

Meanwhile Frank lay on the living-room davenport and read the morning paper, backward, forward, up and down and sideways. But even the most voluminous morning paper cannot be read forever, and this was a typically dull Monday issue. He flung it down and went to look for Mary.

"Enjoying yourself?" asked Frank.

"It's not my favorite indoor sport, but I'm glad to get it done."

He wandered back downstairs, yawned, looked out of the window, made a survey of the bookshelves but found nothing he wanted to read, so at last he set up the card table and began to play solitaire. He felt lonely and bored, and he could hear Mary bumping things about and still humming, and that gave him a slight sense of injury. He listened to her until he could endure it no longer.

"Oh, Mary," he called, "let that stuff go and come on down."

"In a few minutes," she called back.

The few minutes became three-quarters of an hour. The rain still rained.

BUT at last Mary came bustling down. "Why, you poor old dear!" she exclaimed. "You look too miserable. Come along out in the kitchen with me while I begin dinner."

"Then we aren't going to Bettertown?"

"We can if you want, but it's so disagreeable—and I thought I'd make a beefsteak pie. I ordered scallions too."

"That's swell. Nothing in Bettertown, nothing anywhere could beat that combination."

"Suppose we eat out here in the alcove," she suggested. "It'll be a sort of imitation picnic supper, at least."

So they ate in the alcove, but Frank wasn't hungry. "Stuffed up here all day it's no wonder I've no appetite. Listen to that rain. It's like Tennyson's brook; it goes on forever."

"Oh, it'll all be cleared up tomorrow morning. And you've had a good rest."

"Yes, too good. I feel as dull as ditch water."

Mary was amiable and sympathetic. "You've had a mean old day, darling, and I don't wonder you're edgy. Never mind, tomorrow will be all right. And as soon as I 'rassle' these dishes out of sight I'll play you some sporty Russian bank, nickel a game! How 'bout it?"

"You're on, Desperate Desdemona. Oh, my gosh, I wish I had an evening paper. I forgot to order one, I always bring it out from town."

"Take an umbrella and hop over and borrow the Levetts'—no, they're out—get the Scotts', then."

HE OPENED the door. "It's coming down in sloshes. I'd be soaked going two yards. I guess I can stand it to stay ignorant of world events until morning. I'll dry the dishes for you. I've simply got to have some exercise."

But he was careless, and presently one of the plates slipped as he picked it up and crashed in the sink. "Oh, Frank," cried Mary, "that's one of the imported set mother gave us when we were married, the first piece that's been broken! I've always been so careful of them! And they cost seven dollars apiece! Oh, dear, oh, dear ——"

"I'll buy you another one," said Frank, annoyed by her violent lamentation. "I don't see why you used it if it was so precious."

"They're all we have in supper size," she explained shortly, and took the tea cloth from his hand. "I'd better finish. We can't afford any more smashes."

"I only wanted to help you."

"You only wanted something to do," retorted Mary with more truth than tact.

The slight restraint brought on by this incident did not entirely pass away during the evening, though they played Russian bank, and gave an imitation of peace and amity.

After a somewhat fitful, restless night they woke to a gray and dismal morning.

"It's not raining," said Mary. "I'm sure it will clear later."

SO, ON this optimistic note, they rose and had breakfast, keeping an eager watch on the skies. Just as they were finishing the meal the rain began again, not so hard as yesterday, but a discouraging drizzle with an occasional pause during which heavy clouds lowered down and darkened the air. "And the weather," said Frank, as darkly as the clouds, "is just one thing you can't do anything about."

The paper wasn't worth reading, but nevertheless he read it, as yesterday's issue, every column, every line, until at eleven-thirty there wasn't even an obit left to read. He flung it down and paced the room. Then he had a brilliant idea.

"Mary," he called, "I'm going down street to get some tobacco. I'm almost out."

"Going to take the car?" she called back.

"No, I thought I'd walk."

She came running downstairs. "Look, Frank, while you're down there stop at the cash grocery and get some lemons, won't you? They're so much cheaper than at the market. And—oh, would you mind taking back the radishes the market sent up and telling Mr. Katz that they're nothing but dried pith? And ——"

"I said I was going downtown after tobacco."

Mary opened her mouth to speak, then closed it in one of those rare moments of

(Continued on Page 82)

FREE

Enough Hires Extract to make **8 BOTTLES** of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

This Delicious Drink Also VITALIZING

APPETIZING, refreshing, yes, Hires Root Beer has always been famous for its appeal to the taste . . . but doctors and nutrition experts also agree that Hires Root Beer is invigorating and nutritious, supplying precious Vitamin B and Mineral Salts.

In over 2,000,000 homes Hires Root Beer is the favorite beverage.

Now we invite you and your family and friends to join the millions who for 50 years have been our patrons.

To win your friendship we make this liberal offer: A free trial bottle of Hires Extract, sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-sized bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of root beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, as compared to what you usually pay.

In Hires Root Beer are the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's tonic and appetizing ingredients. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, Dept. M [12-6-8]
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract

Name.....

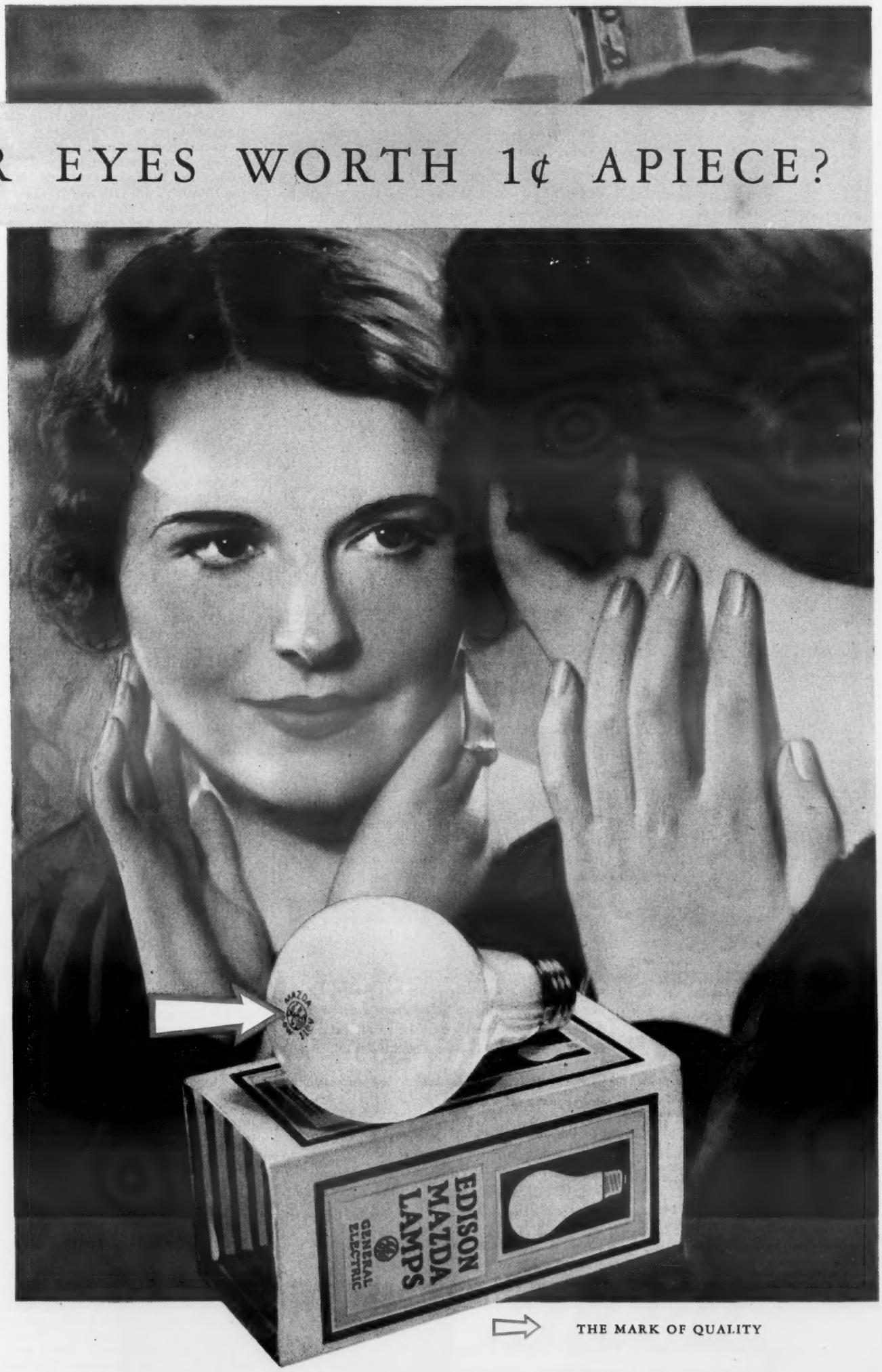
Address.....

City.....State.....

Please print name and address plainly

Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

ARE YOUR EYES WORTH 1¢ APIECE?



BE SURE—

to protect your eyes with the good light that is produced by lamps of high quality.

The world-wide resources of General Electric are utilized in the manufacture of Edison MAZDA* Lamps, which have the quality that assures the *full value of the current consumed.*

In the average home the difference between the cost of good light and poor light hardly amounts to a cent an hour. Good light is a protection against eye-strain, which is likely to cause impairment of sight and be damaging to beauty.

Always look for the mark MAZDA upon the lamps you buy. It is a guide to tested quality.

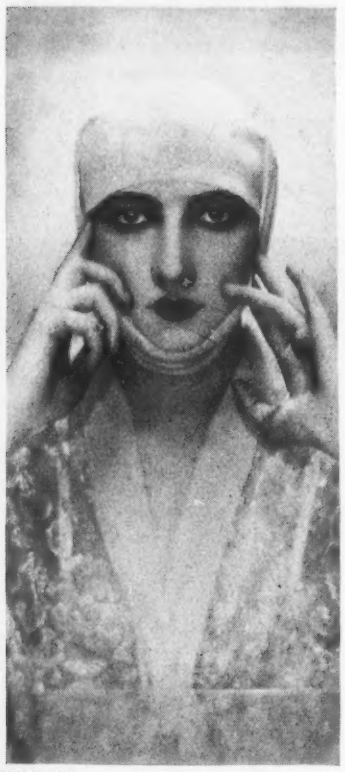
*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

THE MARK OF QUALITY

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

CLEARING THE SKIN



DEMEYER

LESSON NUMBER FOUR—*In previous lessons, Miss Arden has described the first steps in her famous treatment—Cleansing, Toning and Soothing. The next step is CLEARING . . . (Extra copies of earlier lessons may be obtained on request.)*

PREPARATIONS REFERRED TO IN THIS LESSON

For Quickening the Circulation

VENETIAN ANTI-BROWN SPOT OINTMENT

A creamy, tingling ointment which stimulates the circulation, and is helpful in erasing marks of sallowness . . $2.50, $5.

VENETIAN ARDENA MASQUE

A wonderful corrective which purifies and awakens the skin and revives weary tissues. Especially beneficial for oiliness and eruptions. Jar sufficient for 6 treatments . $5.

For Soothing and Healing

VENETIAN ACNE LOTION

An antiseptic healing lotion which frees the skin of pimples, spots and eruptions. $1.25.

VENETIAN HEALING CREAM

A healing and remedial cream to be used for skin blemishes . . . . $1.25.

SPOTPRUF LOTION

A healing preparation that is ideal for daytime use. In addition to its medicinal effect it gives the skin a smooth, silky appearance. $3.

SPOTPRUF CREAM

All the healing properties of Spotpruf Lotion have been included in this important preparation to be used overnight . . $5.

SPOTPRUF HAIR TONIC

In creating this tonic Miss Arden has recognized the fact that eruptions of the face frequently start on the scalp. Spotpruf Hair Tonic has been formulated to relieve such a condition . . . . . $2.

ALMOST all skins are in need of a thorough pre-summer clearing. For one thing, a stodgy wintertime diet is likely to have sapped the color from the cheeks. Furthermore, the uncertain temperatures of the changing season cause the skin to be unusually sensitive and subject to eruptions.

The springtime of life is trying to the skin, too. Who does not know that difficult period of youth when the skin breaks out on the slightest provocation, or (seemingly) without provocation?

To all of you who are combating bumps and blotches, and longing for the clear color and fine texture of a healthy skin, this lesson is directed.

The most effective treatment works in two ways: the skin is purified from the *inside* by flushing the face with a fresh blood supply, and it is cleansed and soothed from the *outside*. Preparations to achieve these results must be chosen with great care, as the free use of oils may spread trouble instead of relieving it.

The following treatments have been thoroughly tested in my Salons, with most gratifying results.

The simplest and most generally useful of healing treatments consists of my Spotpruf Lotion and Spotpruf Cream used in combination. After you have cleansed your skin night and morning with Cleansing Cream, pat with Spotpruf Lotion, which is not only delightfully soothing and antiseptic, but makes a lovely silky powder base. At night, pat a thin film of Spotpruf Cream on the affected areas. As easy as it is effective!

For the oily skin with persistent eruptions, you may require a more heroic treatment: begin with an application of Anti-Brown Spot *exactly according to directions on the jar.* The smarting sensation is caused by the active ingredients which bring the blood to the surface. Two minutes.. *one* minute . . may be long enough for the first application, if your face is unduly sensitive.

Remove Anti-Brown Spot with Cleansing Cream and Tissues. Wipe thoroughly and gently. Press out surface gatherings. Pat on Acne Lotion. For daytime, powder directly over the Lotion; at night, follow with Healing Cream, which is left on.

Given nightly, this treatment has successfully cleared many cases of acne.

For the oily skin with a tendency to sallowness and minor eruptions, I have prepared my Venetian Ardena Masque, a complete treatment, which should be taken once or twice a week, to draw the blood to the face, and freshen and clear the surfaces.

There is not room to give more detailed instructions, but to any of you who are interested I will gladly send my booklet "The Quest of the Beautiful," describing my Preparations fully.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE

PARIS • LONDON • BERLIN • MADRID • ROME • BIARRITZ • CANNES

CHICAGO-PHILADELPHIA-WASHINGTON-DETROIT-BOSTON-ATLANTIC CITY-SAN FRANCISCO-LOS ANGELES

In Canada Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are obtainable at no increase in price.

Canadian Wholesale Distributors: Elizabeth Arden of Canada Ltd., 207 Queens Quay, Toronto, Canada

© Elizabeth Arden, 1930

(Continued from Page 80)

wifely divination which, despite the anti-feminists, do occur. "Poor old dear," she said, "it's a rotten shame to have your vacation start off this way. I'm just as sorry as I can be."

Naturally he was remorseful. "You're a darling, Mary," he said, hugging her close. "Of course I'll do your errands. Bring on the radishes. I'll talk to Mr. Katz like a Dutch uncle. And I'll buy the lemons."

So he went, feeling much better after the little scene, and when he came back he brought the lemons, and reported scolding Mr. Katz roundly as to the radishes.

The next day was Wednesday, and it did not rain! Neither, however, did it clear. Wet clouds rode the sky in a constant menace, and the air was fifteen degrees below what a proper early September day should be. It did not, however, make very much difference to the Edsens, for both of them had feverish watery head colds, from driving in the rain to Bettertown for dinner the night before.

IN THE afternoon Frank took the car down to be repaired, then came home and spent the rest of the day on the couch. Mary had the armchair, and when she wasn't dosing herself or blowing her nose, she tried to sew. "Three days gone, absolutely shot to pieces," said Frank gloomily as they went at last upstairs to bed. "Over a fifth of my vacation."

Mary sniffled and was silent. She knew if she tried to speak she'd burst into tears.

Thursday was clear and warmer, and their colds were better. But after all, what to do! The links were ankle-deep in mud, the tennis courts little better; they were not well enough to go over to the bay for a swim, and they were far from feeling picnickish. But they could, and did, sit out on the porch in the sunshine, though it didn't cheer them to do it. By now their tempers were straining at the leash, and late that afternoon they broke loose.

"I wish you'd never had this bright idea," said Mary. "I'd rather do without an extra bathroom all my life than endure another four days like these."

"I suppose it's my fault that it rained."

"It's your fault that we were here while it rained."

"That's a sweet reasonable remark."

"It's perfectly true, and you can't deny it."

"Good Lord!" exploded Frank, "you women are the limit. You wanted to stay home, you said it a hundred times. You thought it would be great. And because of a little bad weather you act like a child."

"I act like a child! I'd like to see anybody who's been more childish than you have. You've been helpless about everything! At least I've accomplished something. I haven't been bone idle."

"You'd probably like me to make furniture like Bill Martine, and fill up the house with lopsided bookcases and funny chairs and tables."

"I think you're just horrid," said Mary, and slammed into the house.

"I THINK you're silly," Frank called after her, and slammed off in his turn down the street. He went downtown and walked about aimlessly, looked in the windows of the nucleus of small shops which supplied the suburb with the necessities of life, drank a soda, which disagreed with him, and all the time nursed his anger and resentment. Being near the station he impulsively decided that he'd go into the city and get dinner by himself. Let Mary do a little worrying about him, serve her right.

As he walked up the street from the station someone called him by name and when he turned in none too pleased surprise here was Pierce Townsend, the agreeable chap who had been at the Fearard's party. "Hello, hello," cried Townsend, "how's the stalwart home vacationer? And how's Mrs. Edsen? Awfully glad to see you."

Frank forced a smile and a carefree demeanor. "Gosh, and I'm glad to see you! Mary had to go off for a night to see a sick cousin, and I'm all at a loose end."

"Fine! I just got let out of a dinner engagement and I'm on the loose myself. Come along and be my guest. We'll go to a roof and then drop in to see Twinkles. What d'you say?"

HE WAS so good-natured and so cordial that Frank's ill humor melted away. He went along with Pierce Townsend feeling gay and larky, and their perfectly innocent and proper little dinner and visit to the theater became to him the most delightful adventure.

But when the time came for him to take the train home he began to think of Mary guiltily and uneasily. He shouldn't have stayed in town without telephoning. Poor Mary—she must be nearly frantic by this time over his nonappearance! Mingled with these compunctions was the prospect of tomorrow, where he could see himself eating humble pie as heartily as he had eaten Monday night's pâté of steak. That picture was not so good! So, casting around for some way to divert it, partially at least, he heard himself—not without a little surprised pride in his powers of invention—inviting Pierce Townsend out to Avon Street for a poker party the very next night. "Just a stag crowd, mostly the fellows you met when you were out at the Fearards," he said urgingly.

"Righto!" cried Townsend. "What time?"

"Oh, along about seven. We'll have a cold supper and then settle down to the dirty work."

All the way out on the train he bolstered himself up with internal argument to the effect that he certainly had a right to have a poker party now and then if he wanted one. And a cold supper wasn't any bother; he'd just buy some sliced ham and rolls and olives and ginger ale. He'd explain it to Mary. Moreover, he'd be properly contrite and loving when he got home, and own right up that he'd behaved in a very mean ugly way, and was sorry as he could be. He would also, tomorrow, buy her a present of something she wanted very much, and he tried to remember such wishes as he'd heard her express recently.

ALL he could recall, however, was a pair of old Sheffield candlesticks in an antique shop out on the Post Road, and he had once priced them. They cost sixty dollars. Mary had longed for those candlesticks, though they both knew their budget didn't cover such an outlay legitimately. But now Frank decided that he would buy her the candlesticks and with them immunity for himself from reproaches; likewise her aid in making his poker party a success. It also occurred to him that with reasonable luck his party ought to net him a good slice of the money needed for the candlesticks.

The houses on Avon Street were all dark and sleeping when he reached there after midnight.

Frank went upstairs, preserving a mean between a stealthy housebreaker and a thoughtful husband who simply doesn't want to disturb, and lit the light over the dresser. Mary was in her own bed, peacefully sleeping. His bed still wore its day cover, as if she didn't expect him to come back and didn't care. He felt let down.

Caution prevailed on him to leave her undisturbed, so he undressed and went to bed quietly. Just as he dropped off into slumber he heard the familiar sound of rain gently beating on the veranda roof.

He slept late the next morning and when he woke Mary's bed was empty. He leaped out of bed, dressed in three motions and ran down, calling "Mary, Mary," but no one replied. Mary was not in the living room, the dining room or the kitchen, nor on the front porch, nor even on the back

(Continued on Page 84)

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(Continued from Page 82)

porch. There was, however, a note on the kitchen table:

I have gone in town shopping and will probably spend the evening there. You will find something to eat in the ice box.

MARY.

Rage and despair swept over him. Then he stiffened. She was merely taking childish revenge, and she might jolly well go ahead and do it. He didn't care, it saved him buying the propitiatory candlesticks, and he was going right ahead and have his poker party, no matter what happened. Anyway, it wasn't raining!

In the ice box he found a plate of sandwiches and a bottle of grape juice; these he took into the living room beside the telephone and breakfasted there as he invited his guests. He caught George Levett at his office and asked him. Also Grover Stell and Arthur Jeffers. That was five! But to Frank seven was the ideal number for poker, and besides he wanted this party to be a wow, an outstanding event. Cody Scott made another. If only Jim Fearard were home, but he wouldn't be until Sunday. He wasn't going to ask that boob, Martine, however. At last he thought of a man in his own office, one Ernest King—he'd do for the seventh. King accepted, and the party was complete.

SO FAR, so good, thought Frank. Now all he had to do was to provide the supper. And, by golly, he'd have a good one! No measly spread tonight.

Frank went to a restaurant and specialty shop and bought two large tins of caviar, a roasted turkey, a baked Virginia ham, half a gallon of crab-flake salad, potato chips, rolls, crackers, salted nuts, candy, three large peach pies, ginger ale, mineral water, fruit, cigars and cigarettes, even matches! The bill was more than the price of the silver candlesticks, but it did not daunt him. "I'll get it back tonight," he promised himself jauntily.

"My Lord!" said George Levett, when he came in. "What is this—the annual banquet of the fraternal order of downtrodden husbands? I never saw so much food assembled in one place before in my life."

"Well, you know what to do with it," said Frank, pleased with the effect of his extravagance.

They all ate heartily, but even so the food was not a quarter gone when they could eat no more. Frank let the remains of the feast stand as they were, and marshaled his guests into the living room.

It was not the custom, in the infrequent poker parties of Avon Street, to play higher than penny ante. But tonight, after the lavish supper, a feeling of derring do was abroad, so when Pierce Townsend, who was first dealer, looked about the table and said "I don't know your rules out here, but I suppose it's like everywhere else, blues fifty, reds twenty-five, whites a dime and it takes a red chip to come in" nobody demurred.

NOW fifty cents, quarters and dimes do not sound like so very much, but they can mount up to a substantial sum in a very short time. Frank, being host, could not demur at the stakes, but he made up his mind to play his cards very close to his chest, and not to do any fancy betting with anything less than three of a kind. He would simply trail along until he got something swell, and then, bam—he'd show these babies what poker really was.

Now that was an excellent resolution, easy to carry out when, as and if the resolver gets the cards to do it with. But Frank got nothing. His chips got lower and lower by fruitless antes. Meanwhile Ernest King, George Levett and Pierce Townsend were winning steadily, and being highly jocular about their luck.

So at last Frank began to try to bluff. The first time he got away with it and raked in a substantial pot. With this encouragement he tried it again, but Ernest King called him and bettered his hand. Ernest's unmerciful ragging at this triumph exasperated and excited Frank. He ran completely amuck.

But along about twelve-thirty there was an interruption. A key was heard at the front door and as the men looked up it was to meet the astonished—and distinctly not pleased—gaze of the returned Mary. "Well!" she said. "Well! Quite a late party! Good evening, everybody." She looked past them out through the double doors into the dining room, where the lights still burned and where the bountiful remains of the Gargantuan feast lay in a state of high visibility.

"If you fellows are going to catch the last train back to the city," suggested George quickly to Ernest King and Pierce Townsend.

"Yes, of course! No idea it was so late," they mumbled. There began a quick scramble to settle up.

FRANK was the shorn lamb. He owed a hundred and eighty-eight dollars, seventy-eight of which went to Townsend, a hundred and three to Ernest King and seven to George.

"Thanks, old chap," said Townsend. "Better luck next time."

"Yes, we'll have to give you your revenge," grinned Ernest King.

As the last guest departed, Frank, in a spasm of rage, scooped up the chips and flung them through the open window out on the side lawn. "There, drat you," he remarked, "that'll be all for you!"

Mary came in from the kitchen and looked at him. "How much did you lose?" she asked.

"Hundred and eighty-eight!"

"And what did all that food cost?"

He winced, but came through: "Sixty-three dollars and twenty cents."

"That makes—let me see—two hundred and fifty-one dollars and twenty cents. In other words, our bathroom is sunk."

She walked about, turning out lights, picking up cigarette butts, pushing chairs back in place. Frank watched her drearily, his head on his hands.

"I know what you're thinking," he said, "but it's not half as bad as I deserve."

"I don't see why you had to do it."

"I guess I've got a weak nature. And the rain—and I kept thinking—say, Mary, listen: Let's start off early tomorrow morning and go down to the shore and spend the rest of the time with the Smeeds. We might as well shoot the rest of the roll; we might as well get something out of this mess." He looked up at her beseechingly.

"WELL, I'm fed up," admitted Mary. "We can pack tonight and get off about sunrise. We've got no decent clothes, but it's after the season."

"And rates'll be cheaper too. Mary, will you really do it?"

"I certainly will, and I'll be glad and thankful to get away."

"Oh, Mary, darling—look here, you going to forgive me?"

"Yes, I'm going to forgive you. I don't promise not to nag you about it now and then, though."

"You nag all you want. I've got it coming to me. Just so I don't have to hear it from the neighbors."

But on Tuesday morning, when with Mr. and Mrs. Smeed they were reveling in a sun bath on a comfortably empty beach, a boy from the hotel approached with a small package. "Mr. Edsen, this just came special delivery for you, and the clerk said I better bring it down here."

"What on earth is it?" asked Mary, rolling over. Lois and Bob Smeed sat up expectantly also.

"It's heavy," said Frank. "I don't recognize the handwriting."

"Maybe it's a bomb. You'd better souse it in the pool over there."

"Oh, I'll take a chance." He ripped off the paper and opened the box. Red, white and blue poker chips neatly aligned lay before him. Also a card:

Just a little souvenir of the perfect vacation at home, with kind regards from Avon Street.

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Of hundreds of doctors who recently wrote us—every one considered it important for mothers to use a boil-proof nursing bottle . . . They say Pyrex Nursing Bottles promote higher infant health standards because they can be sterilized so effectively—they will not break even in continued vigorous boiling.

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"Seventeen is mine...All around the clock I wear it ...I tell people that I think it was just made for me!"

If you're a modern... SEVENTEEN is for you

A perfume...newer than the newest small talk! More modern than your swiftest motor car. More daring than your latest thought.

Yet subtle, too...naive...and elfin...Like a dryad's darting shyness...springtime... April...taken in crystal draughts.

SEVENTEEN *is* you...a whisper of your own verve and personality...the accent for your modern, sparkling, *different* charms.

« « «

Try *Seventeen* today...you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold.

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen!* The *Perfume,* in such exquisite little French flacons...the *Powder,* so new and smart in shadings...the *Toilet Water,* like a caress...the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury...the *Talc*...the *Sachet* ...two kinds of *Brillantine*...and the *Compact,* gleaming black and gold...like no other compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all.

"I can't get it to start!"

She always just asked for "oil"

She always asks for "oil," although she never buys anything else so casually. She would never ask for just "a box of breakfast food" or just "a jar of cold cream."

Yet, she risks *any oil*, in spite of the engine troubles which the *wrong* oil always causes sooner or later.

Her efficient housekeeping mind would probably be startled by the facts. Among other things the wrong oil often means excessive carbon deposits, fouled spark plugs, and sticking valves. These conditions cause difficult starting and sluggish action in traffic . . . and later a repair bill to pounce on her budget.

"But I know nothing about machinery. *How can I select the right oil for my car?*" Do you feel this way yourself? Yet—you *can choose and test your choice* by facts, though you may know nothing about machinery.

When you learn, for example, that Mobiloil is the leading motor oil on every continent in the world . . . that it is made by the world's recognized leaders in lubrication . . . you might logically decide to choose Mobiloil for these reasons alone.

But to confirm your decision you have two other important facts:

In aviation—where motors *must* not fail—Mobiloil is the leading oil. (Colonel Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart flew the Atlantic with Mobiloil.)

The manufacturer who made your car approves Mobiloil for its engine. *No other oil comes even a close second to Mobiloil in the recommendations of car manufacturers.*

Could *any* facts speak with more certainty than these?

And for your own car?

Why is Mobiloil right for *your particular car?* Because Mobiloil engineers have studied your engine and made a type of Mobiloil to fit it.

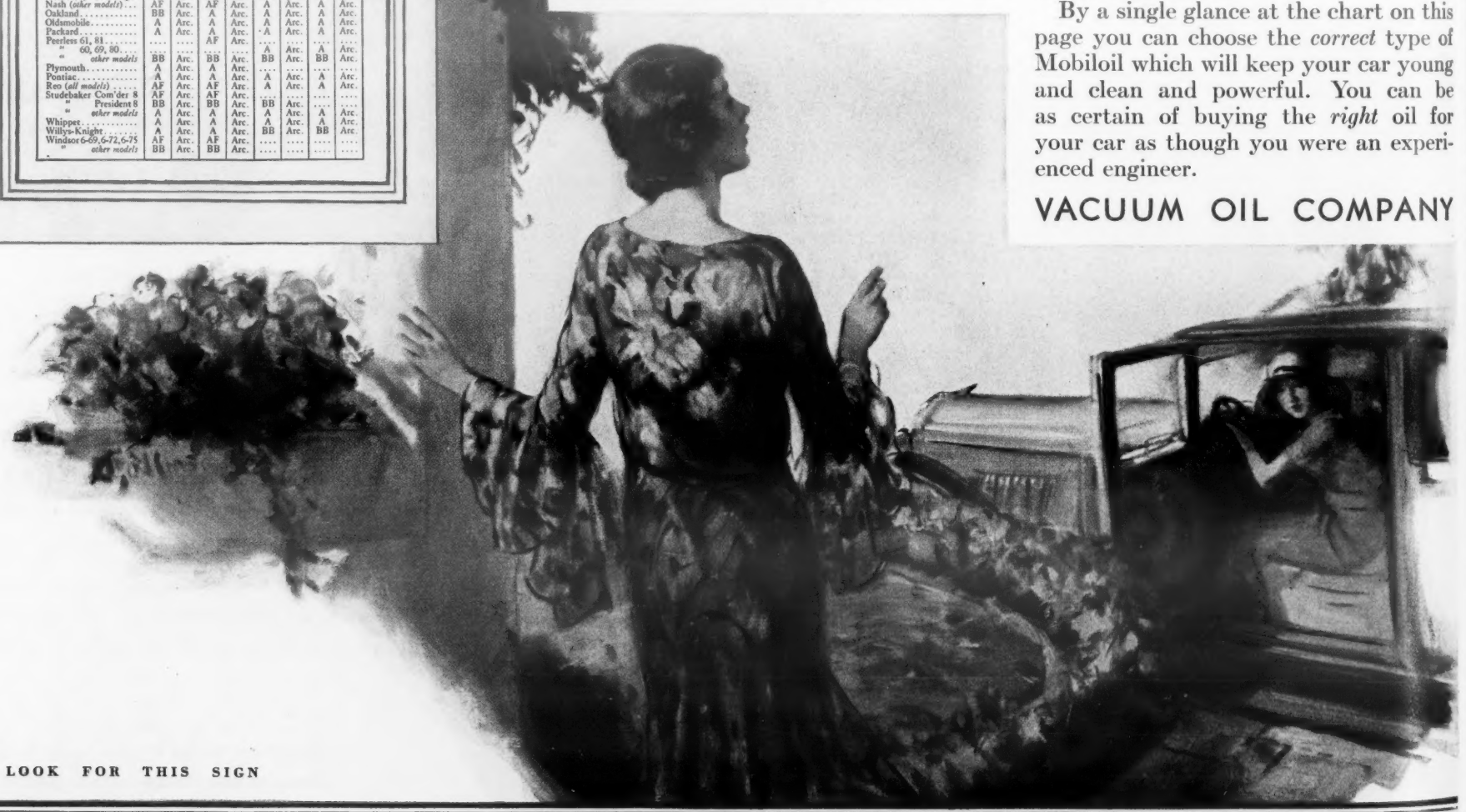
By a single glance at the chart on this page you can choose the *correct* type of Mobiloil which will keep your car young and clean and powerful. You can be as certain of buying the *right* oil for your car as though you were an experienced engineer.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6, Sp.6, Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

NOW she'll ask for

Mobiloil

Ladies' Choice

(Continued from Page 15)

might just drive past the Phelps house. . . . Don't forget to look at the Doty place, too . . . in order to note certain contrasts."

She stopped, turned about in the narrow road and drove back to the village.

"Not so much! Not so much!" she said to herself as she slowed up in front of the Phelps property. Merely a huge white Colonial reproduction which must have cost eighty thousand. The gardener was tending a very haughty and pampered lawn. In the driveway stood Mrs. Phelps' car, the only imported car in town. And what if Charlie Phelps was the first man in town to wear linen knickers? . . . "I'm glad she jilted him!" thought Betty.

IV.

BESIDE her Alex was talking in a low, eager voice; his imagination had leap-frogged all time and obstacles, and he was describing the seventh, happy, prosperous year of their marriage as if it had already happened. But Betty was too deep in her own thoughts to listen.

It was only a mile from the village to the Doty farm on the banks of the lake—Echo Lake, of course. The white cottage was almost hidden by lilacs and poplars and hydrangeas; there were old-fashioned flowers in grandmotherly profusion—love-in-a-mist, four-o'clocks, coreopsis, asters and pansies. But the stone fence was in ruins, Betty could not help noticing. The house needed painting. The barn should have been shingled long ago. There were weeds in the corn.

All these things were perfectly obvious a week ago, or even a year ago, but today for the first time Betty was in a mood to observe them. She began whistling shrilly and turned her head away. Then she saw Rob Doty fishing at the mouth of the little creek which flowed into the lake.

He could have been well-off by now, people in the village said, if only he had tended to business.

Betty stopped the car in the driveway; with both hands on the wheel she sat motionless a moment.

Alex continued with fervor to outline the future. But when he saw Betty's puckered eyebrows, he asked:

"What are you thinking about, darling?"

"Darling," she said, "I'm thinking about certain contrasts."

Then at the puzzled look on Alex's face she felt guilty of treason. She whirled in the seat, threw her arms about his neck and hugged him with violence.

ROB DOTY, coming up the path with a fishing rod in hand, paused at the spectacle of his son being nearly smothered. Dropping the rod, he threw back his head and began to laugh; and there was always something about Rob Doty's laugh that it left its listeners smiling, whether or not they willed.

"I was afraid," chuckled Doty, "you were going to wring his neck."

Betty's sidewise look was thoughtful as well as amused. "Sometimes I do have a good notion to!"

On the way into the house Betty noticed as if for the first time how much alike father and son were. Rob Doty at fifty seemed hardly more than half the age, with his smooth, sun-browned face, his lithe walk and wavy, thick hair. The only marks of time were the humorous wrinkles at the corners of his eyes. Alex had inherited not only the slender, six-foot physique of his father but also the voice, the impulsive gestures, the imagination, the charm and carefree gayety.

Mrs. Doty was canning preserves before a kitchen stove which outdid the July day. She took Betty's hand and led her to a screen porch. She said, "Now you sit right down, dear, and I'll get some ginger beer. It's in the spring and it ought to be cold as ice."

Alex dropped into the bench beside Betty. "You're so quiet today!" he complained.

"I'm tired, I guess." She tried to smile.

"I was afraid you were still worrying about what your father said." His face brightened. "You wait until he hears the news next Thursday about the fishing club buying the farm! Don't you know, it's practically sure that after giving these people swimming lessons all summer I'll be able to land a big job in Boston next winter? And then ——"

Like an arrow of fancy he was speeding out into thin blue air; and Betty was too preoccupied to follow. When Rob Doty came out on the porch he put aside the fishing reel that he was repairing and joined Alex's flight over the clouds: "That's it! That's it! Sure as you're alive, Alex. They'll want mother and me to live in the big clubhouse, I suppose, but I'm planning to keep the place."

Already they were seeing a stately mansion of pleasure on the site of the weedy cornfield; plump, opulent sportsmen playing golf in the cow pasture; gay couples strolling down the flowered paths. . . . But Mrs. Doty, returning with the ginger beer, glanced into Betty's eyes and in that fleeting instant they understood each other. Over the pitcher their hands touched with a shy, quick pressure.

ALL oblivious, Rob Doty slapped his knee resoundingly. "Here's a great idea! Thursday night after all the arrangements for the deal are made, we'll have an old-fashioned country dance. Yes, sir! I'll practice up on some of my best fiddle tunes—we'll clear out the dining room and parlor and ——"

"Wait, Rob!" Patiently, almost defensively, Mrs. Doty tried to dam the flood of zeal. "You can't be sure, Rob. Only one man has looked at the farm so far—we don't know anything definite until the committee meets Thursday. It just might be—oh, Rob! it means so much to us and we ought to be starting now to prepare for the business Thursday, doing everything we can ——"

Her voice caught almost imperceptibly despite her air of calm.

Rob Doty's reply was as amiable and irresolute as his whole life had been. "It was just because I wanted you to have a good time, you two girls. For you and Betty, the dance will be, and it's going to be the best this country has seen since the old days."

In a moment he and Alex would have been launched into another flight, but this time it was Betty who intervened. "I wouldn't come even if you had your dance! This isn't any time for—a dance. You and Alex both know it isn't. Right this minute both of you ought to be talking to lawyers and bankers about the business and—if you don't I'm going to myself!"

She backed toward the door, looking very small and pale and determined. In a dazed way she took in the situation and became at once a little awed by her own boldness.

"I think," she said, "I'd better be going!"

When Alex had recovered he leaped to his feet and ran down the driveway. He stood dejectedly watching the car roar its high-powered way into the road and disappear in the direction of the village.

V.

BUT she did not go directly home. She drove about the countryside, not caring which road she took, while she talked aloud in a low, solemn voice to the green roadster. For a long time past she had asked the advice of the

(Continued on Page 89)

Annoying and Expensive

these troubles that come from harsh toilet tissue . . .

AILMENTS of this nature are a serious burden—physically and financially.

Yet millions have them. In fact, some doctors estimate that 65% of all men and women over forty years of age are suffering from some form of rectal trouble.

An astonishing statement! Yet not surprising when you consider the careless attitude of most people toward the quality of toilet tissue used in their homes and business offices.

Prices for U. S. only

All three Scott Tissues are closely wrapped to fit the modern built-in fixtures

Only recently has the importance of bathroom tissue to health been fully realized.

Today, however, those responsible for the purchasing of bathroom equipment are beginning to insist upon the tissues that physicians and hospitals have thoroughly approved —ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf.

SCOTT TISSUES are made from specially processed "thirsty fibres." Soft, cloth-like fibres that absorb quickly . . . completely.

Crumpled in the hand, they feel as suave and yielding as old linen. Yet they are tough and strong in texture.

They are twice as absorbent as ordinary toilet tissue. And absorbency is absolutely necessary for thorough cleansing.

Only the finest fresh materials go into Scott Tissues. They are chemically pure—neither acid nor alkaline in reaction.

The sheets tear squarely. The rolls are closely wrapped to fit the standard built-in fixtures.

Don't take chances. Always ask for ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. They cost no more than ordinary tissues. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

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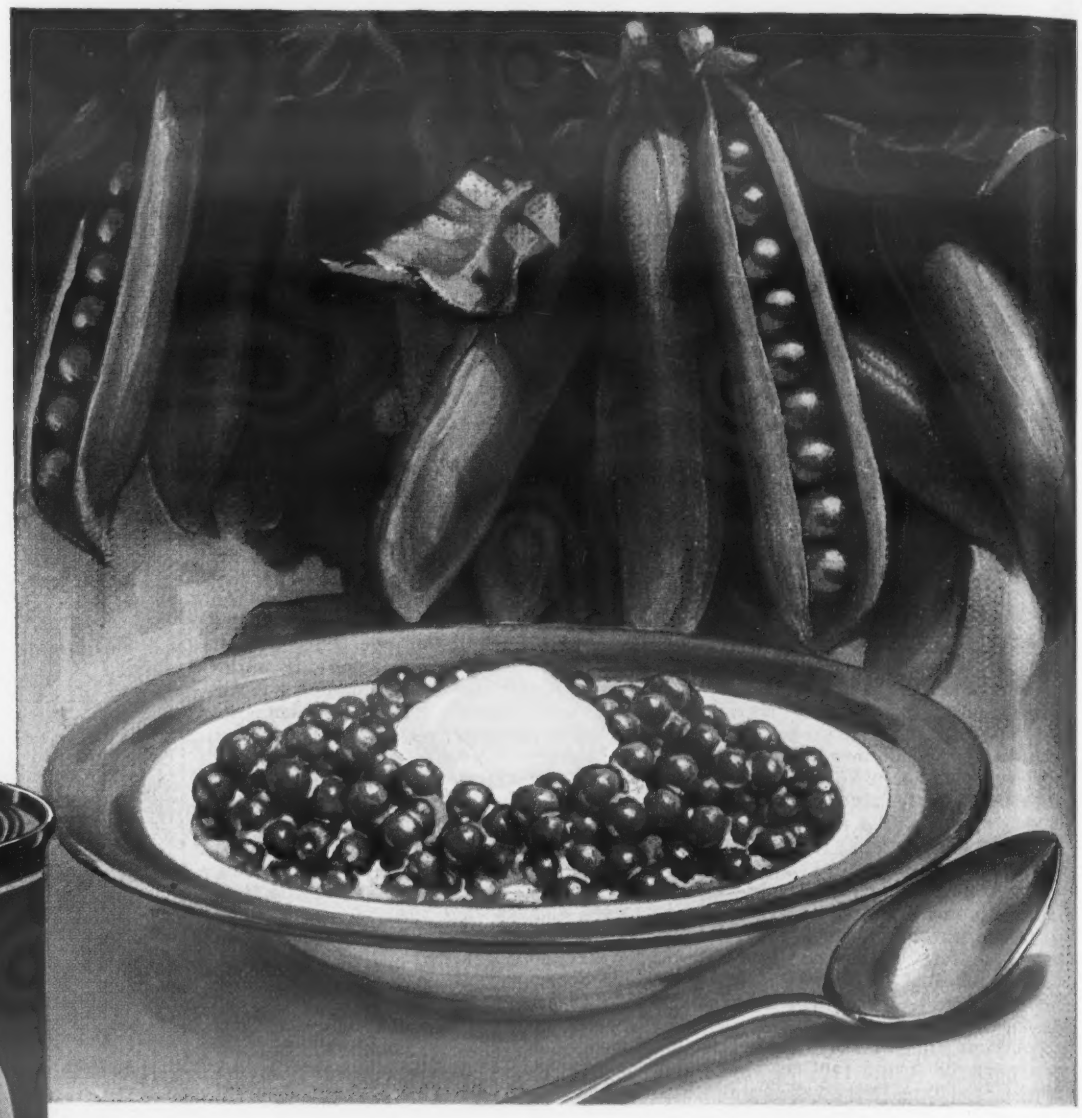
Scott Tissues

NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world. Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

You serve them so often!

Why not be sure of the finer flavor **DEL MONTE** *always guarantees?*



PEAS are such a staple—it's easy to forget what a difference their flavor really can make! But you'll add tremendously to your own enjoyment—if you keep it in mind whenever you buy.

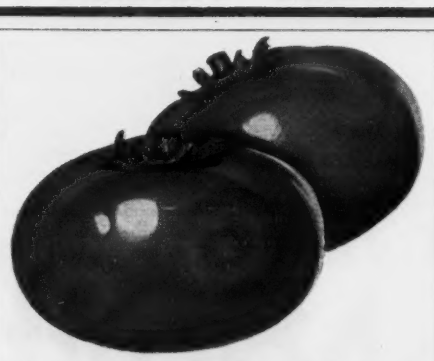
DEL MONTE Peas are peas at their finest—the best peas it is possible to grow or pack. Even the seed is specially selected—grown from our own strains on our own experimental farms. They're picked from our own gardens while young and fresh—inspected again and again to insure their tenderness and flavor—packed *fresh* in our own canneries, among the fields themselves. They bring to your table all the experience and care which have made DEL MONTE Quality famous in so many other foods.

Buy some today—serve them piping hot with butter tonight. You'll find how good a can of peas can really be!

Just be sure you say DEL MONTE

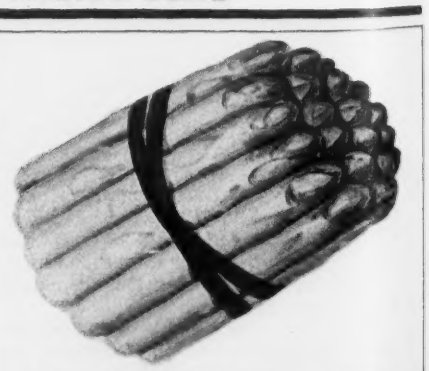
AND DON'T FORGET THESE OTHER DELICIOUS VARIETIES

CORN



TOMATOES

SPINACH



ASPARAGUS

(Continued from Page 87)

red roadster about the questions which were too much for her years; and the roadster, being powerful and yet sensitive, had very often given good counsel.

"It's like this," confided Betty, while her toe sent the arrow from forty up to forty-five. "I'm too wise a child to believe that love in a cottage is love just because it's in the cottage. It's love because it would have made the grade in a palace too."

The roadster purred its assent.

"Maybe I am too practical," mused Betty, "because in the fairy stories Cinderella always sits back in her pumpkin coach and never gives a thought to the exchequer of the Prince's kindgom. And there's this to remember: Cinderella's prince had a job—mine hasn't."

Spurting around a dizzy curve, the roadster seemed to be taking its own course.

"I've got to think straight and fast—and soon. I suppose that no matter how hard it is I ought to tell Alex I can't marry him—I can't—I really can't ——"

She stopped, glanced about her as if in a panic and buried her face against her arms on the steering wheel. "But the trouble is, I love him so much!"

It was like Betty to recover in a brief, April-like moment and angrily dab her eyes. Driving very slowly, she turned the nose of the car toward home.

Her father was beginning dinner. As Betty seated herself opposite, Mr. Trimble mildly inquired:

"You were driving this afternoon?"

"Yes." There was spirit in the tilt of her nose.

"And—ah—did you ——"

"Don't ask me if I observed certain contrasts! I'll never be able to stand those words again."

VI.

MR. TRIMBLE'S newspaper crackled nervously. "I hope," he said, "that the committee will buy the Doty farm, but as a banker I ought to tell you that the Chisholm place will probably be the ultimate choice."

He stood beside her a minute in kindly hesitation. "Ah—good night," he said and retreated toward his study.

Until midnight Betty clung to the pretense of her book. Most of the time she was picturing Ward Chisholm, active, energetic, businesslike, and she knew that her father's prediction was justified. The Chisholm property did not have so ideal a lake frontage as the Doty acres, but it was neat and well-kept. Its owner would not neglect any opportunity. Ward Chisholm was a decent-enough fellow, but to Betty he seemed scheming and dangerous.

"If only I could do something," she mourned.

The next morning Alex called her from the breakfast table to the telephone. His voice was appealing. "Aw, Betty! Can't you give me a chance to tell you? Listen—I can be up there in a few minutes and we'll go for a ride ——"

"With only two days left before Thursday?"

"Well, if you put it that way, but—we'll ride for just an hour or two and then I'll get busy. How's that?"

SHE gripped the receiver. It was harder to wound Alex than any other person on earth, but she put daggers into her voice. "I don't feel like riding today." She paused. "Besides, you might forget and go swimming or something on the way up here. You do things that way, you know."

"But—Betty!"

"It's really no use."

"But ——"

"You talk so much!"

A long silence. When he spoke again there was a new quality in his tone. "If you feel that way about it ——"

"I do."

"All right!"

The two curt words made her more miserably happy than any endearing thing he had ever said. If only he could be thoroughly aroused for once in his life! "Please," she said, "go swimming."

She hung up the receiver.

The roadster seemed possessed of a mocking sense of direction the next day. Whenever Betty relaxed her watchfulness for a moment the ornate radiator emblem was sure to be pointed in the direction of the Doty farm. Weary of backing around in narrow roads, she finally gave up and went home. She was unable to concentrate upon a book and out of sheer boredom buried herself in the weekly newspaper. Among the brief "local jottings" of village events she read:

Alexander Doty left yesterday for a few days' pleasure trip to the city. Have a good time, Alex, and come back soon.

VII.

USUALLY the events of Mr. Trimble's life did not vary a minute from day to day. At 12:30 on Thursday noon he was home for lunch, driving the sober black car he had driven for eight years. He had little to say to Betty; as an apparent afterthought when he arose from the table at 1:10 he murmured: "The committee from the fishing club will meet in the directors' room of my bank at three o'clock and entertain offers."

"Oh, yes," said Betty. She did not seem interested.

For twelve minutes, as was his custom, Mr. Trimble read the financial columns and then departed.

This was all as it should have been. But at 2:42 P.M. as Betty was sitting disconsolately by the window, not wanting even to drive the roadster, Mr. Trimble's car drove into the yard at a pace which for him was unseemly.

He was breathing a little heavily from his ascent of the steps. "I merely—ah—thought," he said apologetically, "that you might be interested—everybody is at the bank waiting for the committee except the Dotys. The meeting will start in a very few minutes."

Betty stared at him a long time. She said slowly, "You—are—a—wonder!"

"Yes, yes."

His embarrassed face mutely plead with her not to display any more feminine emotion.

BETTY waited until he had disappeared down the street. Then she tore out of the house, ran across the yard and vaulted into the seat of the roadster. Its sprint to the Doty farm astonished even Betty. But there was no reply to her frantic bang of the door. She returned to the car, and then down by the lake she saw Rob Doty fishing in the company of three strangers. Betty drove back and parked behind a sedan standing in the road.

She crossed the field toward the group on the shore. The three tourists were middle-aged, prosperous-looking men in tweeds and knickers, all of them equally engrossed in a fishing rod and the yarn which Doty was telling. While he told it he leisurely went on vulcanizing an inner tube, with great risk to his best suit.

At a glance she guessed what had happened. The sedan with tire trouble . . . the tourists going to Doty's to telephone a garage. . . . Mrs. Doty not home and Rob saying, "It'll only take me a minute to fix it, and you might have to wait a long time for the trouble car." The tourists, astounded at such samaritanism, protesting, "We wouldn't think of bothering you." And Rob heartily, "No bother at all! I've got nothing to do till three."

And here they were like four small boys dangling a fish line—at five minutes to three! They were so absorbed that Betty's presence went unnoticed. Rob Doty was famous for his fish stories.

A roar of appreciative mirth interrupted the narrative. Betty glanced at

(Continued on Page 91)

Leaves Your Hair Lovely and Alluring

"A Beauty Shampoo in 10 minutes"

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost—you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing" which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . . its gloss and lustre . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage, and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

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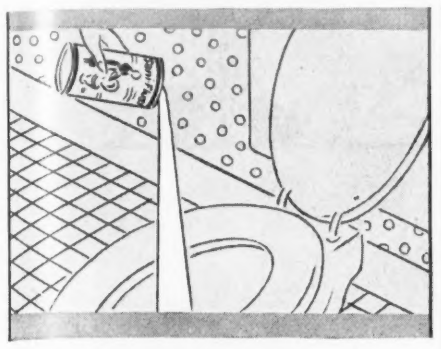
SIXES AND EIGHTS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

Bathroom drudgery is now OLD-FASHIONED



THE MOST disagreeable of all household tasks—scrubbing an unclean toilet bowl—is out of date and unnecessary now. Much better results can be obtained without unpleasantness.

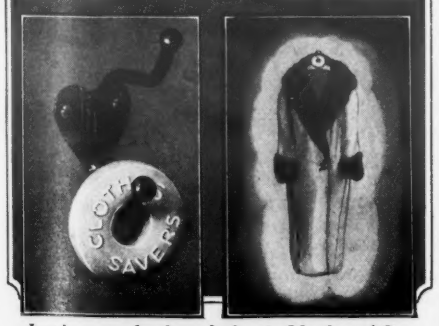
Sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the toilet bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and instantly the bowl will be snow-white. Odors will disappear, germs will be killed, and perfect sanitation will take the place of dangerous impurity.

Spare yourself needless hard work. Sani-Flush is sold by all grocery, drug and hardware stores in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of* MELO *—a fine water softener.*)

Sani-Flush

CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS WITH-OUT SCOURING

MOTH-GAS



Just hang on hooks—clothes in blanket of Gas

Millions Now Use This *Better* Way to KILL MOTHS

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Get *sure* Protection

Avoid substitutes! Insist on Clothes Savers. Clothes Savers are full strength! Quick acting! Their effectiveness is not reduced by devices that *retard* evaporation. Moth-Gas Clothes Savers are sold at drug, housefurnishing and department stores. They cost only **10c**. Economy size, 6 Clothes Savers in metal container—50c. *Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

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MOTH-GAS
CLOTHES SAVERS
-KILLS-
MOTHS · · EGGS · · LARVAE

(Continued from Page 89)

her wrist watch—took a step forward and coughed, but they did not hear her.

When he had concluded, the laughter was like an avalanche. When it had subsided enough for her to be heard, Betty spoke up wildly, "Mr. Doty!"

The three tourists frowned politely at such intrusion. But guiltily Rob Doty replied, "Why, Betty, I was aiming to go in just a minute. Plenty of time yet ——"

"My car is waiting here," she said firmly.

"Wait!" yelled the tourist who held the rod. "Think I got a bite."

Rob Doty had been scrambling meekly to his feet, but now he was all excitement. "Take it easy! There's a big 'un hangs out here. Sure enough—he's walking away with the bait."

In a second the four men seemed to Betty to go mad. They shouted incomprehensible things.

Betty groaned.

She tried feebly once more. "But Mr. Doty has to go ——"

"Don't mind her!" came an unfeeling voice. "We got to get that bass if it takes all day ——"

And another growl: "Women always give you bad luck in fishing. Never saw it to fail. If we lose this one ——"

Two of the tourists glanced back at her ominously, and Betty retreated a pace.

In a few more minutes she admitted that she had lost.

BETTY walked back to the highway, kicking viciously at puffballs with her suède-shod feet. In the seat of the roadster she slumped back, too tired to start the motor.

At twenty minutes to four there was a great yell of triumph and soon the four men proudly bore the bass up the bank.

What with the weighing of the fish and the discussion of the mighty technic of his capture it would certainly be six o'clock before any of them were normal again.

Resignedly Betty drove away.

It was dusk when she reached home after several hours in the roadster. Her father had just finished dinner. His voice held mild reproof. "Mrs. Doty," he said, "has telephoned twice and I had to tell her you were late."

"Any message, dad?"

"Only what you no doubt know already—that you are invited to the dance."

"The dance ——"

"Of course, of course," said Mr. Trimble a little testily. "The dance of celebration—the victory ball, one might well say. You were at Doty's this afternoon and I supposed you had helped plan the affair."

There was such genuine surprise written on her face that he hurried to explain.

"My only information is the news generally known in the village. Ward Chisholm and the others waited at the bank until after four, without the committee appearing. Finally Chisholm went in his car to meet them and find out about the delay. Possibly, too," added Mr. Trimble with dry appreciation, "to steal a march on the others. He found the committee in the Doty kitchen weighing a large fish. Not only did they seem oblivious to the meeting but they had already made a deal with Rob Doty at an attractive figure. That is all I know."

"Oh," said Betty.

She could not think of any other comment.

VIII.

WHEN Betty arrived the dance was in full swing. Two rooms of the Doty cottage had been thrown into one, with benches around the walls. The dim yellow lamplight had turned the clock back fifty years and made it quite appropriate that everybody join in the square dance.

Betty felt alien, with her bobbed hair and ankle-length stockings. For once in her life she wanted to be a wallflower. She was glad to take the doughnut and mug of cider which somebody put into her limp hand; she wanted any excuse to slip away to the most secluded bench.

For a second she felt secure, then the plump, ruddy-faced gentleman at her side boomed out heartily, "Well! Well! You're the girl we saw this afternoon at the lake."

Betty recognized him as the hero who had caught the fish; and she had learned since then that he was a successful manufacturer from Boston. Therefore he did not look so primitive now as he had a few hours ago; she liked the kindly, humorous, shrewd eyes under his gray brows and hair.

"Wonderful, wasn't it?" he asked.

"Buying this place?" she ventured.

"No! No! The fish, of course. It weighed six pounds and four ounces. Don't be silly, my child, we couldn't have helped buying this place after we met Rob Doty."

He leaned forward with both hands on his knees.

"THAT man Chisholm," he mused. "Good business man and all that—not good enough. Thousands of men can step into his shoes in a second. But Rob Doty? The most gorgeous liar I ever heard in my life, and yet a man whose word I'd take in a second; the laziest human I ever saw, and yet a fellow who'd work his head off in the right thing. He's been a failure, certainly. Or can you say that anybody's been a failure who made everybody cheerful after meeting him? Probably some of 'em who are called successes are nothing but grouchy bores to their wives and friends. I wonder! I wonder!"

"I wonder too," said Betty devoutly.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Alex stalking like a melancholy Hamlet out into the darkness. Just then old Dave, who had been calling the quadrilles, mounted to the box beside Rob Doty. "The next number," he called, "will be the one for which us gents have been waitin' and hopin'—LADIES' CHOICE!"

Betty leaned forward and sought out Mrs. Doty in the crowd. Somehow this trivial novelty of the dance seemed to Betty a great dramatic climax. Long ago Elsie Fergus had had her choice—would she have been happier today driving Charlie Phelps' imported car or listening to the blithe notes of Rob Doty's fiddle? Maybe this was a choice which all women at some time make, between position and love, between head and heart, for surely few women could be offered both!

ROB DOTY scraped the battered fiddle with unwonted zeal. At the first note his wife looked up; she turned her face toward his and between them passed a look which threw a rainbow back across all the rainy years. He handed the fiddle to old Dave and danced away with her.

Betty knew now. She, too, had made her choice.

Without hearing what the old gentleman at her side was saying, she hurried out of the door. She found Alex moodily smoking a cigarette in the shadows of the porch. He flipped the cigarette in a fiery arc out into the darkness and snapped:

"'Pleasure trip,' the paper said it was! I suppose you believed it. You would." Still smarting from the sting of their last telephone conversation, he continued angrily, "You thought I was going to stay here and give swimming lessons the rest of my life. Well, I didn't get a job while I was in the city, but ——"

Very gently Betty boxed his ears, kissed him, rearranged his necktie and straightened his hair. "Yes, dear?"

He stared down at the face lifted up to his. He stared first in disbelief and then in wonder and then in devotion. Finally he drew a long breath.

"Betty," he said, "don't you worry. I'm going down to the city again—and the next time ——"

"The next time," she said, "we're going together."

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

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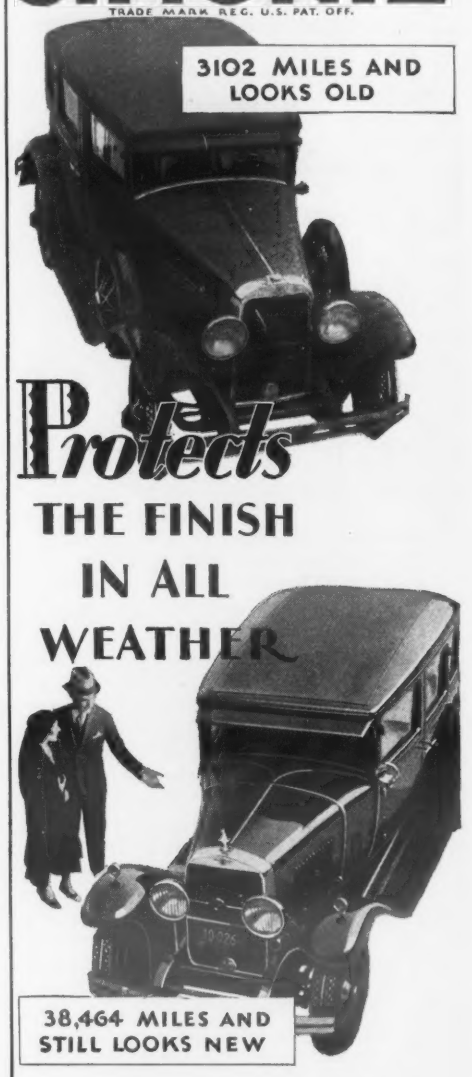

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"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"

The Modern Homemaker

A DEPARTMENT OF HOUSEHOLD ADMINISTRATION—DIRECTED BY LITA BANE

How to Reduce Safely

By DOROTHY STEWART WALLER

Instructor in Dietetics, Department of Internal Medicine, University of Michigan

INTEREST in the control of body weight has achieved social standing. No dinner or bridge is complete without it as a topic of conversation. One might almost classify American women as:

The Fortunate Ones—who keep slender without effort.

The Not so Fortunate—who *can* do it.

The Poor Things—who *just can't* resist.

The sad part about this enthusiasm for slimness is the lack of discrimination which has been used in attaining it. The label "Reduction Diet" has been enough to insure the acceptance of any plan. And there have been plans in plenty. Some have been logical, some fairly harmless and some so unscientific that it is difficult to find any justification for them. Strangely enough it seems to be these illogical, poor-quality diets which make the strongest bid for popular appeal. Reluctantly we must admit the truth of the observation made by Doctor Cramp of the American Medical Association that among the most gullible groups in the American populace are the overweight women and the bald-headed men.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing difficult or mysterious in putting on or taking off pounds. Body weight is index of the relation between our energy income and our energy expense account. It shows whether we live within our energy income just as truly as the bank balance shows whether we live within our income in dollars and cents. If our food intake—measured in calories of food eaten—exceeds what we spend as activity, there is a remainder which the body thriftily "puts by" as fat. We may have eaten that little too much as candy, as pastry, beefsteak, ice cream or salad dressing, but the most important way we store it is as fat. The excess may be large and show itself as a rapid gain in weight, or it may be small and produce a slow, steady increase. One extra pat of butter, taken in excess of the amount needed to just maintain weight, but taken *every day*, amounts to eight pounds of body fat in a year. Think what this means in ten years.

Going in the opposite direction, a calorie supply which is not quite enough for your bodily needs shows itself as a slow, steady loss of weight. An energy intake which is only a fraction of the energy the individual is spending will give a rapid loss of weight.

Contrary to established tradition this simple rational explanation of leanness and fatness can now be applied to everyone. There has been heretofore a group of people whose obesity was supposed to be due, not to the food they ate, but to some abnormal functioning of their glands of internal secretion. That this view can no longer be held is shown by Doctor Newburgh's work*. The bank-balance analogy still holds. Just as the only way to save money is to spend less than one earns, so the only way to gain weight is to spend less calories than one eats.

A Matter of Calories

THUS far it is perfectly simple. Why, then, all the tears of those who would so like to be slender and aren't, of those who would so like to gain ten pounds and can't seem to do it?

Why then all the alarm of the doctors and nutrition experts, who are concerned with our national health? Thereby hang several tales.

In the first place, there have been many people who have undertaken weight reduction who should not have done so at all. They have jeopardized their health, and actually produced serious illness by so doing. There are others who could have reduced their weight a moderate amount with profit, but who in their enthusiasm have lost "not wisely but too well."

Before you *even consider* starting on a reduction diet, *please consult* your doctor. Let him tell you, on the basis of his examination and experience, whether you *should* reduce your weight. He may tell you you should gain ten pounds rather than lose it. And if he does, it is for reasons which are far more important to you than what happens to be the fashionable hip measure in this year of our Lord 1930.

It isn't the size of the meal that counts, but how much fat and concentrated carbohydrate it contains.

Secondly, reducing and gaining diets can be described very simply. They are adequate diets whose calories have been decreased or increased. Planning them is another matter, particularly the reduction diet. Any table of food composition will help you count your calories. Reduction-diet fads by the dozen will tell you what to eat. But will you be well nourished in the meantime? Not unless your diet is planned with an understanding of what food means to the body.

What is a good diet? Certainly it is one that supplies every need of these marvelously constructed and functioning human machines of ours. It is a food supply which gives the body the best possible working conditions. Doctor Sherman defines it as "one which maintains an individual at his highest possible level of physical and mental efficiency." This means a supply of:

PROTEIN. Building material, suitable in quality and quantity for maintaining the muscles, nerves, blood vessels—all of our body tissue; for making good the small fractions of tissue which wear out and are discarded hour by hour and minute by minute all through the day.

MINERALS. To make good the same kind of steady constant need for repair in bone, teeth, blood, digestive juices and the secretions of the various glands.

VITAMINS. Those mysterious "sparks," those minute quantities of something which mean a smooth-running engine; which have to do with our resistance to infection, our appetite and the maintenance of a good, snappy tone in the digestive tract.

ENERGY. The fuel for the machine. Most average-size adults require about twenty-five hundred calories in each twenty-four hours. The protein, fat, starch and sugar that we eat are burned and yield the calories or energy to do the work. If only two thousand calories are eaten and twenty-five hundred calories of work are done, the deficit has to be met, and the body uses its own substance to make up the lacking five hundred calories. If three thousand calories are eaten and twenty-five hundred calories of work done, the five hundred calories extra are stored as fat.

An Adequate Diet

ALL these proteins, minerals, vitamins, energy, as well as cellulose for filling, and water, are supplied to the body by the food we eat. Only one of these—calories—is the body able to store to any appreciable extent. We may cut the energy value of our food and use instead the calories we have stored under double chins and well-padded hips. We may *not* cut, safely, our supply of good-quality protein, of minerals and vitamins. In order to insure a diet adequate to these needs there need to be included every day:

1. Milk—at least two glasses.
2. Raw vegetables—salads, two servings.
3. Cooked vegetables—two servings, especially the leafy ones, such as greens and cabbage, and those which are highly colored, as carrots, yellow turnips, beets and peas. And *don't* throw away a drop of cooking water, and *do* cook them quickly so that there's a bit of crispness left.
4. Fruits—two or three servings, at least one of them fresh.
5. Whole-grain breads—two or three slices in the day.
6. Eggs, meat, fish, poultry or cheese—one or two average-sized servings.

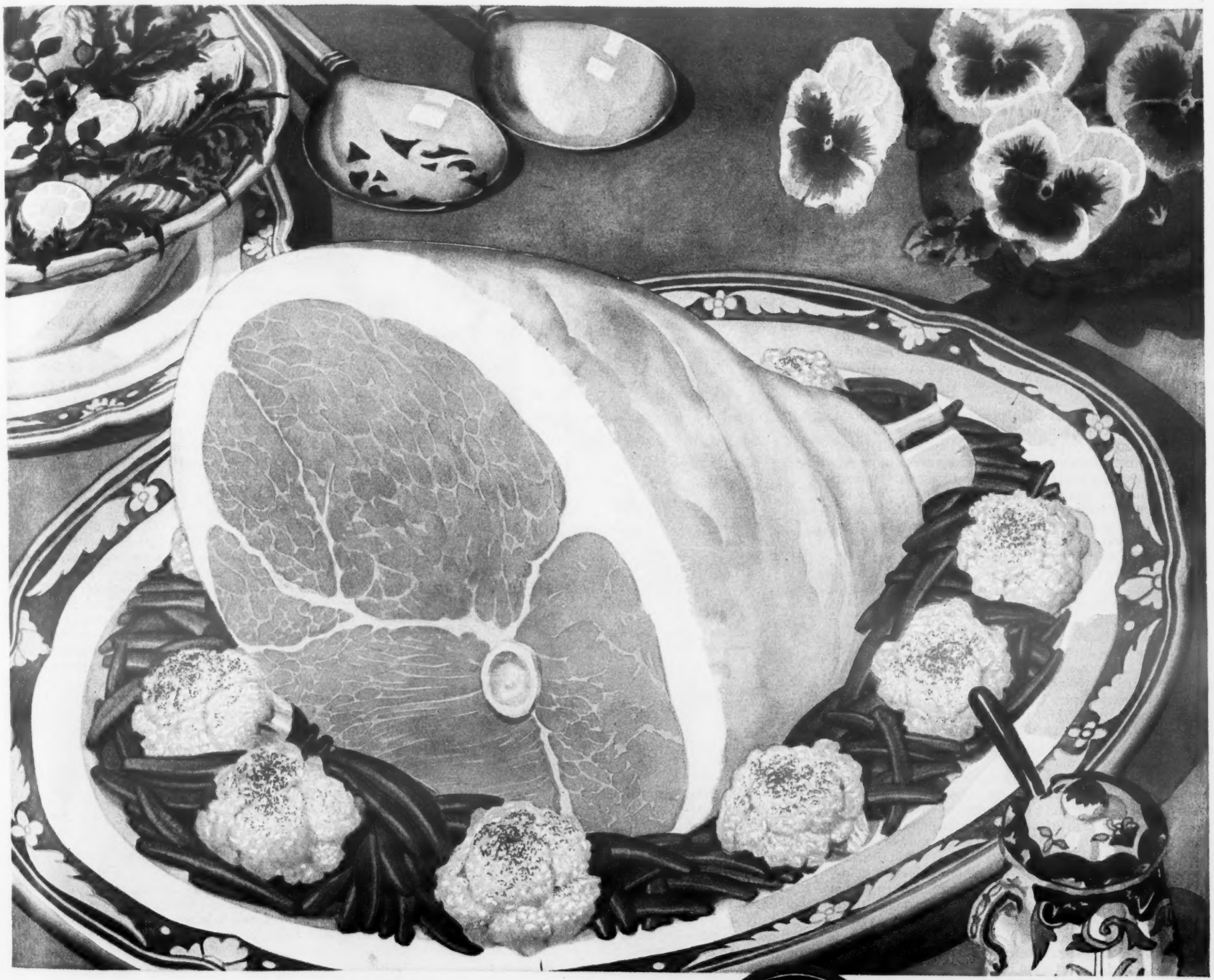
Unfortunately practically all the reduction diets which are popular fads have been planned with only one point in mind—to reduce weight by reducing the calories of the diet, regardless of the quality of the diet as a whole. Careful analysis of one of them—the so-called eighteen-day diet—reveals information startling even to one who is accustomed to finding poor quality among diet fads. Calcium and phosphorus are supplied in totally inadequate amounts. The supply of iron is barely a third of what it should be. The vitamin A, important in maintaining our resistance to colds, is extremely low, the supply of protein is entirely insufficient. And this diet is a fair sample of most of the popular reduction diets.

It is no wonder that people who have been trying them come to the hospitals and clinics with histories of constant colds, persistent fatigue, and teeth that seem to be going to pieces. Such diets would produce rickets, anæmia and snuffles in any laboratory rat, and finally leave him curled up in his cage to die. And yet intelligent people will use such schemes rather than ask their physicians for advice.

(Continued on Page 108)

*For those interested in the scientific presentation of this work, the original papers may be found in the Journal of Clinical Investigation, for February, 1930.

Savory—Swift's Premium with vegetables



THE shank end of a Premium Ham, boiled with vegetables, is one more delicious proof of Premium's importance in combination dishes. Women who create with flavors, as a painter creates with colors, are careful to choose Swift's Premium for such dishes. They know how well it blends with other foods, how its savor permeates the dish without destroying other flavors.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium Ham Swift & Company U.S.A.

Swift's Premium seal—which identifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

The Family Money

Shall I Give My Child an Allowance?

By CARLOTTA FORD

THE first question which usually comes to the mind of the parent who wishes to start his child on the allowance system is: "At what age should I begin to give my child money regularly?" This cannot be answered definitely, for children vary in their experience and abilities.

The amount to be given will depend on the age of the child and the amount of the family income. The sum first received should be small. With the pre-school child the allowance may be four or five pennies given regularly each week. What he is to do with his fortune should form the basis of a thoughtful discussion between parents and child.

A well-balanced plan of expenditure should include something for saving, something for necessities, something for others and something for individual pleasure. If, then, the small financier is given five pennies a week, a penny should find its way into his bank, a penny should be spent for something he needs—it may be a pencil or it may be laid aside until such time as he has accumulated enough for the needed new shoestrings—a penny should be taken to Sunday school and a penny should be spent for pleasure. The fifth penny may be considered a roamer, for it can be used week by week for different things, as the child sees fit.

Gradually he may be permitted to widen his range of purchases, which of course will necessitate an increase in his allowance. First, then, may be included enough money to keep him in tablets and pencils. He has to have haircuts, so this amount may be added. If he is permitted to go to the movies once a week or once in two weeks, why not add the price of the ticket to his allowance and let him have the experience of setting aside this sum for the show and of carrying it in his own pocket as he goes to buy his ticket? Car fare, if necessary, may be a part of his allowance.

His purchases so far have not demanded much judgment on his part as to quality, but he has learned to carry his money in a safe place and to use it for the thing for which it was intended. Now articles which require more or less judgment as to their durability, size, and so on, may be included in the things which he is permitted to buy. Small articles of clothing such as stockings, ties or ribbons may now be purchased under mother's direction—she pointing out the characteristics which make a good article and those which make a poor article for the child's needs. As the child learns to discriminate he may be allowed to make his purchases alone. Mistakes will be made, but these may serve as valuable lessons if he is shown wherein he made his mistake.

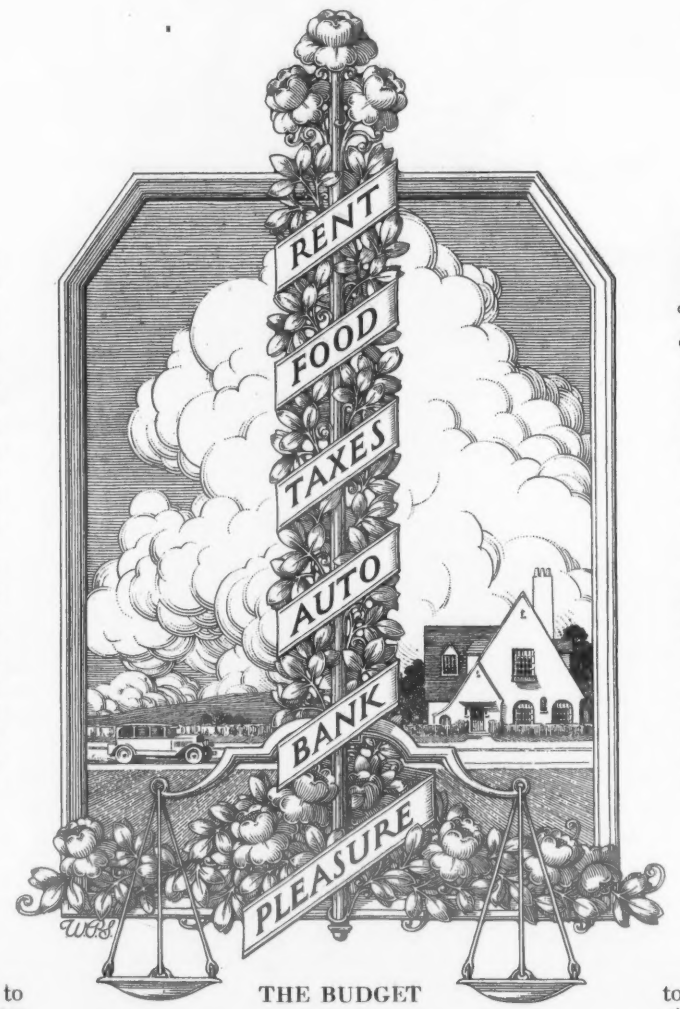
Lessons in Finance

SOME sort of a record should be kept of money received and spent. If the child is unable to write, a set of small boxes labeled with pictures that he recognizes at a glance—his bank box, his Sunday-school box, and the like—may be used. Upon the receipt of his allowance each box receives its due apportionment, and as the occasion arises for spending the money he takes his penny or pennies from the appropriate box. An empty box is evidence that the money has gone for "others" or for his own pleasure as the case may be. For the older child a small blank book ruled into columns for "money received," "money saved" and "money spent," with the necessary heading under "money spent," will be quite adequate. A date column should also be included.

An audit of these books should be made by the parent before the child receives his next allowance. This audit should be a thoroughly businesslike procedure, talking over the purchases of the week, and planning the expenditures for the next week. The parents should volunteer as little help in discussion as possible, but should be ever ready to direct by wise suggestion.

It is difficult for the child to realize the value of saving, therefore it may be wise to employ some device which makes saving quite worth while in the child's mind.

The motive for saving may be a college education, but to the child that is a long way off. That the reward of saving may not be realized at a too far distant time—a thing which often discourages all desire to save—the money may be used for some ice skates or a tennis racket, a small piece of furniture for his room or the needed new suit or coat.



THE BUDGET

As the money is saved it should be deposited in the savings bank. Banks today are doing much to encourage the patronage of children, for an early inculcation of the thrift habit makes a dependable business man later on. One of the pleasantest sights recalled from a Western trip is the marble step in front of the savings window of one bank, that the chin of the small depositor might come well above the counter.

It is well to encourage the child to leave his money in the bank long enough to draw interest. When he receives his first interest it is time to point out to him the fact that his savings have increased his buying power. His ten dollars has grown to ten dollars and thirty cents. This very valuable lesson in economics may also be driven home through the child's general spending. Suppose he has three cents this week for his own pleasure. It's marble season and he wants a couple of "glassies" costing three cents apiece or two for a nickel. If this lad can be encouraged to defer his purchase until he receives his next allowance, he will have accumulated six cents, with which he can buy his two glassies and have a penny left for something else.

Another worthwhile lesson which a child may learn through wisely directed expenditure is that money spent for things which may be used over and over again often gives greater satisfaction than that spent for things which are used up at once. The child who saves to buy a pair of skates reaps far more enjoyment in the end than does the child who indulges daily in a taffy apple. This does not mean that he should never satisfy his desire for a taffy apple, that he should never purchase a gorgeous, gaudy, fragile balloon, but that such spending should have a very minor place in his plans.

There are some pitfalls in the allowance system. The stingy child may exploit his friends by borrowing pencils rather than purchasing one of his own, because he is saving money for a tennis racket. He may always partake of their candy and never return the compliment. He may appropriate the money "for others" to his own selfish ends. There is no one panacea for these difficulties. Patience on the part of parents and earnest discussion with the child as to the error of his ways are more effective than punishment.

The "why" of the allowance may be briefly stated: He learns how to buy judiciously. He acquires a general appreciation of the value of money and of goods. He learns how to save. He learns how to give graciously. He acquires a knowledge of business methods.

Financial Health and Money Ailments

By SARAH J. MacLEOD

THERE seems to be afloat the idea that somewhere is a set of percentages which, if followed, will cure any financial malady. Such is far from the case. Every financial condition needs a special diagnosis before a suitable budget can be compounded. The prescribed treatment must then be followed faithfully in order to cure the money ailments and maintain financial health. An occasional slip may not be fatal, but total neglect may be disastrous.

The man who finds himself hard pressed on $18,000 a year has as real a problem as the man who is struggling to make both ends meet on $1800 a year. A budget plan will not enable the $18,000 man to live like his $30,000 neighbor, nor will it provide luxuries for the $1800 man, but if in each instance a spending pattern allowing for the physical, mental and social needs is made, satisfaction can be obtained.

"How should I budget a $250 salary?" is a common type of question. The amount of income is only one of several factors. The source or sources of income, the amount of accumulated savings, the standard of living and the financial responsibilities are some of the other factors which influence the way one should spend. For instance, the problem of the young couple with a good savings account, furniture paid for and no debts is quite different from that of a young couple with the same income, but who, because of youth, family responsibilities or ignorance, have no savings and are paying for furniture. The equivalent of three months' salary in a savings account, life-insurance policies equal to twice the yearly income, and money to pay for the furniture constitute the economic standard which many think a man should attain before undertaking the responsibilities of matrimony. This is a safe-and-sane basis, but there are, and always will be, many who start married life without this background and in spite of the handicap make good progress. Two cannot live as cheaply as one, but sometimes two heads can plan better than one.

The Successful Budget

IF EVERY pay check is really divided into three parts—the first allotment for permanent savings and investments; the second, a reserve savings or checking account for life insurance, taxes, interest, repairs, mortgage payments, fire insurance, winter fuel, clothing, furniture, vacation, magazine subscriptions, education, doctors and dentists, club dues, gifts, automobile depreciation and big repairs, personal taxes, and any other known or suspected expense; and the third allowance, either in a checking account or cash, for rent, gas, electricity, telephone, service, food, church, papers, personal allowances, automobile running expense, and incidentals—there is hope of keeping within bounds and preventing a feast-or-famine existence.

I can hear someone say, "That all sounds great for the salaried fellow, but what is the poor commission salesman going to do about it?" The doctor, lawyer, dentist, merchant, and many others are in the same predicament as the salesman. With any irregular income the minimum annual income should be estimated and used as a basis for the budget. Underestimating is a better fault than overestimating incomes, for extra money is always a pleasant surprise.

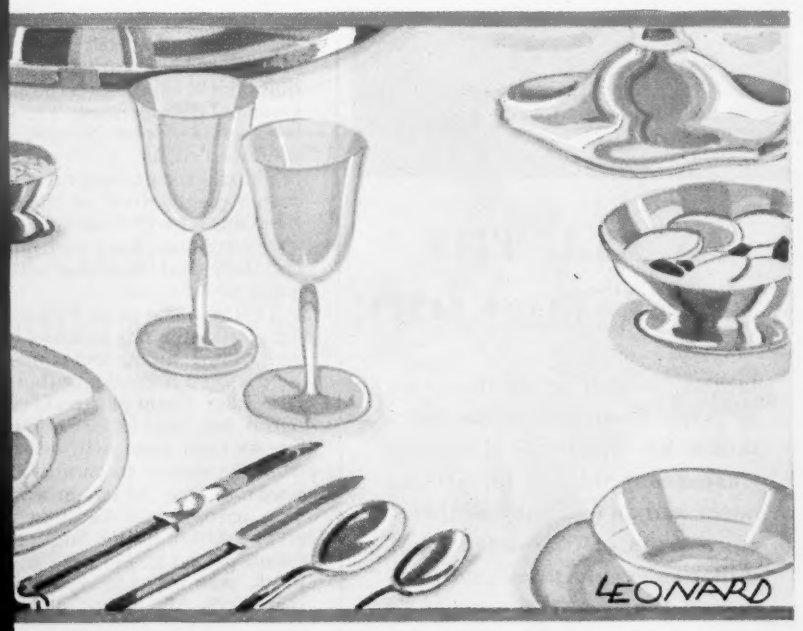
A well-thought-out money plan is like well-oiled machinery; it runs smoothly and the machinery is not apparent. When a machine knocks and squeaks, it is time to look for trouble; and when the budget makes itself disagreeable, it should be examined with an eye to making adjustments. Flexibility is an integral part of a successful budget, but when this trait is abused and the budget is bent to the breaking point to satisfy every new whim and impulse, the budget becomes misshapen and cannot function properly.

Financial adjustments cannot be escaped, and the more complicated our living becomes the more thought is necessary to fit together all the parts of our financial puzzle. A separation of needs from desire, of truth from fiction, of the real from the false, and of facts from fallacies is essential if we are to approach the attainment of what we think our money should give us.

Admit Fair Lady

When your lips are delicately touched with the newest shade, when your gown is the latest importation, your hair has just been done by Charles of the Ritz, and is perfection itself . . . admit, Fair Lady, there's a certain thrill . . . a sense of correctness that breeds happiness—contentment. ¶ In this same category falls Holmes & Edwards Inlaid Silverplate. The same thrill. The satisfaction that you are irreproachably «right». The assurance that no one can question your taste, belongs to the hostess whose table is graced with this distinguished Inlaid Silverplate. ¶ May we suggest that you ask us to send you our Table Guide, giving many helpful suggestions for entertainment. ¶ THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER COMPANY, INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor, 101 Seaview Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

International Silver Co. of Canada, Limited, Successor, Toronto, Canada



Behold the Viande (Trade Mark) Knife. Entirely new . . smart . . graceful . . and the most practical thing ever. Teaspoons are $3.75 the half dozen. Viande Knives (patent applied for) with hollow handles and mirror stainless blades $15.00 set of six.

—and you can complete your table ensemble by a stunning tea set, a vegetable dish, a bread tray etc. matching your flat silver.

The Viande Knife illustrated is in Pageant pattern. The teaspoon and tea set are in Charm, the prize winning pattern.

What Would Happen

if a bride should order her dainty bridal slippers with soles of satin—rather than satin tops and leather soles? They wouldn't last long enough for her to walk down the aisle, would they? But silverware has as distinct wear points as bridal slippers. That's just why Holmes & Edwards have blocks of sterling silver inlaid where the wear comes in the most used pieces. A spoon for instance—on the back of the handle and bowl two pieces of solid silver have been cleverly, imperceptibly inlaid before plating and thus the spoon is protected for all time. That's why Holmes & Edwards Inlaid is something more than plate, yet it costs you no more.

Solid Silver Inlaid at the Wear Points

Holmes & Edwards Inlaid

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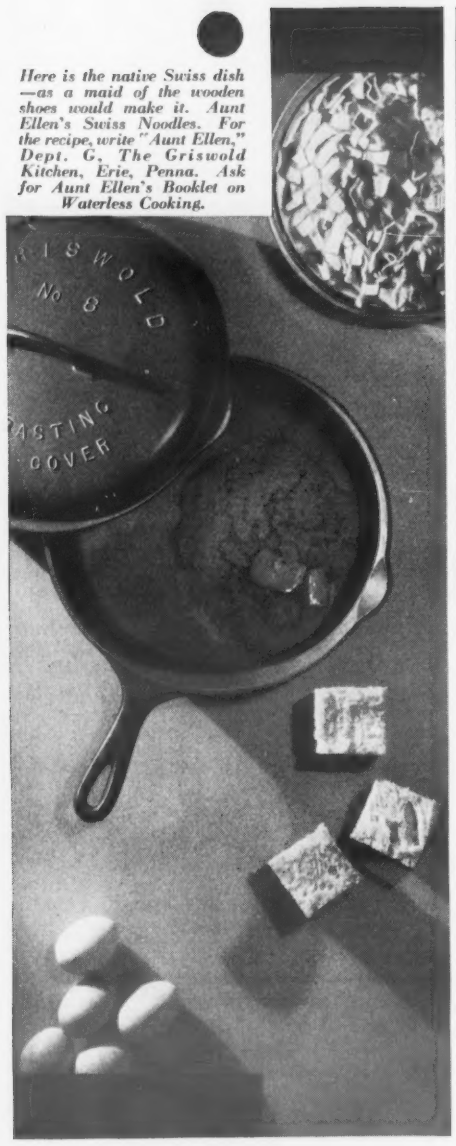
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.



Here is the native Swiss dish —as a maid of the wooden shoes would make it. Aunt Ellen's Swiss Noodles. For the recipe, write "Aunt Ellen," Dept. G, The Griswold Kitchen, Erie, Penna. Ask for Aunt Ellen's Booklet on Waterless Cooking.

IN ALL THE YEARS TO COME

IT MAY be that in all the years to come there will never be a skillet to equal the Griswold Cast Iron Skillet, for it has never had an equal in the three-score years of its existence. A skillet so evenly thick and pure of iron that you can entrust to it the most fragile foods, and it will not let them scorch. Or you can entrust to it the most stubborn foods, and it will always make them tender.

The cover also is of thick cast iron, with patented rings that do self-basting.

Wouldn't it be easier to do perfect cooking if you had the perfect tools? Griswold Cast Iron Skillets are at hardware, department and housefurnishing stores. Priced from 40c up. The Griswold Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa.

GRISWOLD

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. GRISWOLD

Breakfast Hospitality

By CAROLINE B. KING

THE very nicest party I ever attended, I think, was a barn breakfast in Vermont. The barn, or stable as I believe they called it, belonged to a century-old farmhouse; indeed, it was practically a part of the house itself, as it was the last of a long series of woodsheds and summer kitchens, and what not, that had attached themselves to the main building in that altogether charming New England manner. The house, in turn, belonged to a young couple noted for their originality and cleverness, and when they invited me to one of their popular barn breakfasts, I knew that I might expect something unique. And I was not disappointed. The old barn had been cleaned and scoured and freshly whitewashed, hay filled the mows and loft, bright calico curtained the windows, a few potted plants stood on the sills, and the table was set with homespun napery, some old pewter my hosts had picked up here and there, and china that was close to one hundred years old.

There, in the sweet hay-scented morning, before the big business of the day—golf, fishing, hiking and tennis—began, we were served a breakfast that I shall long remember. Great platters of crisply broiled bacon, fish cakes fit for a banquet, omelets, one for each guest, with water cress fresh from the stream to garnish them, broiled tomatoes, hot breads in variety, waffles with pure, honest Vermont maple sirup, and clear hot coffee and jugs of yellow cream passed unstintedly all through the meal. And then, to crown all, deep saucers of freshly picked blueberries to be eaten with rich milk.

It was all so tempting, so delightfully novel, the food was so good, the fun so spontaneous, the day so delicious—really a sparkling occasion in every way.

Charming Informality

BREAKFAST parties, whether they be served in the barn or in the house, on the veranda or in the garden, may be so jolly. There is no more pleasant way of starting a holiday or a day at golf or some other sport than to invite a few of one's most congenial friends for a cup of morning coffee. Entertainments of this kind border just closely enough onto gay Bohemia to make them especially appealing to the artistic set, and the colorful linens and quaint peasant china, sparkling many-hued glassware, gleaming waffle irons, toasters that not only brown the bread to perfection but add to the morning's entertainment by their performance, coffeepots that amuse as well as cheer, are all so fashionable and popular just now and all beckon and lure one to use them at just such jolly gypsy feastings.

Everything about a breakfast party may be as informal as one desires, the hour may be seven o'clock in the morning, it may be noon, or it may be at any time between; the menu may be a simple Sunday morning breakfast or it may include half a dozen extra-nice, out-of-the-ordinary dishes; the guests may remain for the day or they may depart as soon as the meal is finished. A breakfast, you see, is so delightfully unconventional a function that there are no rules pertaining to it but those of good fellowship and hospitality.

If your garden boasts a grill, as so many do these days, it is good fun to cook the breakfast in the open, a real bohemian affair, with the guests helping, and the meal consisting of broiled bacon, eggs, perhaps fish that very morning taken from a near-by stream; or the table or tables may be set on the porch and hot dishes prepared at a side table on the electric grill. If it is decided to serve the breakfast in the dining room with all the usual paraphernalia, take care that it is all done simply and informally. Candles are not appropriate even as decorations, and the flowers should be just the common garden varieties, arranged in a rustic basket or a bowl of crude glass or peasant ware.

And now what to serve? Fruit, of course, is in order, and in June the fruits are so many and so alluring. Then there will be a substantial course consisting of fish, chops, sweetbreads, with crisply cooked appetizing bacon as an accompaniment, eggs, delicate dishes of creamed chicken, two kinds of hot bread—and toast as well—unsalted butter, marmalade or honey, and clear hot fragrant coffee with jugs of hot milk and cream.

No potatoes? No vegetables? Well, that is a matter for discussion; potatoes are not necessary, but many persons like them at a late breakfast. Balloon potatoes, Lyonnaise potatoes, French-fried or Saratoga potatoes are not only permissible but very palatable; as to vegetables, they make charming garnishes if used with discretion; broiled tomatoes alternating with slices of bacon about a dish of chops, thinly sliced cucumbers or tomatoes marinated in French dressing about a platter of fried fillets of fish, fresh asparagus in butter sauce with individual steaks, crisp little crimson radishes garnishing an omelet—these are all delightful additions to a breakfast menu.

While the guests are arriving it is a very pleasant novelty to serve coffee cocktails. These are merely tiny cups of clear, very hot coffee, which is stimulating and refreshing, especially if the drive has been long or the hour is early.

The table, whether it is laid in the dining room or on the porch, should be simply arrayed; doilies or one of the very smart colored breakfast cloths with napkins to match take the place of the more elaborate damask or lace cloth, honeysuckle with its pungent perfume, wild roses or sweet peas simply arranged, gayly informal china, steel cutlery with bright-hued handles, rainbow-tinted glassware and a general air of good cheer will help materially to make the affair a success.

The fruit will be in place when the guests take their seats, to be followed by a cereal if you so desire, and the substantials that you have selected. It is well to feature some dish for which you or the host is famous, or perhaps one that may make you famous.

Tempting Beginnings

AS TO the fruits, one has great latitude. Chilled orange juice is always delightful, or iced and slightly sweetened grapefruit juice to which a few choice strawberries cut in quarters have been added may be preferred. Then there are large handsome oranges halved, slightly hollowed, and filled with perfect raspberries; sour pie cherries pitted and generously sugared, then chilled for twelve hours and arranged in glasses with a garnish of cherry leaves; or ripe currants and red raspberries served English fashion with powdered sugar. Georgia peaches halved crosswise, pitted and placed on grape leaves, to be eaten with a spoon; fruit cup of pineapple, oranges and strawberries; halved very cold casaba melon or honeydew filled with chilled strawberries, huge crimson strawberries unhulled and grouped about mounds of powdered sugar—these are only a few of the many tempting beginnings available for a summer breakfast.

WATERMELON MÉLANGE makes an attractive first course. Cut balls of or dice pink watermelon, green honeydew and salmon-tinted cantaloupe and chill well, arrange in sherbet glasses so that all the delicate colors are displayed, sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar and pour over a few spoonfuls of orange juice, border the glasses with fresh mint leaves and place a bright cherry or berry in the center of each.

Cereal is not often served at a company breakfast, though there is no reason why it should not be included if one wishes. The crisp ready-to-eat varieties are delicious accompanied by ripe berries and rich milk or cream. If one knows the tastes of one's guests, a temptingly cooked hot cereal with cream and sugar may follow the fruit, but as a usual thing the substantial course with its accessories in the way of alluring hot breads, piquant garnishes and coffee is served next, and here again the hostess has a wonderful list of good things to choose from. Broiled chicken or squab, or chicken breasts on ham slices are delightful for very special occasions. Frogs' legs sauté, sweetbreads,

(Continued on Page 99)

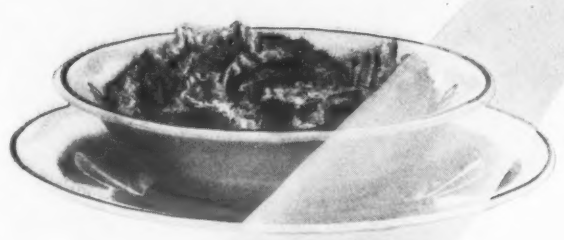
Now-The Remarkable Steenbock Sunshine Process

Applied to Whole Wheat Biscuits

The Health Difference Today in Whole Wheat

What Old-Type Whole Wheat Biscuits Embody in Health Value

PROTEIN FAT MINERALS
CARBOHYDRATE ROUGHAGE



What Muffets New-Type Whole Wheat Biscuits Embody in Health Value

exactly the SAME elements as the old type, PLUS
THE SUNSHINE VITAMIN "D"!

Each one you eat provides the Ultra-Violet Benefit of a full hour's exposure of the body to direct sunlight!

A Food Invention of World Importance That Puts Whole Wheat on a Food Plane Never Before Attained

ITS flavor is the toasty flavor of finest whole wheat biscuit . . . ribboned whole wheat in its most enticing crispy form. Its food elements, minerals and roughage—the same.

BUT—each one you eat provides, in addition: the "SUN" VITAMIN HEALTH BENEFIT, according to careful laboratory tests, of *exposure* to 20 minutes' Midsummer Noonday Sunshine, or *3 hours' Winter Noonday* Sunshine.

A great scientist, Professor Harry Steenbock of Wisconsin University, invented the sunshine process it embodies.

Then—"in the interest of humanity"—refused $1,000,000 for the commercial rights to use it, so that its benefits would not be restricted, but given to the world.

A great University attests its Sunshine Vitamin element to you. The makers of Quaker Oats make it for you under special license from Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation.

Millions Changing To It

If you believe in the Sunshine theory that is bringing all the world to the beaches, outdoors, and the use of violet ray lights, you will do as millions have already done; change to this new-type whole wheat biscuit.

Lacking In Milk, Bread, Meats, Vegetables, Cereals

THE element it embodies is the priceless Sunshine Vitamin "D."

The ONE element that milk—rated the "perfect food!"—is almost totally deficient in.

That butter—bulwark of the diet—is almost totally without.

That bread, meat, cereals, vegetables of all types—all the common articles of diet—are either without entirely or contain in such minute quantity as to offer no accepted benefit.

Yet—the one element children *must have* to build bone. And thus avoid rickets. *Need to gain and hold weight.*

An element adults must have to fortify against bad teeth, lowered vitality and ill health.

The one element previously found, in consequential quantity, ONLY in Cod Liver Oil, and from Direct Exposure to the Sun's Rays.

Now you get it, in the adventurously delightful whole wheat biscuits called Muffets, as easily as any other needed health element.

Eat Sunshine 7 Days

The price is the same as ordinary whole wheat biscuits. The health value—multiplied. No other cereal in the world but one—Quaker Farina—enjoys this process.

Try, in your own interest, for 7 days. Eat at breakfast, at luncheon. Give to the children. Note the new energy, new ambition, new vitality and strength that come. Get at any grocery.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

HOW PROFESSOR STEENBOCK PUTS SUNSHINE INTO FOODS

More publicity, more front page newspaper space has been given the Steenbock process than any food invention known to science.

This method—through a peculiar and *patented process*, controlled by Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation—exposes certain foods to Ultra-Violet Rays of tremendous intensity.

The result is that those foods *absorb the actual "Sun" Vitamin Benefit of Sunlight*, which in turn, through eating foods so irradiated, is absorbed by the body.

WARNING

Grains though grown in the sun do not contain Vitamin "D". It must be *processed* into the grain; it cannot be *grown* in.

184

She planted dreams *and* HARVESTED HER HOPES

ALWAYS Ruth was hoping to find time to answer neglected letters; to make new curtains for the front room; and above all, to be a real comrade to little Betty. Yet this she was denied—held captive by a hundred household tasks.

Harriet L. Troan
author of home economics essay winning a national award in 1928, writes:
"'What a relief', I used to say with the wash out on the line, and a 'washed-out' feeling within me. 'What a relief', I say today. 'That's over forever. The laundry does my washing now.'"

Worst of all the time-takers was Washday with its everlasting steam and smell. Week after week one precious day was lost and nothing to show for it. Nothing but a tired body, an upset house—and the prospect of *another* washday.

But that was before Ruth made her discovery—

The day the modern laundry came into her life, the Dragon of Drudgery crept out the back way. Now "Washday" is a matter of minutes. She simply gathers up the family washing, and hands the bundle to a modern laundry routeman.

At last Ruth's dreams have blossomed into reality. She has harvested her hopes.

And you, too, may have this gift. The laundry will help *you*, as it has helped Ruth, and millions of other modern home-managers, to find an abundance of leisure time.

Present day laundries are keeping pace with Progress. Their policies and practices are right up to date. They can be relied upon to wash clothes clean, and make them last long. And laundry washing actually costs less than old-fashioned home laundering!

There is a laundry service that just meets your needs—and your Family Budget. Telephone your neighborhood laundry—this morning. Begin at once to enjoy and profit by the freedom that comes when old-fashioned washday is lifted out of your home—and out of your life.

LET THE **Laundry** DO IT

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

(Continued from Page 96)

chicken livers with mushrooms and bacon, fried scallops, smelts, trout, lambs' kidneys en brochette, chicken hash in green pepper cups, finnan haddie Delmonico, and omelets of every sort and description are all very appetizing and very appropriate. Sometimes two main dishes are provided, one of which may be a delicate egg concoction, and always there will be bacon, broiled, fried, curled, diced, used as a garnish or added to the muffin or waffle batter.

Toast is quite as important as the bacon; frequently it is made on the table fresh and hot, but if it is used as a base for some creamed dish it is made in the kitchen.

PECAN MUFFINS will be delightful for a company breakfast. Cream a third of a cupful of butter with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, beat one egg well and add to three-quarters of a cupful of milk; combine the mixture, then fold in two cupfuls of flour sifted with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt; beat only long enough to mix thoroughly, as too much beating of muffins makes them coarse-grained and peaky. Last of all fold in three-quarters of a cupful of chopped pecans, or other nuts if preferred, pour into well-greased muffin tins and bake in a moderately hot oven.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS may be made from the same recipe, substituting blueberries for the pecans. Make jelly muffins by omitting the nuts or berries, filling the muffin tins one-quarter full of the batter, then adding a teaspoonful of raspberry jam or jelly, covering well with batter and baking as usual.

SUNDAY MORNING COFFEE CAKE is a favorite hot bread in my home. I make it by beating together one cupful of sugar, two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; then one and seven-eighths cupfuls of flour sifted with one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder are added alternately with one cupful of milk, and the batter is beaten just long enough to make it smooth. Next it is poured in a shallow greased pan and several spoonfuls of melted butter run over the top. Half a cupful of brown sugar mixed with one teaspoonful of cinnamon is sprinkled over the butter and the cake is baked in a moderately hot oven. When finished it is cut in squares and served hot.

OLD VIRGINIA SPOON BREAD will be a novelty to many, although most Southern households know it well. Serve it with plenty of good butter and, if desired, maple sirup or honey, with broiled bacon, or it may appear as a separate course. Mix together one cupful of corn meal, one teaspoonful of baking powder, a tablespoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat two eggs and to them add two cupfuls of milk and a tablespoonful of melted shortening. Combine with the dry ingredients and beat hard for several minutes. The batter must be very thin, so it may be necessary to add a little boiling water. Pour into a greased pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven forty-five to fifty minutes. Serve with a spoon from the dish in which it was baked.

PLANKED CORNED-BEEF HASH. Chop two cupfuls of cold boiled potatoes very fine, add one cupful of corned beef, also finely chopped, a quarter of a cupful of cream, half a teaspoonful of onion juice, a quarter of a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Heat an oak plank very hot and brush it with butter. Place the corned-beef-and-potato mixture on the plank and pat it into a neat, compact, flat cake, making indentations in the surface for the eggs. Drop bits of butter over the hash and set in a hot oven for ten minutes, then break eggs into the spaces left for them, pour a teaspoonful of cream on each, sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika and dot with butter. Return to moderate oven to cook the eggs. Serve with a border of broiled tomatoes and cress.

BROILED SMELTS or other small fish. Split and bone the fish and brush with melted butter or olive oil, season and place on a greased broiler and cook six minutes. Serve on hot plates with lemon butter made by creaming one tablespoonful of butter with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, teaspoonful of lemon juice and a quarter of a teaspoonful of grated lemon.

HAM-AND-EGG RAMEKINS. Beat four eggs lightly without separating yolks and whites, add a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a dash each of pepper and paprika, and one cupful of boiled ham chopped very fine, also half a cupful of cream or rich milk. Pour in buttered ramekins, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven. Garnish with a ring of pimiento in the center of each and place a few sprigs of parsley about the edges.

CURLED BACON FOR GARNISHING. Have the bacon sliced very thin, place in a pan and pour boiling water over it and let it stand on the back of the range for a few moments. Then drain, roll up, fasten with toothpicks and broil or fry to a crisp brown.

Breakfast Menus

A SMALL AND EARLY BREAKFAST

Strawberries au Naturel
Broiled Fish Bacon Curls Cress
Popovers Melba Toast Marmalade
Coffee

A TEN O'CLOCK BREAKFAST

Chilled Casaba Melon
Broiled Squabs
Grilled Stuffed Mushrooms
Balloon Potatoes Water Cress
Buttered Toast
Hot Baking-Powder Biscuits
Pecan Muffins
Wild Strawberry Jam
Coffee Tea

A COOKED-IN-THE-OPEN BREAKFAST

Orange Juice
Broiled Steak Bacon
Scrambled Eggs With Chives
Potato Chips
Reheated Rolls Honey
Boiled Coffee Hot Milk Cream

SERVED ON THE PORCH

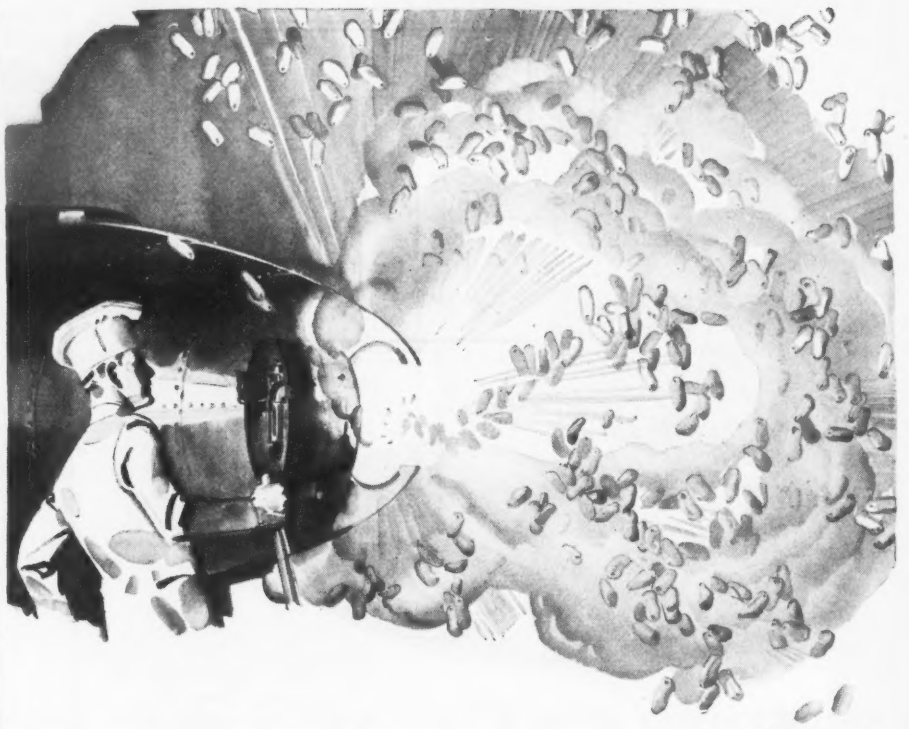
Red Raspberries and Currants
Planked Corned-Beef Hash
With Eggs
Broiled Tomatoes
Toast
Waffles Maple Sirup
Coffee

A SOUTHERN BREAKFAST

Fresh Figs With Cream
Fried Chicken Broiled Kidneys
Radishes
Old Virginia Spoon Bread
Beaten Biscuits Plum Jam
Coffee

A NOON FISH BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Broiled Smelts (or Other Fish)
Broiled Bacon
Sliced Tomatoes
Parsley Omelet
Toast Sunday Morning Coffee Cake
Individual Strawberry Shortcakes
Coffee Tea



These Strange Guns of Peace explode wheat and rice

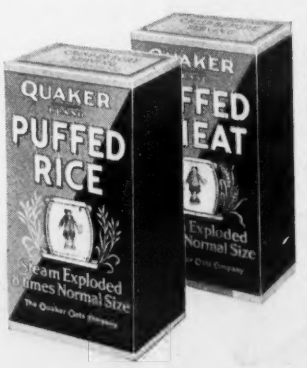
Opening 125 million food cells for easy, complete digestion. Giving Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice the virtual nourishment of hot cooked cereals.

WHAT could be more spectacular than the idea of food actually shot from guns? Wheat and rice are placed inside huge guns . . . subjected to terrific heat . . . whirled and whirled . . . then shot forth, crisp, delicately toasted and 8 times their original size! They've become Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice!

What has happened to convert ordinary kernels into these delicious, nutlike morsels? The natural moisture in each tiny grain has turned to steam. The steam has caused over 100 million explosions in each grain! Every tiny food cell has been broken open. Thus these grains become more completely digestible than hot cooked cereals. Hence virtually as nourishing!

Children's favorite cereal

Ask your youngsters, as we recently asked thousands, which cereal they like best of all. They'll tell you, "Oh, Puffed Grains."



This is because no other process makes grain foods as flaky, flavory, as meltingly good to eat as "puffing."

Grain nourishment made delicious

Quaker Puffed Wheat is the whole wheat grain, puffed to the buttery crispness of fresh toast. It offers protein, for body building—the whole wheat minerals. Plus 25% roughage.

Puffed Rice provides all the important food elements of rice. It digests quickly. Turns to energy in a hurry. A creamy, rich dainty that tastes as rice has never tasted before.

Order Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat today. Other products with the famous Quaker quality are Quaker Farina and Pettijohn's. The Quaker Oats Company.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice

*Digestible as milk itself!

Patented

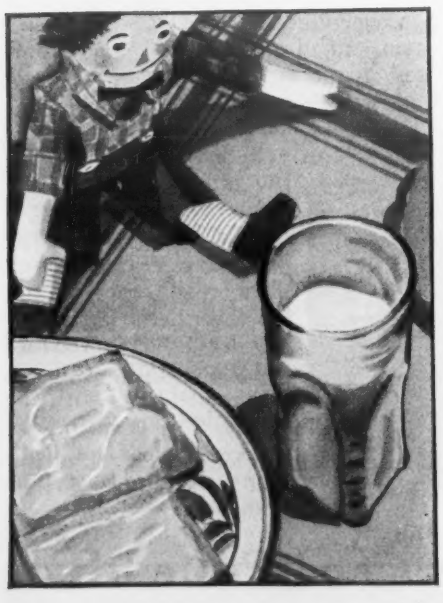
Let them eat it freely

this new cheese food so healthful and delicious

Children love Velveeta—and can eat all they want of it: Try it in hot, cooked luncheon dishes—cheese soufflés, macaroni, rice, noodles, or in a cheese sauce to be poured over toast. Or use Velveeta, sliced, to serve with cold meats or with fruit desserts. It's a perfect sandwich spread, too, and toasts beautifully

EVERYTHING you'd ask in fine cheese is here. A delicious new flavor, mild and rich . . . a tender, creamy texture.

But — in Velveeta, Kraft-Phenix give you even more than this! Besides its tempting goodness, Velveeta stands for *perfect digestibility*, for a wealth of new health qualities.



It's a secret process. One guarded by patent. To fine Cheddar cheese, master blenders restore the properties of rich, whole milk. Milk-sugar, calcium, phosphorus and other precious milk minerals, lost in ordinary cheese making. *All* are in Velveeta. No wonder children can eat it as naturally as they drink milk!

Velveeta is a food for every meal—and for the in-betweens. A thin slice of it on your morning toast makes breakfast an occasion. It gives fresh interest to any cooked dish you'd use cheese in, at lunch or dinner. And inspires you to try new ones. For appetizers warranted to disappear like magic, you simply spread Velveeta as you would butter. And when you toast it, on bread or crackers, just try to restrain the family from bursting right out into the kitchen!

Tuck a half pound package or two into the ice box today. Keep another ready on the pantry shelf. You're missing something if you don't know Velveeta. Your grocer has it.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation. General Offices: Chicago, Illinois. In Canada, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company, Ltd., Montreal.

MAKERS OF FAMOUS "PHILADELPHIA" CREAM CHEESE

*Velveeta — A Product of Scientific Research

Velveeta is a product of scientific research carried out in the laboratories of Rutgers University, Newark, New Jersey, in the College of Pharmacy, under the direction of Dr. L. K. Riggs, Ph. D., Director of Research, in association with F. H. Clickner, M. Sc., Nutritional Research Professor.

FREE— a recipe book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It." Full of suggestions for varying the old favorites. Many recipes for novel new dishes. Dept. 401-D, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

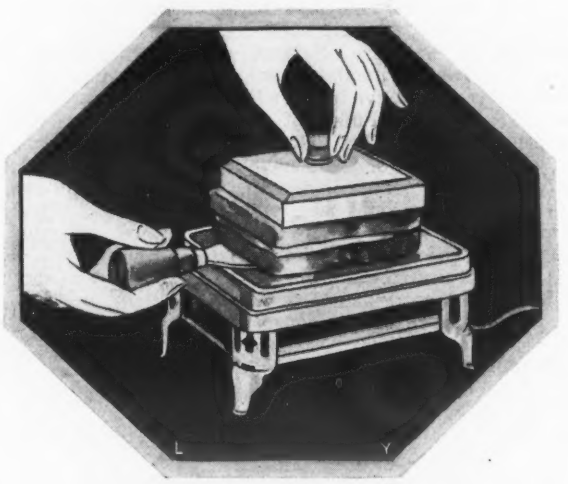
KRAFT Velveeta

The Delicious New Cheese Food

What's New?

What the Modern Homemaker Wants to Know

I HAVE recently visited the city where the first attempt is being made to retail quick-frozen foods. Beef and lamb roasts of various sizes, pork and lamb chops, stewing meat, sausage, steaks, oysters, fillets of sole and haddock, red raspberries, pie cherries, loganberries, shelled peas and spinach were wrapped in Cellophane and displayed in large glass cases in which the temperature was kept at about five degrees above zero. The fruits, vegetables, chops and oysters were packaged in pasteboard boxes, while the roasts of beef and lamb were wrapped in white stockinet, making an attractive display.



All the stores reported increased weekly sales and a great many repeat sales.

Women who had used the products made many favorable comments. One said that after she had defrosted her raspberries they tasted just like the ones she used to pick on her grandfather's farm. Many products were described as being "delicious" and "excellent."

The convenience in buying, the opportunity to have out-of-season fresh fruits and vegetables with none of their freshness lost in shipping, the saving in time by not having to wait while the butcher cut and trimmed the meat, being able to get spinach that was free from grit and would not have to be washed—all these things seemed to appeal to the women.

The proprietors of the stores were enthusiastic, saying that they believed it was going to simplify their business and enable them to give their customers better service.

The demonstrator told us that the berries and the oysters must be defrosted before being used. The cooking of all the other food products can be started immediately when they are taken from their packages. Defrosting can be done either slowly in the refrigerator or more rapidly at room temperature. The demonstrator prepared a delicious raspberry shortcake. The raspberries, both as to aroma and flavor, could not have been distinguished from freshly picked berries.

I hope it will not be long until quick-frozen fruits, vegetables and meats are available everywhere. —LITA BANE.

Everyone is familiar with the way in which chocolate sometimes stubbornly refuses to blend. One recalls chocolate ice creams that contained tiny hard pellets of chocolate, gelatin desserts with uncertain streaks of half-blended chocolate, puddings speckled with chocolate willy-nilly.

These and other unwelcome flaws can be easily avoided if one understands chocolate. For here is a food which is almost temperamental in the way it behaves in the kitchen. The successful cook knows all its characteristics and handles it with due regard for each.

In all chocolate-flavored dishes there is the problem of achieving a perfectly smooth, even blend of chocolate with the other ingredients. The manner of getting this blend varies with the type of dish.

The simplest method in mixtures, like cake batter, cooky dough, fondant, boiled frosting, uncooked frosting, caramels, and the like, is to add the melted chocolate and stir well to blend.

Devil's food cake has generally been made by cooking the chocolate with part of the milk and sugar and perhaps one or two egg yolks. A recent series of tests shows that devil's foods are finer-grained and more feathery and tender in texture if the chocolate is simply melted and added to the creamed-shortening-sugar-and-egg mixture.

There is a special trick in blending chocolate with very cold mixtures, like those containing whipped cream. When hot melted chocolate is added, it separates out in tiny hard particles which can never be satisfactorily blended. The reason is that chocolate contains about 50 per cent natural fat—coco butter—which hardens quickly when cooled. The melted chocolate should therefore be cooled before adding it to the mixture, and the whipped cream then folded in last. Parfaits and similar delicacies so combined simply defy chocolate to do other than blend.

Then there is the long list of popular dishes, such as chocolate ice cream, fudges, puddings, gelatin desserts, custards, fillings, sauces, and the like. How and when shall the chocolate be added for a perfect blend?

It has been found that best results are obtained by adding the chocolate to the cold liquid, heating slowly, and, when the chocolate is melted, beating the mixture with a rotary egg beater until blended. This makes a smoother mixture than when the chocolate is added to hot milk and melted rapidly. It is also a convenient method as the chocolate can be melted and the dessert made in the same utensil.

Peeling carrots is now passé since tests have shown that by far the largest amount of vitamin B is near the skin. The carrot root has three distinct portions, the xylem, the cortex and the periderm. The xylem is the light-colored center portion or heart of the carrot. The cortex is the darker orange ring around the xylem, and the periderm the skin.

Weighed portions of the three parts of the carrot were fed to groups of albino rats to see if there was more vitamin B in one part than another. The results of these tests show that there is somewhat more vitamin B in the cortex than in the xylem and decidedly more in the periderm than in either the cortex or the xylem.

From a nutritional standpoint then carrots should not be peeled unless it is absolutely necessary to make them palatable. Scraping carrots would be preferable to peeling, as this process removes much less of the outside portion than does peeling. It would seem that the most nutritious as well as the most delectable form of the vegetable would be a young and succulent unpeeled and unscraped carrot.

—Margaret House Irwin, Foods and Nutrition Department, Iowa State College.

"Chile Con Carne" is, literally translated, "Chile With Meat." While the term "Chile" as here employed is recognized as generic, and refers to a vegetable preparation seasoned with chile peppers, the term "Carne" is definite and connotes meat. Therefore, a product which is to be labeled "Chile Con Carne" should contain a substantial quantity of meat consisting of flesh to the exclusion of meat by-products constituting organs and parts other than flesh, and when meat by-products are used in addition to meat, such use must be indicated by appropriate declaration on the label. In such cases, if the meat constituent predominates, the article may be designated "Chile Con Carne, Meat By-Products Added," whereas, if the meat by-product constituent predominates, the article may be designated "Meat By-Products, Chile Con Carne Added," or "Meat By-Products With Chile Con Carne," thereby featuring the name of the predominating constituent.

—R. P. Steddom, Chief, Meat Inspection Division, Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture.

Strictly modern and distinctive is the adjustable ironing board which may be swung to the left or right of the wood or steel cabinet into which it is built; simply lower the board and move to any desired position. The board swings a full half circle and can be adjusted to any angle without the use of set screws or any other mechanical device. The cabinet can be installed in corners or in places where no other board would be operative.

—Morton Manufacturing Co.

A below-freezing cold-storage drawer to care for the new quick-frozen foods, twin hydrators providing moisture for fresh fruits and vegetables, a section kept constantly at the correct temperature for milk in addition to the usual refrigerator space, are features of the new refrigerator.

—Multi-Cold Frigidaire.

The finest kind of the popular toasted sandwich can now be made at home with this low-priced electric sandwich toaster. Made in attractive design, the top is of aluminum and the frame and legs of nickel plate. A steel turner and a hardwood turner block complete the set.

—Made-rite Sandwich Toaster.

The delightful flavor and tenderness of small peas, together with the satisfying meatiness found in peas of large size, are the unusual qualities of giant peas now on the canned-food market. At the time they are picked for canning they are not fully matured but are actually baby giants, being thus unusually sweet in flavor.

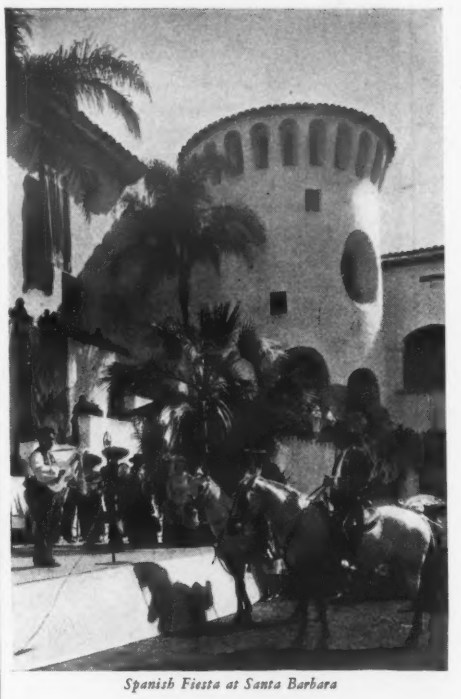
—Minnesota Valley Canning Company.

No more need the rice stick when boiling. Just put the raw rice in one-half of the ball-shaped, fine-wire strainer, fasten the clamp, and let the strainer hang from its chain in the kettle of boiling water.

—National Rice Association of America.

Quick, safe, controlled and clean heat is always available with this new electric cooking machine. Made in two sizes, it plugs into any household lighting circuit, and the switches are so arranged that there is no danger of blowing a fuse. Though light in weight, the stove is sturdily built and works well under a piece of toast or a wash boiler. The heating unit and chromium-plated reflector may be easily washed. It is finished in several attractive colors to harmonize with your kitchen.

—Fire Bowl and Twin Fire Bowl.



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Orange groves... the placid blue Pacific... palm trees... perpetual glaciers and snow pockets among the 133 High Sierra peaks in California that rise 13,000 feet or more... Old Spanish Missions... Hollywood...all await you at the end of the trail this summer. Mail the coupon!

We have published a beautiful book picturing this Southland. It contains 71 camera studies by the best men of this land of "pictures." You may have a copy for postage cost. EXECUTIVES: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions... the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

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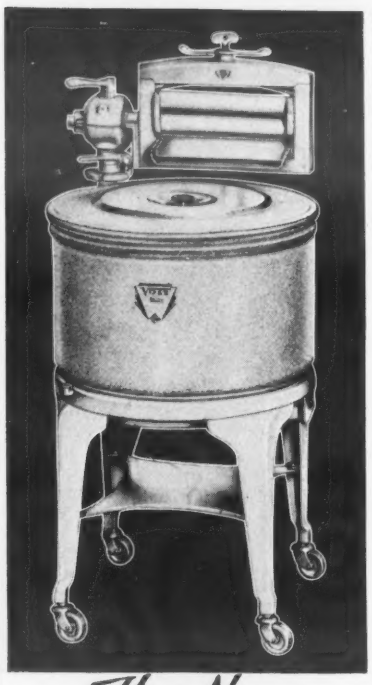

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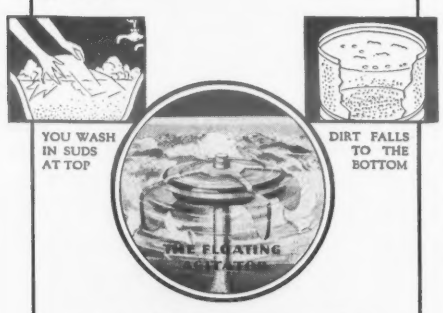
Cleans By The Hand-Washing Method

The VOSS alone, of all washers, has a *Floating Agitator* . . . the device which duplicates hand-washing action.



In the suds at the top *the natural way*

In the clean, active suds at the top of the tub . . . away from the dirt which settles to the bottom . . . and with the same gentle, thorough action you employ when you wash by hand . . . that is where and how the VOSS *Floating Agitator* washes.

No longer is there need of laying aside your daintiest garments to be washed by hand . . . *the VOSS Floating Agitator washes as gently as you would with your own hands.*

No longer is it necessary to "finish" the heaviest, dirtiest garments by hand to get them clean . . . *the VOSS Floating Agitator washes as thoroughly as you can by hand.*

Go to the nearest VOSS Dealer tomorrow and see this patented feature which makes the NEW VOSS the most modern of all washers.

Other VOSS Features

Beauty of design and finish; Porcelain enamel tub with large capacity; All movable parts enclosed and running in oil; Balloon Wringer Rollers; Requires only 22 inches of floor space; Specially designed motor or Briggs & Stratton gasoline engine; Popularly priced.

"Washing Machine Builders Since 1876"

VOSS

VOSS BROS. MFG. CO.
DAVENPORT, IOWA

Mrs. Newbride Considers Laundry

By **INA B. ROWE**

TO DETERMINE how the family laundry can best be handled is not an easy matter for the youthful bride who has never had to think her way through practical problems of the household. The first advice we have to offer is to make haste slowly. Take time to think over and decide among the different possibilities which is best for you. After a few weeks you will be able to judge how much laundry you will have each week, what various types of equipment cost and which of your local laundries gives the best service in case you decide to patronize one of them. This will give you time to find out which best suits your needs and pocketbook.

You may send your laundry out.

If you are able to engage a laundress who is responsible and competent, and who can be depended upon to call regularly, your laundry problem is solved, for a time at least.

The commercial laundry as we know it today is quite different from that of a few years ago. In the old days goods were not called for and delivered on schedule. Sometimes they were lost or damaged, and your own garments did not come back to you. There was always the secret fear that the clothes were being washed with caustic agents, and would fall apart after a few trips. If any of these experiences is yours today, the fault is with your individual laundry and not with the system as a whole. In virtually any town there are good laundries which give the very highest type of service, and against which these ancient prejudices are unjust and unfounded.

A good commercial laundry is thoroughly responsible for any damage or loss which occurs through careless handling.

Laundries in most cities come under rigid inspection rules, and clothes are put through a process of cleaning against which no germ can hold its own. Clean clothes do not come in contact with soiled ones, to reinfect them after they have once been sterilized.

Unsightly laundry marks are no longer the rule.

A good laundry is reliable about collecting the clothes and delivering them.

Sending it Out

LAUNDRIES in the past have been considered hard on colored garments. Now these are done apart from the regular wash, and in less-strong solutions than were formerly used.

Colors are better, too, and dyes which are guaranteed fast may be sent with perfect safety.

Most laundries will give you printed slips on which to check off items you are sending. This makes the count easy, and enables you to foretell approximately what the cost of the service will be. It also shows which pieces are the most expensive.

Goods may be returned with a variety of finishes. When ordered "rough dry" the flat pieces are put through the ironing machines, and pieces which require hand ironing are sent back dry but unironed. In "wet wash" the garments are returned washed, rinsed and wrung out of water, but you have to spread them to finish the drying. "Finished" work is completely washed and ironed.

Which of these methods will be most satisfactory will depend, of course, upon your personal needs and also upon which local laundry gives the best service. If you doubt the cleanliness of your clothes returned "wet" or "rough dry," it might be a good plan to test it, giving them an extra rinsing at home, to see if they are free from soap and powders. If they satisfy your standards in this respect you need not hesitate to employ the method, provided it suits your convenience.

You may have your laundry done in the home.

Whether you wash by hand or with a washing machine involves more than the mere substitution of electric for hand power. In a washing machine the water is used at a much higher temperature than the hands can bear, and therefore boiling is unnecessary. The hand method usually calls for at least a scalding rinse over a hot fire.

Some of the electric machines are complete in themselves and require no additional equipment except a line or a rack for drying. Some require set tubs, a clothes basket and practically all the paraphernalia you would have to purchase if you were to do the laundry by hand, if you are going to put the clothes through without extra and unnecessary handling.

You or your laundress will need the following pieces, and if you will investigate the cost you will find the total rather formidable:

Washboard.
Wringer.
Clothesbasket.
Bench. } Not needed if you have tubs
Two Tubs. } plumbed in.
Laundry stove—two-burner gas plate.
Boiler—tin or copper.
Clothesline—100 feet. May require hooks and pulleys.
Clothespins.
Clothesrack (optional in place of line).

Soap, starch, mild chemicals, bluing and fuel must also be provided. If you employ a laundress by the day her meals and wages must be counted in as a part of the laundry costs.

If you live where electric power is not available, there are several of the very best washers which can be equipped with a gasoline motor. Excellent hand-operated machines are also on the market, and although they do not save labor like motor-driven equipment, they are vastly better than the old washboard method.

Every day brings new types to the market. If you know exactly what service you want a machine to perform, the capacity which suits your needs, the space it may occupy, the motive power available in your household for its operation, it should not be hard to find on today's extensive markets the one which will suit you in every particular.

When a modern electric washing machine is purchased, a boiler, separate wringer and washboard are seldom necessary. If you have a machine with an extractor in place of a wringer, no other equipment except a line upon which to hang the clothes is needed. You rinse in the machine or in the extractor; the water is flung out of the clothes instead of the clothes being wrung out of the water. Considering the tremendous saving in labor, time and wear and tear on the clothes as well as on body and health, one is tempted to urge power equipment from the very start. The machine will last for years, and during that time you will have all the benefits of the modern, easy way of doing or having your work done. There are many good machines to choose from.

Doing it at Home

THE method which many households follow is a combination of the two described here. Part of the work is sent out and part is done at home. There are usually a few pieces you are reluctant to send to a laundry. Small choice pieces like handkerchiefs, fine serviettes and delicately colored garments you will expect to have done at home. When there are babies a certain amount of laundry must be done every day, as very few mothers plan so many garments for the rapidly changing first year that no daily washing is necessary.

Several small machines have a drying arrangement whereby the water is flung out of the clothes by centrifugal motion. Since the moisture is extracted quickly and evenly by this method, you will find that your husband's golf sweaters and hose, the children's knitted suits and your own colored-silk sports frocks can go through the spinner and will not need to be pinned to their original pattern or wrapped in bath towels to dry in their original shape and without streaks.

Of course this presupposes that before they are spun dry they will have been washed and rinsed properly, in water of the right temperature and with mild soaps; none of which points has to do with the type, size or washing principle of the machine.

Developed to meet the demand for small machines for apartment-house dwellers or for those who need an auxiliary washer, there are those that "bend at the knees," to slip under a kitchen table. One which I have in mind has a hand-turned wringer which folds down against the side of the tub when it is not in use. Many small machines have motor-driven wringers which may be slipped off on ironing days and an ironing machine substituted in its place. This saves the cost of an additional motor to operate the ironing machine, and reduces the cost.

CAKE . . . *doesn't have to be home-made to be good,* Mrs. Hale finds

Overheard gossip has its helpful side. Sometimes it opens our eyes to better ways of doing things.

By ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

ALL the children at the school party had been served and Mrs. Hale sought a place among the other mothers to eat her own ice cream and cake. Suddenly she heard a voice nearby mention her name.

"Mary Hale thinks nothing but home-made cake will do for her kiddies. But I don't think hers is really as light and tender as this Hostess Lemon Loaf. And look! The committee bought four cakes to serve this whole class and they cost only twenty cents each!

"Honestly, I won't waste time baking cake any more. There are so many kinds of Hostess Cake and they all taste like home-made. *Better* than most people can make."

Thousands of good cooks and housekeepers feel just this way about cake baking nowadays. And when you can buy cake as delicious as Hostess Cake at so little cost, why take the trouble—why waste your time?

How We Make Lemon Loaf

This Hostess Lemon Loaf, for instance—it's actually made with finer ingredients than the average housewife has on hand. Specially milled and blended flour. Carefully inspected eggs. Aren't those just the things you'd use for your nicest cake—if you could always get them?

We make a delicate egg sponge cake flavored with the fresh-pressed juice of real lemons. On top a smooth icing of soft lemon butter cream. It's delicious! And remember—the freshness is guaranteed. If you ever buy a Hostess Cake that isn't perfectly fresh, take it back to your grocer and he will cheerfully refund your money.

After you've had a Hostess Lemon Loaf, you'll want to try the other Hostess Cakes. Cocoanut Layer, the rich Devil's Food Bar, or Hostess Cup Cakes (2 for 5¢) with deep vanilla or chocolate frosting.

Try one of these unusually fine ready-to-serve cakes today.

And let me send you a copy of my booklet, "Fifty Quick Desserts," full of new dessert recipes, simple, yet very attractive and delicious. Use the coupon below.

Alice Adams Proctor

HOSTESS LEMON LOAF

20¢

in most cities

AT YOUR GROCER'S

© 1930, C. B. Co.

YO-HO! YO-HO! Tune in on the Happy Wonder Bakers at their *new hour,* every Tuesday evening, over WEAF and the N. B. C. coast-to-coast network.

Hostess Cake

BAKED BY THE BAKERS OF WONDER BREAD AND WONDER PAN ROLLS

Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co. L18
285 Madison Avenue, New York City
Please send me FREE my copy of "Fifty Quick Desserts."
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

ELINOR GLYN ANSWERS THE QUESTION

"What is IT in Dress?"

"Dear Miss Glyn: Won't you please write an article about how men like a girl to dress? I am pretty and I try to buy nice clothes, but somehow I just don't know the secret . . . men seem to overlook me, while other girls who don't spend more than I do are popular." GLADYS M.

WHAT is "it" in dress? What appeals instantly to a man's taste?

Many girls, and wives, too, have asked me this, and out of long experience I know the answer is very simple.

Men are dull, drab looking creatures themselves, Gladys, therefore they get a thrill out of the gay, colorful clothes a woman can wear.

Ask any man to describe a girl's dress, and in almost every case, he begins by speaking of the *color*.

Shouldn't we play up to this, girls?

There are two simple rules:

FIRST: Select the colors most becoming to you . . .

THEN: Keep them lovely and vibrant as long as you wear them.

Remember, only just as long as the color is kept in its perfect, new state has it the power to charm.

Just a little fading takes away some of the power to thrill—means a loss of "it."

Be careful to guard color charm, always.

There is a very simple, sure way to do this, through the use of that wonderful product, Lux. Ordinary soaps steal away a bit of color pigment as they cleanse, but Lux is especially made to preserve colors in all their joyous allure. Anything safe in water alone, is just as safe in Lux.

And in Your Home

Make your home a charming, attractive setting for YOU. Your surroundings can help get over your personality, your charm.

Keep pretty curtains, slip covers, table linens, always as gayly colorful as when they are new. Here, too, Lux will help you, for remember, men love color.

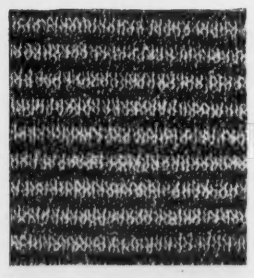
ELINOR GLYN

"Men love color," says Elinor Glyn—and how true it is! The smart short-sleeved sweater and beret above, striped in the new deep rose shade, are exciting to look at! Even the simplest costume makes you charmingly appealing, when its color is lovely, fresh!

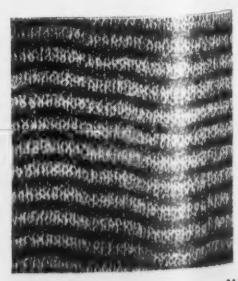
In this sheer, printed chiffon frock, too, it is color—exquisite as spring-time blossoms—which gives you a thrill when you see it! Lux is especially made to preserve this magic charm of color in all your lovely frocks, blouses, scarfs!

Washed 10 times **with ordinary "good" soap—and undeniably faded.**

Luxed 10 times, **color unfaded, "live," vibrant, as the day it was bought!**



Luxed 10 times, **wool and silk fibres in place,** ***no shrinking,*** **shape, color and fit perfect—like new.**



Washed 10 times **in ordinary "good" soap—color faded, garment harsh, matted,** ***shrunken.***

If it's safe in water . . . it's safe in **LUX**

On the Safe Side

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

STATISTICS may be meaningless things for many of us but sometimes they can come to us with brutal significance. Here are some that have a direct message for every family where there are children: Reports from the Department of Commerce show that the fatalities from accidents for the entire population of this country in 1928 were 95,086, of which approximately 20 per cent, or 19,017, were children under fifteen years of age. "Out of every five children who die, one is killed by an accident."

We have made great strides in reducing the hazards of fatality from the common infectious and contagious diseases during childhood. Though the death rate from typhoid fever, smallpox, measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, diphtheria and tuberculosis has shown a reduction of one-third during the past fifteen years, the death rate from accidents during the same period has shown an increase from 68.7 to 78.4 per 100,000 of the population.

Accidents rank first as a cause of fatalities in children of school age. Between the ages of five and fifteen years, which includes more than 90 per cent of our school population, accidents result in more than three times the number of fatalities caused by tuberculosis, which ranks second. According to the National Safety Council, not only do we have this large loss of life due to accidents but there are also a very large number of nonfatal accidents. School-accident studies and insurance-company records show that serious but nonfatal accidents occurring in childhood amount to at least two million a year.

Safety Education

BURNS and scalds lead the list. These are most apt to occur from unprotected stoves and fireplaces, use of matches, bonfires of building fires, dangerous fireworks, unprotected electric wires or appliances, steam, or boiling liquids.

Next in importance comes drowning, and the greater number of children drowned are between the ages of one and two years, the hazards in this instance being cisterns, unprotected wells, brooks and open tubs of water.

Third come the automobile accidents, then injury from firearms, falls and railroad accidents. The last is almost insignificant in its bearing on child safety and the other five causes mentioned are largely, if not wholly, preventable.

Such preventable accidents to our children need not and should not occur. The way in which they may be prevented lies along the line of universal education in the nature of the hazards to which our children may be exposed, and then concerted community and individual effort directed toward such measures of safety as we have a right to demand and our children have a right to expect.

Not long ago the head of the industrial department of the government of one of our states said to me: "From my experience, the weak link in most of our measures to protect children from accidents is that we expect children to show the same mental reactions that adults do. Children have single-track minds. They lack imagination as to consequences. They are concerned only with the one thing that is uppermost in their mind at any one time. When they run into the street to get a ball, they are thinking only about the ball and how to get it and not at all about the motor car that may be approaching. Any safety campaign or measures of safety for children must take that fact into account."

There is more than a leading hint toward our approach toward safety for children in the record of automobile accidents during childhood. In 1923, based upon each 100,000 motor vehicles in use, there were 21.37 fatal accidents to children between the ages of five and fifteen years. In 1928, there were only 14.58 accidents in this age group from this cause. The logical explanation, it seems to me, is that children are becoming "motor wise" through familiarity and that, in this case, this familiarity has not bred contempt but has resulted in a form of subconscious wiseness that has led to an instinct toward safety.

Group action and education are the keys that will unlock the door upon a world made safe for children.

The greater proportion of burns—which lead the list of accidents—are due to injuries within the home while the children are of preschool age. Inflammable objects, such as matches, must always be kept out of reach of the small child; electrical appliances should be withdrawn from their outlet plugs before a child is left alone in the room; fires should not be built by children unless older people are present, and the kitchen is no place for a small child while cooking is in progress. Unprotected play spaces and lack of guards in windows or on porches are responsible for many fatal accidents due to falls. Unsupervised street play is always hazardous for very young children. Constant care to be sure that any potentially harmful articles, including bottles of medicine, are out of the reach of small children, should be a part of every well-regulated family life. Uncovered wells and cisterns, as well as open tubs of water, must be considered as evidence of carelessness. As far as the child under five years is concerned, the problem of safety is ours and not that of the child. Probably nine out of ten serious accidents to little children are the result of neglect of these simple precautions.

Group activities make a greater impression upon children than any amount of individual warning with regard to safety. Fire drills in schools have reduced fire hazards in school buildings to a minimum. Are the children in your schools protected in this way?

The subject of burns is of timely interest just now when our great national holiday is so near at hand.

A burn from powder always holds the possibility of infection and mere home treatment may not be a sufficient safeguard in such instances. A good rule to follow if your child has been injured in any way, is to take him to your doctor, and this rule should be followed without any exception if the injury is a powder burn.

Accident Prevention

GROUP activity has been helpful in reducing the number of drowning accidents. Our summer camps for boys and girls are doing a fine service in accident prevention from this cause by teaching children how to swim and how to save life.

Of the other main causes of accidents during childhood there remain only those due to injury from firearms and from falls. The preventive measures to be taken in the first instance are self-evident. "Falls," though seemingly the least hazardous form of accidents, are in reality the ones most difficult to prevent. Children are discoverers and intrepid explorers. Constantly to restrict their play through fear of danger means virtual imprisonment and it will take the joy out of life for them. Here ordinary common sense is all that we can use.

The part we older people can take in lessening danger must be in providing a safe place in which our children may play and in being ready with first-aid for all minor injuries.

If we would have our children safe from harm we must make the plans that will keep them so. The way is not through a series of individual "don'ts." Safety legislation is needed for our general protection from the hazards due to our increasing use of, and dependence upon, mechanical devices. Alone we cannot do much to offset these hazards, but as a community group we can accomplish anything we wish to. With reasonable care in our homes and in our schools; with adequate and safe play spaces and with education in safety introduced as part of the curriculum of our school routine, we can do much to reduce the effect of these unnecessary dangers to child life. It will take constant interest and vigilance; only through safety for all children can you be assured of safety for your own children.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

SUPERVISED OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES MAKE FOR KEENER MINDS, FEWER ACCIDENTS

Give Them a wonderful vacation

Old Faithful Geyser—© Haynes, St. Paul

You can do it for practically no cost at all if you know how

YOU just have to remember one thing: that for a whole term the children have been inside looking out. Now they are going to be outside looking in. And outside is where they will find everything they want to know about.

All that they need now is some *source* to turn to for the meaning of what they are seeing with their own eyes. In other words, what they need are "*source books*." And the greatest of all these source books for children is COMPTON'S *Pictured Encyclopedia*.

If they are planning to go away this summer, the children will take these wonderful encyclopedias with them and everything they see will have a meaning.

If they are staying at home, they can travel in imagination with Compton's clear around the world, without leaving their own backyard. And when vacation is over they will be eager to get back to school to tell all they have learned. And *you* will have had the easiest vacation *you* have ever known.

Compton's is a source book about everything that children want to know. It is written and pictured in their own language. It is a picture-story-book encyclopedia. Everything absolutely accurate, alphabetically arranged and get-at-able, yet everything made simple and intensely interesting.

Children who have Compton's almost always get better marks in school, become leaders amongst their playmates, and acquire the habit of success for later life.

Vacation Adventure Booklet Free

This coupon will bring you a big complete sample of Pictured Section taken right out of Compton's Encyclopedia. With it we will send you, without any obligation, a Vacation Adventure Booklet, showing how thousands of others are using Compton's for wonderful vacations.

Here is the coupon. Fill it in and mail it now

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia

F. E. COMPTON & CO.
Dept. 7-40, Compton Building
1000 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me at once, without any obligation, Free Sample Section and Free Vacation Adventure Booklet with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

Parent's Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

Knowing that men are partial to pink, many brides will choose this feminine affair of satin and lace. With it they will wear Daniel Green's new crepe mule . . . called Bow Toe. Both slipper and negligee come in several blossom tints. —From J. L. Hudson, Detroit.

"Blossom Tints Preferred"

IS THE BRIDE'S LEISURE FOOTWEAR TIP

Fashion sighs for "petal tones" and Daniel Green makes them in a joyous collection of leisure slippers for brides. Freesia pinks and yellows, demure bud greens, the blue of a hyacinth in satin or crepe, give a delicate foot note to intimate, frilly things.

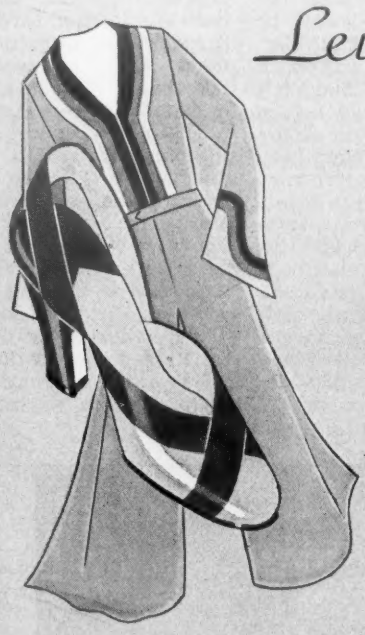
With vivid daytime pajamas, Daniel Green suggests a kid slipper . . . the new Monte Carlo, a backstrap mule, or a D'Orsay. They come in cornflower blue, red, iris purple and brilliant green . . . all smart color accents for pajama prints or pastel monotones.

See them at your favorite shop and you'll agree that every bride should have at least six pairs. They are all so flattering, so lithe, because Daniel Green is always finicky about two things . . . fine fabrics and superb fit. Prices $2.50 to $10 a pair.

THE DANIEL GREEN COMPANY, DOLGEVILLE, NEW YORK

DANIEL GREEN

Leisure Footwear



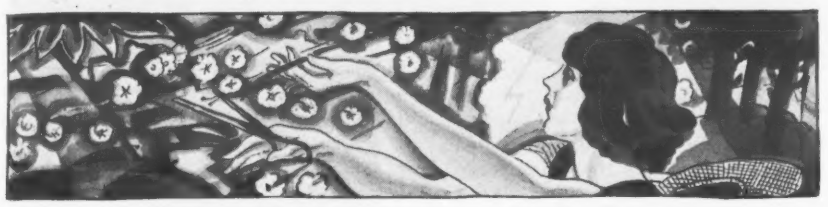
For the first breakfast, Monte Carlo mules with brilliant kid cross-straps will twinkle disarmingly. Wear them with this new lounging pajama (shown left). It goes in for the new one-piece, long sleeve idea.—From The White House, San Francisco.

The Bridge slipper of crepe and satin with a velvet bow appears proudly with Calvaryac's new hostess ensemble. A well-below-the-knee length coat nips and flares over one-piece pajamas of satin and lace.—From Mandel Bros., Chicago.

Fetching blossoms embroidered here and there on cloth of silver make a formal Klingstrap mule (shown left). It will match almost any negligee in a manner fresh and charming.

Let's not forget the groom's footwear trousseau. He'll choose from Daniel Green's collection, too! This slipper at the right combines colored kid and black patent leather.

If you don't see the name on the sole, it's not a Daniel Green slipper



We Test Our Readers' Recipes

For Those Rare June Days

Ginger Sponge Balls

5 Eggs, Beaten Light
2 Cupfuls of Sugar
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon
½ Teaspoonful of Cloves (Ground)
2 Teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder
1 Cupful of Shredded Crystallized Ginger
3½ Cupfuls of Flour

THESE fetching little cookies will keep a long time—if hidden from the children. Blend the sugar and ginger thoroughly with the eggs. Stir in three cupfuls of flour with which the salt, spices and baking powder have been sifted, and beat well. Add enough more flour—usually half a cupful—that the mixture may be shaped into a long narrow roll, one inch in diameter. Let chill for several hours before cutting it into half-inch-thick slices. Flatten these sllghtly before placing them on an oiled baking sheet. Brush surface lightly with egg white, and center with red or green seedless raisins. Tiny candies called dragees may be used. Bake in a moderate oven—400° F.—for fifteen minutes. It is well to bake these in advance and store carefully to ripen for three or four days.

—MRS. E. B. O., *Milwaukie, Oregon.*

Swedish Fruit Waffles

½ Cupful of Sugar
½ Cupful of Fat
1 Egg
¼ Cupful of Water
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
1½ Cupfuls of Sifted Flour
1 Teaspoonful of Baking Powder
1 Cupful of Whipped Cream
1 Cupful of Fresh Fruit

ROLLED into cone shapes and colorful with fresh fruit fillings, these are ever tempting. Beat well together the sugar, fat, egg and water. Mix thoroughly, while adding the dry ingredients, which have been sifted together. Fold in the whipped cream. The batter is really a plain cake mixture, so the iron must not be too hot. Put a thin layer in the well-heated waffle iron and bake until brown. Roll each section of waffle into a cone shape immediately upon removal from the iron while it is pliable. Let cool until crisp, when it is ready to fill with the sweetened fruit.

—N. C. H., *Seattle, Washington.*

Apple Surprise

8 Tart Apples
½ Cupful of Cooked Rice
¼ Cupful of Raisins
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
2 Cupfuls of Hot Maple Sirup

PLACE the washed, cored and partially pared apples in buttered baking dish. Fill apple cavities with rice and raisins. Sprinkle with salt before pouring over them the hot maple sirup. Bake covered in a slow oven—325° F. Top each apple with marshmallow whip and toasted coconut when ready to serve.

—MRS. M. R., *Los Angeles, California.*

Tomato Appetizer

6 Tomatoes, Diameter 1½ Inches
⅓ Cupful of Roquefort Cheese
1 Tablespoonful of Cream
⅛ Teaspoonful of Celery Salt
6 Rounds of Toast, Diameter 3 Inches
1 Tablespoonful of Caviar
Water Cress

MANY palates enjoy this appetizer. Remove skins from the tomatoes, scoop out the centers, sprinkle them with salt, invert and let chill for half an hour. Fill centers with the cheese crumbled and blended well with cream and celery salt. Accent each tomato with caviar, place on toast and garnish with water cress.

—MRS. J. B. N., *Wilmington, Delaware.*

Southern French Dressing

2½ Tablespoonfuls of Sugar
⅓ Cupful of Catchup
⅓ Cupful of Chili Sauce
1 Cupful of Mild Vinegar
2½ Tablespoonfuls of Olive Oil
⅛ Section of Garlic, Minced

THE interesting and subtle flavor of this dressing blends well with the summer leafy vegetables. Dissolve the sugar in the catchup before combining with the other ingredients. Strain the mixture after the garlic has been in not longer than ten minutes. The dressing keeps well, so may be made up in larger quantities.

—MISS K. T. C., *Ames, Iowa.*

Ham-and-Corn Fritters

1 Cupful of Thick Canned Corn
½ Cupful of Ground Boiled Ham
1 Tablespoonful of Minced Onion
⅔ Cupful of Flour
1½ Teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder

THESE are quickly stirred up and fried for the hot food at June luncheons. Fresh corn has better flavor and, if used, had best be cooked five minutes before combining it. Mix corn, ham and onion together before adding the flour, with which has been sifted the baking powder.

When all is well blended, fry by teaspoonfuls in deep fat—385° F.—four minutes. Drain well on soft paper.

Serve with cream sauce. Left-over cooked poultry or meat, well seasoned, or corned beef may be used in place of the ham.

—MRS. F. L. C., *Milton, Massachusetts.*

Mix shredded cabbage, diced pineapple and peanuts; moisten with boiled dressing. Place in small mound on individual plate; garnish with circle of mint leaves and criss-cross of pimiento. Serve with Boiled Dressing diluted with a little plain cream.

'Try mixing chopped mint leaves with any fresh fruit salad. Garnish with a sprig of mint and serve with Boiled Dressing diluted with whipped cream . . . Nothing could be more refreshing for luncheon on a hot summer day!

put Tang in the Dressing to Brighten your Salads

THE SUCCESS of any salad lies in the dashing, brilliant flavor of the dressing . . . The most elaborate salad falls flat without this sparkling flavor . . . while the simplest one seems touched with magic when the dressing is gay and piquant.

And your salad dressing depends on mustard for its spicy, subtle tang . . . No other ingredient can take its place. And no other mustard can equal the special, lively tang in Colman's Mustard!

Colman's Mustard has been famous for over a century for the unusually sprightly flavor of the seeds from which it is milled. Always add a dash of Colman's to all dressings, even if you buy them prepared.

Recipe for

BOILED DRESSING

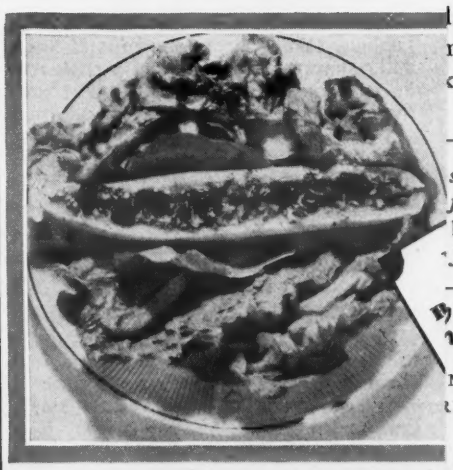
re and inferior in quality, every cake of
nest standards of purity and excellence.

's Baby Cream is also made especially
land and soothing and relieves chafing,
nild irritations of the skin. A little of
kin before going outdoors, will prevent

sample of Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, for you to try in connection with the powder. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. 1-G, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

nson & Johnson . . .

MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESS-
RIDGE SPOOL ADHESIVE PLASTER, ETC.



An attractive way to serve the ever-popular banana is this slightly scooped-out boat shape with small cubes of any bright, tart jelly. Garnish with nuts and serve with spicy Boiled Dressing to tone it up. A delicious salad!

By appointment to His Majesty the King

J. &
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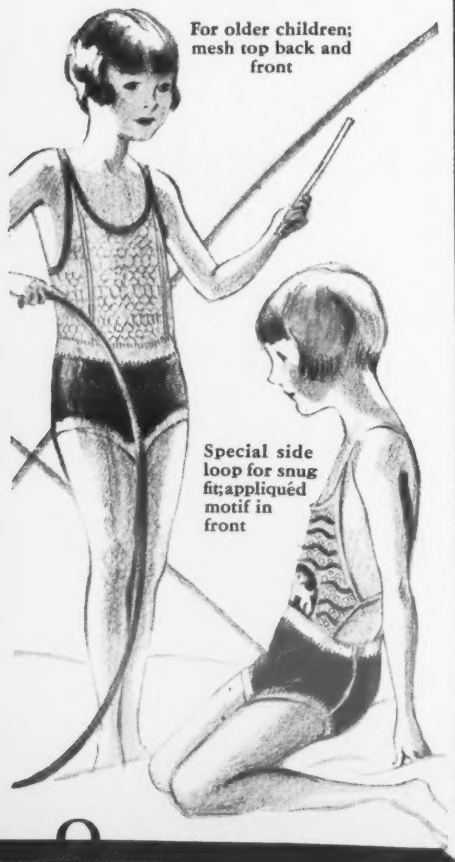
NEW *Styles* *NEW* Colors in Carter Sun Suits



How to Reduce Safely

(Continued from Page 92)

A satisfactory reduction diet is one which keeps an individual well nourished *while* she is bringing her body weight down to a figure which is normal for her age and height. It should be a diet adequate in every respect save calories. How generous one may be in the caloric allowance and how quickly one should expect to reach a more nearly normal weight should depend on the doctor's advice. Usually a loss of one to two pounds a week is a satisfactory rate. Usually a diet which is approximately one thousand calories less than the calories required for the day will produce this rate of loss. The average moderately active woman requires twenty-five hundred calories a day. You will notice that the diet shown here yields fifteen hundred calories.

It may be modified to fit the needs of larger or more active individuals who need more calories, or for those who should lose weight at a less-rapid rate, by the addition of calories.

It also may be increased in this way to maintain the weight after the desired loss has been accomplished.

it is because you have consistently eaten a diet higher in calories than you needed. If you are thin it is because you have trained yourself to feel satisfied on an amount of food which is just barely enough. To accomplish results you will need the courage of your convictions. This means first of all the surety that you are embarking on a plan which is for your own physical good. Convinced of this, determination and persistence will carry you past the difficult first days of adjustment. Weigh not oftener than once a week and when you see the losses or the gains of the first week repeated in the losses and gains of the second and third weeks, the battle is more than half won.

Table of Average Heights and Weights of Women With Approximate Calorie Requirements

Life-insurance statistics are emphatic in pointing out that the man or woman past thirty who is overweight is a poorer risk than the one who is not. "Ten per cent overweight before thirty and 10 per cent underweight from thirty on" is a slogan which has a basis in common sense.

	5′		5′ 2″		5′ 4″		5′ 6″		5′ 8″		5′ 10″	
AGE	WT.	CAL.	WT.	CAL.	WT.	CAL.	WT.	CAL.	WT.	CAL.	WT.	CAL.
20 Yrs.	114	1940	119	2020	125	2120	132	2240	140	2380	147	2500
30 Yrs.	120	2040	124	2100	131	2230	138	2350	146	2480	154	2620
40 Yrs.	127	2160	132	2240	138	2350	146	2480	154	2620	161	2740
50 Yrs.	133	2260	138	2350	144	2450	152	2580	161	2740	169	2870

The first reactions to such a diet are that "It's awfully bulky—I don't have room for so much food." "No desserts! No sugar in my tea and coffee! I don't like them that way!" "But I'm hungry between meals!"

The person who complains about the size of the diet is the one who has eaten the "meat, potato, bread and pie" type of meal, who has been accustomed to concentrated high-caloric food. It is she who says, "But I don't eat nearly as much as Mrs. B—— and look how thin she is!" It isn't the size of the meal that counts, but how much fat and concentrated carbohydrate it contains. A "big" bulky meal may be low in calories and a small one very high. It's the calories that count!

The question of sugar and desserts is a more difficult one. It is true that a teaspoonful of sugar gives only twenty calories, but it's so hard to stop with only one teaspoonful! Here one has to let her own psychology be the deciding factor. If you are one of those rare individuals who can go just so far and not be tempted to go farther—take your teaspoonful of sugar and be happy. If you are one of those who finds it easier to "swear off" all at once than by degrees, you will soon find yourself discovering unsuspected flavors in cereals and fruits. Flavors you never dreamed were there, because you have always covered them with sugar.

Patience and Courage

THE between-meal emptiness is probably due to the small amount of fat in the diet and is often annoying for the first few days. A drink of water, a cup of tea or clear bouillon usually relieves the situation, and it soon disappears entirely.

The diet for the underweight person consists of packing many calories into small-size meals, of finding all the excuses possible for extra butter, extra cream, extra salad dressing, extra sugar, jam and jellies. It consists of learning to eat just a little more, of learning to regard eating as a business instead of a diversion. Plenty of sleep and rest is important too, for they save calories from being spent.

In conclusion, remember that it takes patience to change any well-established habit. If you weigh more than you should

These calorie requirements are calculated for moderately active individuals. Such a day might be estimated to include:

Six hours of sitting activity, such as eating, sewing.

Eight hours of standing-and-walking activity, such as making beds, food preparation, washing dishes.

One hour of walking briskly.

One hour of sitting at rest.

Eight hours of sleep.

1500-Calorie Reduction Diet

Breakfast

Fruit—fresh or cooked, served without sugar.

Cereal—⅔ cupful of the packaged dry ones—3 rounded tablespoonfuls of cooked—may be substituted for the fruit occasionally.

Toast—1 slice whole wheat or Graham with ½ pat of butter (1 teaspoonful).

Milk—one glass.

Coffee—without cream or sugar.

Luncheon or Supper

Two Eggs or a small (2 ounce) serving of meat, fish, poultry or cheese, preferably cottage or other skim-milk varieties.

Salad—a generous-sized one, of lettuce, cabbage, celery, Chinese cabbage, tomato, cucumber, radishes, green pepper, endive, romaine, asparagus, string beans alone or in any desired combination. Serve with lemon juice, vinegar or a mineral-oil dressing*.

Hot Vegetable or Fruit—1 average serving—½ cupful—of beets, carrots, turnips, peas, onions, or any of those suggested above. Any fresh fruit or those canned with little or no sugar.

Bread—1 slice of whole wheat or Graham.

Butter—1 pat or 2 teaspoonfuls.

Tea—clear or with lemon.

Dinner

Lean Meat—1 average serving—3½ ounces—of beef, veal, lamb, fish, shellfish or poultry, broiled, boiled, roasted or pan-broiled.

Salad—a generous serving as at lunch.

Hot Vegetable—an average serving—½ cupful—as at lunch.

Fruit or another serving of hot vegetable—½ cupful.

Bread—1 slice of whole wheat or Graham.

Butter—a pat or 2 teaspoonfuls.

Clear tea or coffee.

*Mineral-oil salad dressings are made according to usual recipes for mayonnaise or French Dressing, using mineral oil instead of olive or salad oil. Mineral oils have no food value.

A Clean, Fresh Tie★

HIS appearance should mean much to you. Spotless garments help bring success. Keep his ties clean with Energine—it's easy!

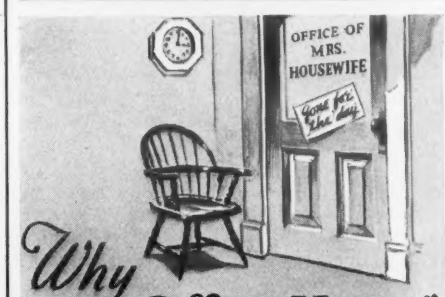
Simply moisten a clean cloth with Energine. A gentle rub or two! The spot vanishes! Takes but a minute, for Energine dries instantly. Leaves no odor!

Energine will quickly and thoroughly remove dirt and grease spots from ties without wrinkling or taking out the crease. Positively harmless to the finest fabrics.

At all Druggists

You soon become an expert in removing spots with Energine by following the simple directions on every label. Energine cleans a world of things. And a little goes a long way. Large can 35c. Give Energine a trial—and, like millions of others, you'll never be without it.

LEAVES NO ODOR
ENERGINE
THE PERFECT CLEANING FLUID



Why not "Office Hours" *for* Women *too?*

For years science and invention have sought untiringly for ways and means to lighten and shorten the working hours of the housewife. New household devices and appliances have been many and valuable—but nothing has been found to take the place of PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA, or do so well the many cleaning tasks it performs quickly and easily.

PARSONS' is an ammonia compound processed with a soothing oil; it is so different from ordinary ammonia that one trial will win you to its regular, everyday use. Get a bottle and try it. Use just a little in the water for cleaning . . .

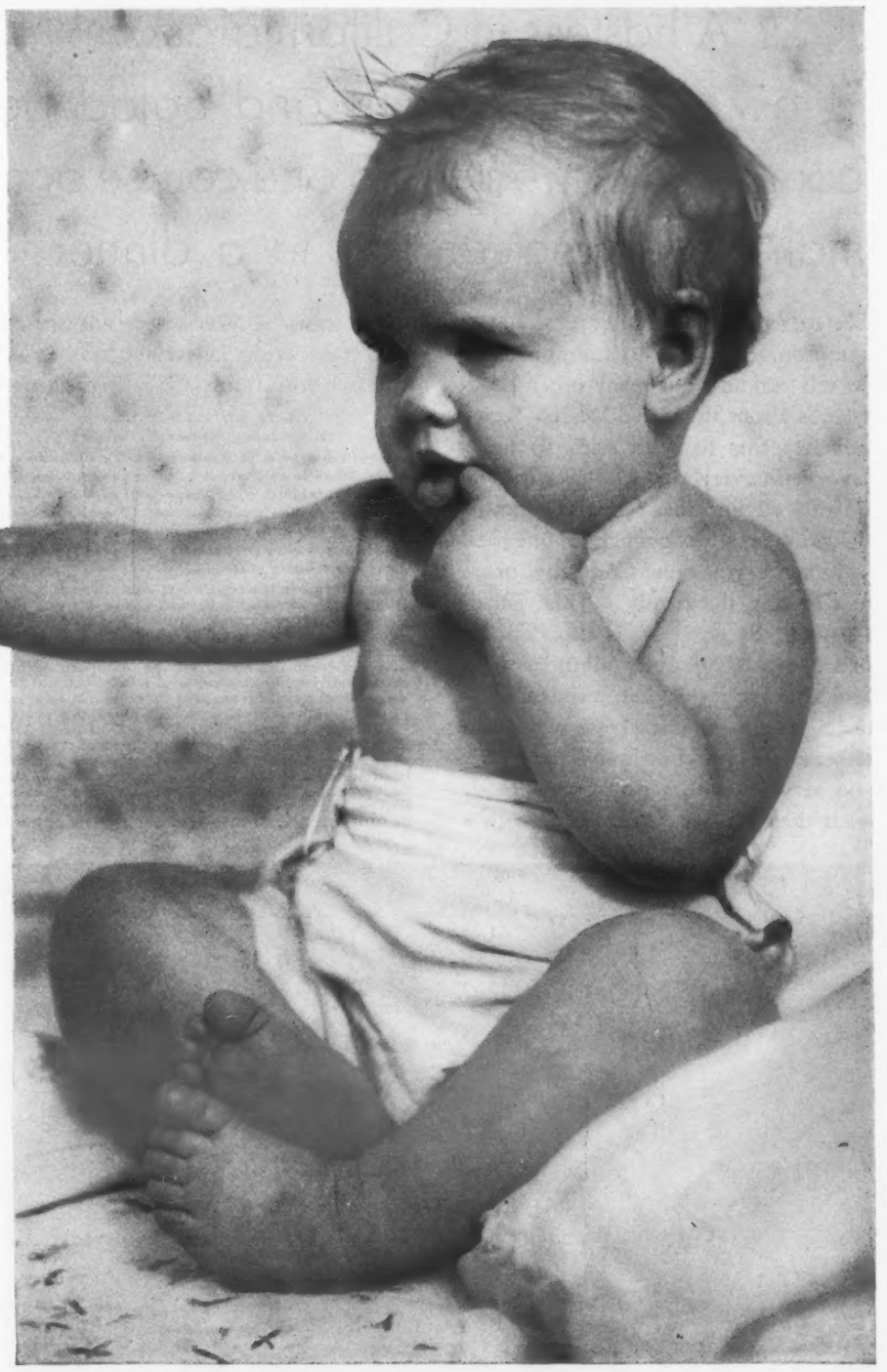
linoleum woodwork painted walls dishes windows silverware glassware tiling

At all Grocers and Department Stores 4 sizes from 15c up

PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

Use it wherever you use soap and water

"Ladies and-babies *take my advice!*"



"I tell you, folks, the time has come when something simply must be done! Just look at the weather—getting warmer, every day. Prickly heat has become a big problem . . . are we going to put up with it? And with chafing, too? I say—No, my friends! Take my advice . . .

"End these troubles! Get acquainted with the right kind of powder! I met it when I was all chafed and cross, and I've been a better baby ever since. In all my eleven months of experience, I've never known powder so soft and fine! It keeps me comfortable—and cool. And remember, folks, I'm not the only one . . . if all those in favor could only stand up, you'd see that babies know what's best!"

The Chief Chemist has something to say . . . Baby powders are not all alike, as a baby soon finds out! You yourself will understand the difference in them, when you know the difference in *talcs*. The high-grade Italian talc used for Johnson's Baby Powder is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, *needle*-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope—or you can feel it this way . . .

Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger. Then do the same with other powders . . . you'll know, soon enough, if they're made with inferior talc! Another important thing to remember: Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no* stearate of zinc. For your baby's sake, decide wisely!

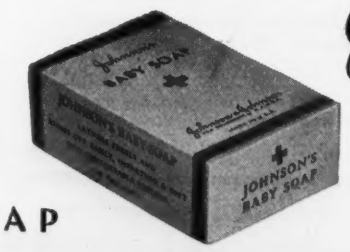
Babies should have the best of soaps, too . . . Johnson's Baby Soap is made *especially* for babies, from purest high-grade olive and other vegetable oils. It is as bland and soothing as the finest Castile soaps—but unlike Castile, Johnson's Baby Soap gives a rich, smooth lather and rinses off quickly and completely, leaving the skin soft and velvety. Note this fact, also—whereas Castile soaps are frequently impure and inferior in quality, every cake of Johnson's Baby Soap conforms to the highest standards of purity and excellence.

Extra comfort in this cream! Johnson's Baby Cream is also made especially for babies, from purest ingredients. It is bland and soothing and relieves chafing, prickly heat, "diaper rash," and other mild irritations of the skin. A little of this cream, rubbed gently on the baby's skin before going outdoors, will prevent painful sunburn.

FREE SAMPLES! *In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample—free of charge. With it, we will send you a free sample of Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, for you to try in connection with the powder. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. 1-G, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.*

• • • Johnson & Johnson • • •

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS, "Z0" CARTRIDGE SPOOL ADHESIVE PLASTER, ETC.



SOAP

Johnson's Baby Powder

CREAM

A hostess in California asks "How can the Dessert and Salad be combined correctly into one course and make a perfect ending to a dinner?"

We are so glad that you have asked this question, for it gives us an opportunity to tell you and our many other Knox friends about this Salad-Dessert recipe which seems to meet with so much favor with everybody who uses it. Frequently we find that *both* a salad and a dessert are really too much for one meal—(whether you have "Company" or are just serving the family). This "Salad-Dessert", by the way, is most appropriate for a Bridge Party (all the women love to serve it—and even the men exclaim over its goodness). We make it in either a large mold or individual molds and serve it with a tiny cheese sandwich that has been toasted, or with a Swedish wafer. We are sure any hostess will take pride in serving our Salad-Dessert for almost every occasion:—

SALAD-DESSERT
(*8 Servings*) (Illustrated below)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · 4 tablespoonfuls cold water · ½ teaspoonful salt · 1 tablespoonful butter · ⅓ teaspoonful paprika · Yolks of two eggs · Few grains cayenne · 3 tablespoonfuls sugar · ⅔ cup milk · 2 tablespoonfuls canned pineapple juice · 1 cup prepared fruit · ⅓ cup mild vinegar · 1 cup heavy cream.

Soak gelatine in the cold water about five minutes. Whip egg yolks and salt, add gradually vinegar, sugar, butter, cayenne and pineapple juice. Whip lightly. Heat milk in double boiler and gradually add the above mixture. Add soaked gelatine and when mixture thickens, remove from fire. Whip occasionally while cooling, and when beginning to set, add whipped cream and the fruit cut in small pieces (oranges, cherries, canned pineapple, grapefruit, pears or any desired fruit). Turn into wet mold and, when firm, remove to bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise to which has been added a few spoonfuls whipped cream or the beaten white of egg. Mold may be tightly sealed and packed in ice and salt if a frozen salad is desired or turn mixture into trays of electric refrigerator.

KNOX *is the real* GELATINE
FOR DESSERTS AND SALADS

There are no complications with Knox—the real gelatine. You do not have to remember whether strawberry flavor blends with fish—or raspberry flavor with eggs or lemon with milk or cream. Knox Sparkling Gelatine comes to you plain without any ready-made mixtures. You merely soak and dissolve the gelatine, add your own pure ingredients, cool and serve it—ready for banquet or plain home meal. And you needn't use the entire package at one time. It is good for four different desserts, salads or other combinations, six servings of each. Here's another recipe you'll enjoy trying!

ORANGE CREAM SHERBET
(*8 Servings*)

1 teaspoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · 1½ cups sugar · 1½ cups orange juice · ½ cup cold water · ½ cup sugar · 2 eggs · 1½ cups boiling water · Few grains salt · Grated rind of two oranges · 1 cup lemon juice · 1 pint heavy cream or evaporated milk.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Dissolve gelatine and sugar in boiling water; add orange rind, lemon juice and orange juice. Turn into ice cream freezer and freeze to a mush. Beat cream until stiff, and add sugar and salt. Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Beat yolks until thick and lemon colored and whites until stiff, and add to cream. Turn into frozen mixture and continue the freezing.

Mail the coupon for the Knox Recipe Books which answer any possible question about desserts, salads, candies, meat and fish dishes and other dainties.

KNOX GELATINE, 113 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.
Please send me FREE copy of your Recipe Book.

My name is_____

My address is_____

My grocer's name is_____

Our Homemakers' Letters

DEAR MISS BANE: Much has been written about the disastrous amount of leisure that women in the home have, or are about to have, but it seems to me that most of the folks I know have no bed of roses.

Most homes have children and the bulk of the homes have no full-time maids or nurses. The greater part of the work devolves upon the mother, and when she is buyer, cook, laundress, nursemaid, hostess and all the rest, she doesn't have a surplus of time either day or night if the baby is restless.

True, we don't make our own soap any more, but we use lots more of it. The Saturday-night bath is now the daily one. Keeping the family sweet and clean and properly fed and happy is quite a full-time business for the homemaker.

Just now I have a six-month-old baby. Having a baby simply upsets my equilibrium, so do give suggestions for helping one to keep one's sense of balance and poise.

And money—there is never enough. How to choose wisely out of the maze of things needed or thought needed and get the most for the amount paid? One spends such a lot for the little needs that arise from day to day. One saves for years to get a better home or a long-coveted Oriental rug, only to have a great slice cut from the savings account by a staggering hospital and doctor bill. And so it goes.

There is a question I'd like to see discussed: Will the percentage of dependent people over sixty years of age be greater or less in the next few years as a result of the desire on the part of all of us to own the good new things instead of diligently saving money?

I eagerly look forward to receiving my copies of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and I turn first to the Homemaking Department.

"Home is on the skids?" Not in our neighborhood! —M. B. J.

What of Leisure?

DEAR MISS BANE: So much is being said of diet, calories, vitamins and menus, new appliances for labor saving, etiquette and all the latest gadgets of every description. Everything is being done to make the housewife's work lighter and more pleasant. One hears a great deal about child psychology and training.

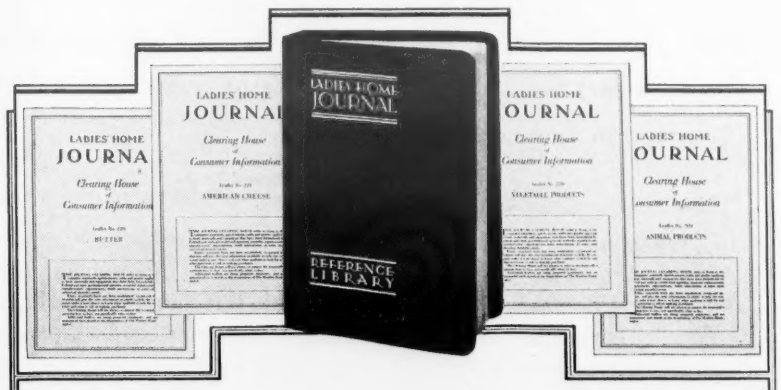
All this is very good, but there is one point that seems to be missing, which to me is the keystone since the modern housewife has such a wide sphere of influence: *What is the modern homemaker to do with this new-found leisure?*

I believe that a mother can be conscientious, intelligent, ambitious, keep her home neat and well regulated and still have time for leisure. She can study dietetics, and the other branches of homemaking to her credit. But after this is done?

A mother is supposed to give inspiration to others, but where is she to get it herself? One doesn't get a well-balanced philosophy of life thinking only of the mechanics of life. Neither does she get it fully augmented by attending some church or religious order.

One seldom sees an article written for the æsthetic side of a mother.

I think the homemaker has a big problem in changing her social psychology, for on it, in whatever form it may take, depends the rise or fall of a nation. It does not seem possible that with all the ease of acquiring knowledge our homes cannot keep the supremacy. —F. W. S.



Clearing House Leaflets

THE following leaflets are issued by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Clearing House of Consumer Information—all of them from authoritative Government, state-college or research-laboratory sources:

200. Refrigerators.
201. Gas Appliances.
202. Fresh Vegetables.
203. Brushes and Brooms for Cleaning.
205. Warm-Air Heating Plants.
207. The Principles of Lighting the Home.
208. Bedding Equipment.
*209. Animal Products.
*210. Vegetable Products.
*211. Condiments, Beverages and Miscellaneous.
212. Fruits.
213. Eggs.
214. Linoleum.
216. Soap.
217. Safety Matches.
218. Dressed Poultry.
219. Miscellaneous Provisions.
220. Butter.
221. American Cheese.
222. Fresh Beef and Veal.
223. Personal Stationery.

Please check the ones you want, inclose a two-cent stamp for each, and send to Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*Leaflets 209, 210 and 211 include the definitions and standards for food products set up by the Food, Drug and Insecticide Administration of the United States Department of Agriculture.

*

½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
2 dashes of paprika
4 tablespoons Mazola

Mix thoroughly, then add slowly, while stirring continuously, two tablespoons red vinegar.

The above is Mrs. Lord's personal recipe for French Dressing. The following is the standard Mazola French Dressing recipe familiar to thousands of housewives. It takes but 2 minutes to prepare — and conclusively proves the superiority of Mazola for salads.

½ cup Mazola ½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons vinegar
⅛ teaspoon white pepper

Beat thoroughly and use with any vegetable, meat or fish salad. If a sweeter dressing is desired add 1 teaspoon Karo Red Label.

*

"The recipe is the same used in our kitchen at Nice, France". . . . . *writes Mrs. H. Wilfred Lord*

Corn Products Refining Co.
New York City.

Gentlemen:

My husband, who is a world-wide traveler and an author, lived in France for many years. No dinner is complete, as far as he is concerned, without a salad of some kind.

And he is very critical when the salad is served. I have tried pure olive oil and various other substitutes, but *he prefers Mazola* to any of them, as he says it is never rancid, strong-tasting or has an unpleasant odor.

The recipe I use for salad dressing is the same used in our kitchen at Nice, France, while we lived there. (See recipe to the left.)

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. H. Wilfred Lord
129 Myrtle Street
Boston, Mass.

Mazola is famous the world over for purity, quality and flavor. Regardless of price, you can find no finer salad oil than this clear, golden oil—pressed from the hearts of fully-ripened corn kernels.

"The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" by IDA BAILEY ALLEN, is now in its fifth edition—so great has been the demand for this valuable book of nearly 300 modern recipes. Fill out and mail this coupon—we will promptly send you your copy.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. L-6, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station
New York City

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____

State_____

Tarnished silver, scaly teakettles, meat grinders and waffle-irons, vacuum-bottles and vases —even false teeth

Believe it or not

ten thousand housewives say:

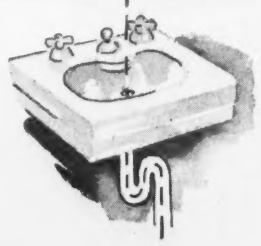
"Drāno *cleans them all!*"

MORE than ten thousand women wrote more than ten thousand letters in the recent Drāno Experience Contest. One after another, they told us of the many unusual cleaning tasks that Drāno is doing for them . . . without any of that tedious, time-wasting scraping and scrubbing, scouring and rubbing.

You use Drāno, of course, to open drains—keep them fast-flowing. More than likely, you use it, too, for the laborless cleaning of broiler-pans and casseroles, stove burners and garbage cans. But think of all these other things that Drāno can clean for you—

Meat grinders and waffle-irons, teakettles and water-heaters, fish-bowls and babies' bottles, combs and jewelry, fruit-jars and vacuum-bottles, flower-vases and bird-baths, stove parts and cream-separators, milk cans and poultry troughs. To remove paint, clean automobile radiators and greasy garage floors. Just a Drāno-soaking, that's all. Could anything be easier?

Keep a can of Drāno handy on the kitchen shelf, and in the bathroom, too. On sale at all grocery, drug, hardware stores, and house furnishings departments. And for a copy of our helpful booklet, just write to The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Tell your husband about **Drāno**

Does your husband know that Drāno is packed in five, ten, twenty-five and fifty-pound containers for industrial use? Drāno is used for drastic cleaning jobs—in hotels, mills, mines and all kinds of factories—and is available through supply houses.

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

. . . keeps them free-flowing

THE CONTEST WINNERS

From among the many thousands of excellent letters entered in the contest, the judges—Miss Katharine A. Fisher, Director of the Good Housekeeping Institute; Miss Lita Bane, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal; Mrs. Martha C. Peabody, Household Editor of the Woman's Home Companion, and the President of The Drackett Chemical Company—*selected the following:*

Regular Use Contest

1st Prize.....$500
Mrs. Irvine L. Miller, Beltsville, Md.
2nd Prize.....$250
Mr. Charles A. Jones, Los Angeles, Calif.
3rd Prize.....$200
Mrs. Wm. Blower, Akron, Ohio
4th Prize.....$150
Mrs. William L. McClure, Yakima, Wash.
5th Prize.....$100
Mrs. F. W. Peil, Racine, Wis.
6th Prize.....$50
Mrs. Marion Fay, Pittsburgh, Pa.
7th Prize.....$25
Mrs. J. L. Linden, Los Angeles, Calif.
8th Prize.....$25
Mrs. J. H. Scott, Pasadena, Calif.

$10 Prizes—*Regular Use Contest*

Mrs. W. E. Coulbourn, Miami, Fla.; Mrs. Nellie C. Herman, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Nelson, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Mr. Paul W. Pagelow, Beloit, Wis.; Mrs. William Ralph, Belhaven, N. C.; Mr. Edwin S. Smith, Kenmore, N. Y.; Mr. W. E. Whipp, Green Lake, Wis.; Mrs. Elsie W. White, Berkeley, Calif.; Mrs. J. R. Wilcox, Washington, D. C.; Mr. R. G. Williams, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

$5 Prizes—*Regular Use Contest*

Mrs. H. C. Anderson, Moorhead, Minn.; Mrs. B. J. Bennett, Jr., Pasadena, Calif.; Mr. Howard Bonested, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. C. E. Carey, W. Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Alta G. Clover, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Nathan W. Cunningham, Clyde, Ohio; Mrs. Norman H. Dieter, Hawthorne, N. Y.; Mrs. G. B. Farmer, Tullytown, Pa.; Mrs. F. W. Field, Flint, Mich.; Mrs. Dorothy A. Fifield, So. Lancaster, Mass.; Mr. R. A. Foose, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. H. I. Jackson, Rushville, Nebr.; Mr. George W. Lamb, E. Chicago, Ind.; Mrs. V. J. Linneman, Denver, Colo; Mrs. J. O. Mueller, Dayton, Ohio; Miss Carrie Onslow, Darlington, S. C.; Mrs. J. Rupp, Delta, Ohio; Mrs. H. Skidmore, Winnipeg, Man.; Mrs. Arthur Sutherland, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. B. B. Whitehill, Uniontown, Pa.

Other Use Contest

1st Prize.....$500
Mrs. E. L. Noble, Britton, S. Dak.
2nd Prize.....$250
Mr. Charles Albert Miller, Ruskin, B. C.
3rd Prize.....$200
Mr. James H. Thompson, Grand Marais, Mich.
4th Prize.....$150
Mr. Grady Clampitt, Mancos, Colo.
5th Prize.....$100
Mrs. Carl G. A. Johnson, Lakewood, Ohio
6th Prize.....$50
Mrs. F. W. Allen, Oswego, Oregon
7th Prize.....$25
Mrs. Murel Bullis, Redwood City, Calif.
8th Prize.....$25
Mrs. Ira C. Drake, Jr., Muskegon, Mich.

$10 Prizes—*Other Use Contest*

Mrs. R. S. Cook, Brantford, Ont.; Mrs. Emily M. Harvey, San Francisco, Calif.; Mr. Walter C. Kessler, Roanoke, Va.; Mrs. Virginia D. Meier, Lexington, Ky.; Mrs. Thos. M. Randolph, Marietta, Ga.; Mr. Geo. Raveling, Rock Rapids, Iowa; Mrs. Delia Rentenbach, Hancock, Mich.; Mrs. Julia Sanders, Malta, Idaho; Mr. William H. Sebenius, Duluth, Minn.; Mrs. R. L. Snetzer, Omaha, Nebr.

$5 Prizes—*Other Use Contest*

Mrs. Edward P. Ancona, Albuquerque, N. Mex.; Mrs. W. H. Bomberger, Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. James Carlton, Canadensis, Pa.; Mrs. Grady Clampitt, Mancos, Colo.; Mrs. R. G. Cumber, N. Platte, Nebr.; Mrs. Scott Graham, Altamont, Kans.; Mrs. Flo Westerlund Hall, Long Beach, Calif.; Mrs. I. H. Lovett, Rolla, Mo.; Mrs. R. L. Lowry, Temple, Tex.; Mrs. W. F. Meyer, Fairmount, Ind.; Mrs. Olive Hering Nelson, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Dorothy L. Nuttall, Lake Worth, Fla.; Mrs. L. A. Paulus, White Plains, N. Y.; Mr. Robert Perrin, Westbrook, Maine; Mr. Wm. Harrison Raab, Pasadena, Calif.; Mrs. H. A. Sidler, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. W. E. Simons, Bethel, Conn.; Mrs. Willard A. Slade, Hubbardston, Mass.; Mrs. Maud E. Uschold, Lacon, Ill.; Miss Dorothy Wood, Glendale, Calif.

New Use Contest

1st Prize.....$500
Mrs. Ruth B. Johnson, Savannah, Ga.
2nd Prize.....$250
Mrs. Helen Street, Ottawa, Ont.
3rd Prize.....$200
Mr. William J. Kelley, E. Quogue, L. I., N. Y.
4th Prize.....$150
Mr. Clifford L. Englert, Irvington, N. J.
5th Prize.....$100
Mr. B. M. Moore, Tucson, Ariz.
6th Prize.....$50
Mr. Edward C. Stetzer, Longport, N. J.
7th Prize.....$25
Mrs. M. B. Egar, Jacksonville, Fla.
8th Prize.....$25
Mr. J. Cole Morton, Ridgefarm, Ill.

$10 Prizes—*New Use Contest*

Mr. R. H. Baker, Birmingham, Ala.; Miss Maude M. Bush, Washington C. H., Ohio; Mr. Harold C. Kimball, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mr. Wm. P. Mattern, Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. Hugo Orlopp, Atchison, Kans.; Mr. Chas. H. Otis, Madison, Wis.; Mr. Gordon Rodibaugh, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Bertha L. Smith, Cardington, Ohio; Mrs. Fern E. Tanner, Morro Bay, Calif.; Mrs. A. L. Tarlton, Lovington, N. Mex.

$5 Prizes—*New Use Contest*

Mrs. Mildred J. Ahlgren, Big Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. Paul Barnum, Pasadena, Calif.; Mr. Fred Burchett, Derby, Colo.; Mrs. James W. Davis, Chillicothe, Mo.; Mr. John W. Dixon, Independence, Calif.; Dr. Theodore F. Foster, Trenton, Tenn.; Mr. C. H. Fraer, Eugene, Oregon; Mrs. H. N. Gordon, Fenton, Mich.; Mrs. Charles A. Jones, Los Angeles, Calif.; Dr. Arthur H. Klawans, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. W. L. Lucas, Muldraugh, Ky.; Mr. Alfred D. McLean, Hyde Park, Mass.; Miss Lucille Messier, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. V. S. Pardne, Obion, Tenn.; Mrs. Leta Pearson, Emery, S. Dak.; Mrs. J. Schlapp, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Jack T. Scott, Floydada, Tex.; Mr. Howell A. Smith, Manassa, Colo.; Mrs. E. D. White, Shawsville, Va.; Mrs. Florence Wilkinson, Hollywood, Calif.

Ladies' Home Journal Reference Library

WHEN summer is in full swing, as it soon will be, you'll welcome suggestions that will enable you to maintain your delightful standards of homemaking with a minimum of effort. Our Reference Library has been planned so as to give you just such service.

Your homemaking will be still easier if you have your booklets handy. The Loose Leaf Binder, which sells for 25 cents, holds them all except JOURNAL Houses and New Garden Homes.

Except as otherwise noted, address all orders to Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa. Do not send stamped addressed envelopes; merely send, in stamps or cash, the amount required.

INTERIOR DECORATION

For a list of booklets prepared especially for the home decorator, see page 128.

HOMEMAKING

The new LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Clearing House of Information, giving standards and specifications for the purchase of equipment, foods and other household materials, has leaflets giving information on a number of subjects. See page 110.

THE BELL RECIPE FILE, published by Viola M. Bell, cookery editor of the JOURNAL and formerly associate professor of foods and nutrition at Iowa State College; 248 cards containing recipes and full directions in a substantial oak box. Price, Three Dollars.

WHAT IS AN EFFICIENT KITCHEN? With complete list of equipment. Price, 5 cents.

ARCHITECTURE

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL HOUSE PATTERNS. Complete plans and specifications for selected small houses shown in the JOURNAL since November. Price, One Dollar a set.

NEW GARDEN HOMES, designed by Ernest Flagg. A 72-page book containing plans and working details. Price, 25 cents.

JOURNAL HOUSES (completely revised). Pages of designs and small plans. Price, 25 cents.

GARDENING

ANNUAL GARDENING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

PERENNIAL GARDENING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

ROCK GARDENS AND ROCK GARDENING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

PLANNING YOUR GROUNDS. *By Alfred C. Hottes.* Price, 5 cents.

GARDEN FERTILIZERS. *By Dr. H. B. Siems.* Price, 5 cents.

LAWN MAKING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

ROSES AND ROSE GARDENS. *By J. H. Nicolas.* Price, 5 cents.

DUTCH BULB GARDENING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

TWO MODERNISTIC GARDENS. Series A and Series B. Price, 2 cents each.

WATER GARDENING. *By Alex Laurie.* Price, 5 cents.

SUMMER-FLOWERING BULBS. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

CHILD CARE

PRENATAL LETTERS. *By Dr. S. Josephine Baker.* A booklet containing nine letters addressed to expectant mothers, with timely advice as to health, clothing and necessary preparation. Price, 25 cents.

POSTNATAL LETTERS. *By Dr. S. Josephine Baker.* A booklet containing six letters addressed to new mothers, with timely advice on the care of the baby during its first twelve months, and ten supplementary chapters dealing with the special care of the baby during the same period. Price, 25 cents.

MILK FORMULÆ FOR FEEDING INFANTS AND DIETS FOR CHILDREN. Prepared by Dr. S. Josephine Baker. These leaflets contain suggestions for the feeding of children from one week to six years of age. Price, 10 cents.

LAYETTE. (Including pattern.) Price, 35 cents.

The following leaflets, also by Dr. S. Josephine Baker, included in Postnatal Letters, may be had separately:

	CENTS
Weight and Growth	5
First Aid and the Family Medicine Chest	5
The Nursery	5
Good Habit Training	5
Sun Baths	5
The Teeth and Their Care	5
Bathing the Baby	5
The Child Who Will Not Eat	5
Signs of a Healthy Child	5
Formulæ for Infant Feeding and Diets for the Pre-School child	10

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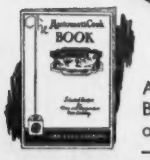
"... and it's such a relief in hot weather"

EVERY WOMAN knows that on a hot day, watching the oven is no help to comfort, the disposition or the bloom of youth. ¶ To the rescue . . . the AutomatiCook! All you have to do is prepare the food, slip it into the oven, set the AutomatiCook and then seek the coolest spot you can find . . . and rest. The AutomatiCook will take care of your cooking. When dinner time comes, open the oven and take out your meal . . . fully cooked . . . hot . . juicy . . . tender. ¶ This improved oven heat regulator is automatic in operation and never fails. Hundreds of thousands of careful housekeepers have found the AutomatiCook accurate. Bread, meat, game, fish, fowl—whole meals are cooked by the AutomatiCook. ¶ Home economics bureaus and gas companies commend the AutomatiCook. Although you can't buy it separately because it's part of the range, the AutomatiCook is provided as standard equipment on more than 100 fine up-to-date gas ranges. Any good dealer will gladly show you one of them.



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Youngwood, Pa.

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What women want in a motor car

as women themselves see it

The New Essex Challenger has naturally won overwhelming favor with women. Because women on the engineering staff have so ably interpreted the feminine requirement in design, smartness, comfort, distinction and driving convenience.

This special contribution of woman's viewpoint is combined with the most rugged reliability and brilliant performance of Essex History. The events of Continent-Wide Challenger Week, with more than 5,000 Essex cars engaging, established its outstanding ability in fast get-away, speed, reliability, endurance and economy. Everywhere its achievements far surpassed any requirement you may have.

Yet you handle this powerful, brilliant performance with effortless ease. You start the motor by a button on the dash. Clutch, brake and acceleration pedals are easy to reach, and respond to light pressure.

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The New Essex Challenger beauty will charm you. Not merely in general line and design, but the finish of every detail, fitting and appointment. It looks "well-dressed" and is "well-dressed", in just the smart woman's meaning of that word.

Come examine, drive and know the New Essex Challenger. You will like its beauty and quality that you can see and feel in the very upholstery, in the wheel you handle and the hardware you touch. And it will cap the proof of greatest dollar-for-dollar value, with a pride of ownership that is distinctive in its field.

the new

ESSEX

Challenger

The Heights

(Continued from Page 13)

the bit between my teeth I plunged again into a new and exciting creation, but with Carré I agreed. One had here to draw with a fine line of demarcation the delineation of Aphrodite. Now, then, a worker in any art must have a deeply emphasized quality combined with all the other necessary ones, and that is distinction. Without it an artist's work is like a sixth carbon copy—pale and making little impress. It is part of yourself, therefore it becomes part of your work. If you do not possess it no one can tell you how to procure it. It just is or it just isn't. If you have it you can play with dignity any indignity that is part of the life of men and women.

Distinction of acting is the result of distinction of thought and living—one's viewpoint. If you are going to walk through the world and deliberately misinterpret all the symbols in which it is written, you won't be able to touch on any subject without some of the mud influencing your thinking.

In rehearsing Aphrodite, Carré said to me: "Exaggerate it; more—more exaggeration."

"I am afraid of overdoing it," I protested.

"Mademoiselle," he said to me—and had the praise come from anyone but Carré I should have dismissed it—"you were born with an instinct that will always protect you from going too far. Go to what you think is the limit, then exaggerate and you will still be within the boundary line."

There were no pauses now. One opera after another was given me. Some to create, like Mélisande, some sung before—Marguerite in Faust, Carmen, Tosca, Sapho, Hélène—written by Saint-Saëns—which had been sung by Melba at Covent Garden but never in France, and for which I had the advantage of Saint-Saëns' constant coaching.

There comes a time in one's life when one can boast that the colors burn more fiercely, when there is the least possible shade and the highest possible sultriness, when the spokes of the wheel move swiftly and very, very sure—and nothing is out of gear. Such a time was now. My mother had arrived from America on a visit to me and this was my first contact with it. Since I left it I had not once turned my eyes in that direction. One evening at the Comique word was brought to me from Oscar Hammerstein asking if I would receive him to discuss the proposal of my singing in America. I sent back word, "I have no inclination to sing in America."

I waited for him to return so I could explain my objections. That modern French opera had never been attempted there—that I had created it in Paris—that Paris was giving it their full support. Paris understood me and I saw no reason for leaving it.

An American Engagement

HE NEVER gave me the opportunity of rejecting him to his face but calmly turned on his heel and took the very next steamer back to New York. You would never have to know him any better than in that first gesture of his. It explained him as nothing else could.

Later he sent Gustave Schirmer, the head of Schirmer's music house, over to me. Mr. Schirmer had a load of convincing reasons to influence my joining the Hammerstein forces, but he never had to bring them out.

"Why won't you come to New York to sing?" he asked.

I answered quickly, "But I will."

When an opportunity presents itself to me in life I have always had an uncanny instinct to say at once either no or yes. There is no shilly-shallying, no balancing on both sides of the fence. I have not often had to regret this. This time it was a decided "yes," and with that "yes" Mr. Hammerstein once again crossed the Atlantic to see me. He entered the room of my apartment where I received him and without any preliminary or shaking hands or amenities, the first thing he said was:

"Stand up for me, Mary, and turn around. I want to see your figure." Straight from the shoulder, you see—no laying down of the red velvet carpet. I stood up for him at once and turned slowly all the way around, neither of us saying a word but both quite solemn. When I came to a standstill he burst out laughing and I laughed with him and always understood him.

After completing the terms of our contract he told me he had secured the American rights to produce all the French operas in which I appeared. I then asked him if he had heard Pelléas and Mélisande. He answered "No," in that brusque way of his. I said, "Aren't you going to?" "No," he replied, clamping his mouth on a huge black cigar that was almost a part of him.

"Why not?" I asked.

"I don't see why I should. Paris says it's fine. Paris says you're fine. You are to sing it in America. That's enough."

Oscar Hammerstein

I FINALLY persuaded him to hear it and to come back to my dressing room after the second act. When he appeared in that Continental black-silk hat with the straight brim which was always associated with him, and which became a legend in the theater, he never opened his mouth about the opera. Finally I asked him how he liked it.

"It leaves me cold," he answered laconically.

"You go out there and see it until its end," I said to him.

After the fourth act, when he returned to my dressing room, he came up to me and said quite simply, "You are a very great artiste, but how great you, yourself, do not know."

He was silent and deeply moved. He was stirred to his inner depths without knowing why, which was perhaps the greatness of him.

With that intense and unerring intelligence of his he saw he could not give modern French opera without the school that had formed it—artists like Maurice Renaud and Charles Dalmores, Hector Dufranne and Gerville-Réache, and so with one of those Jupiterlike gestures for which he was famous he engaged the entire Opéra Comique cast and brought them to America.

Oscar Hammerstein had all the color of his race with some of its finest traits and some of its ugly ones. He was loyal, arbitrary, unforgiving and courageous. He was brusque, insolent and crude, but never petty or small. Bigness was the sense you had of him—not physically but big with the spaciousness of men who are in the hands of a thing beyond what the two eyes see.

Big things swept him off his feet, yet he couldn't give you the reason. He entered into his arena of action too late in his life, for when his height came, instead of being fifty he was nearer seventy, with the heat of fight cooling in his blood. He was a man with the elements of genius. He always reminded me of something incased in clumsy iron armor and in unexpected moments one glimpsed what rested there, peering forth undismayed and splendid. I never knew why New York, whose pulse is the first to be quickened by anything approaching a new note, could so let down a man who had brought to them so gorgeous, so vitally important a value in the way of music as Oscar Hammerstein did. His was a brave and indomitable soul. It

"Please tell me..."

JEAN CARROLL'S
Column on Hair Beauty

What to do for oily hair

Dear Miss Carroll: I have naturally wavy hair and for the first days after a shampoo it looks lovely, all soft and wavy. But, this soon passes off and in a little over a week it becomes excessively oily and stringy. Added to this is the fact that it comes out in handfuls when I have it shampooed, and every time I comb it I lose quite a lot. This is very discouraging, because I have decided to let my hair grow. But at this rate it will be just ages before there's enough of it to do up.—M. S., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Dear M. S., Don't be discouraged. Think what a problem you'd have if you were trying to grow *straight* hair! But to go on to your troubles—you say your hair gets oily in a little over a week. That's a fairly usual trouble. And the first rule is—shampoo your hair *oftener* than once a week. The next rule is—use a special shampoo for oily hair.

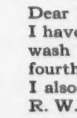
I'm going to tell you about a shampoo for oily hair—Packer's Liquid Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is safe and pure but it is also gently astringent and tends to tighten up the relaxed oil glands. Use it every four or five days at first.

Then for falling hair . . . If you shampoo your hair regularly with this healthful pine tar shampoo, I think you'll notice an improvement. The gentle stimulation you get from the astringent quality of the shampoo tends to tone up the scalp. In addition, you should use a little daily massage. The good rich blood will be stirred to nourish the hair and keep it strong and healthy.

One thing more—often that combination of oily hair and falling hair means *dandruff*. If you have noticed any of those little flaky bits, will you read what I say down below?

And for dandruff—

Dear Miss Carroll: Everyone tells me that I have beautiful hair and yet even though I wash it once a week it gets oily about the fourth day and then does not look pretty. I also have a great deal of dandruff.—Miss R. W. M., Strathcona, Alberta, Canada.



Dandruff and excessively oily hair often go together. Experts, and by that I mean doctors who specialize in the care of the hair, call it *seborrheic dermatitis*, and they agree that it is an infection—and *very* dangerous.

So I'm going to urge you to start in right away to shampoo once a day for three days with Packer's Tar Soap. This famous soap has long been a standard remedy in cases of dandruff. These frequent shampoos are antiseptic in effect. They bring the healthful piney lather of Packer's Tar Soap into frequent contact with your scalp—and dandruff germs *hate* pine tar.

After you've had your three every-day shampoos, you ought to be able to control the dandruff by shampooing twice a week, and then once a week—unless your dandruff is serious. If it is, I suggest that you go to see a good dermatologist.

A special shampoo for dry hair

Dear Miss Carroll: Can you tell me which of the Packer Shampoos will be best for my hair? Every time I wash my hair it is so flyaway afterwards that for several weeks I cannot keep it in place. It snaps and seems to tangle about the comb, so that it is very difficult to do anything with it.—Mrs. J. R. F., Oxford, Michigan.

Dry hair *is* difficult to manage. It often breaks off, too. I'd suggest a little daily massage. Then, I'd use a special shampoo for dry hair that I'm going to tell you about.

This is Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, one of the nicest shampoos I've ever tried. It's a lovely golden liquid, very easy to use because it's so lathery and rinses so easily. It is a pure vegetable oil soap, with softening, soothing glycerine that leaves your hair softer and easier to manage.

Every two weeks I'd use this special shampoo, and then between times I'd drop a little oil of sweet almonds on the scalp with a medicine dropper. I'm sure these simple rules will make your hair more manageable. JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—*radio talks* by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday 10:45 a. m. (Eastern Daylight Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

* * *

If you have any of the difficulties described above, one of the Packer products will help. If you have a special problem, write Miss Carroll, personally.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc.
Dept. 7-F, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose_____cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)
☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)
☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

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Lovely, tiny slippers . . . the final exquisite note in a heart-snaring ensemble. But torture to corns . . . if you forget to summon Blue-jay to the rescue!

Wear Blue-jay *while you dance.* No one will know that it is there, relieving the pressure that brings the sting of pain. Even you will scarcely realize that the mild medicament within the velvety guard is already at work, softening the corn for easy, early removal.

Banish your corns by this *safe* 3-day treatment that ends the risk of infection from paring. Blue-jay, made by one of the foremost producers of surgical dressings, has for thirty years been the approved treatment for agonizing corns. . . . Your druggist knows. . . . 25 cents (in Canada, 35 cents).

Blue-jay
CORN PLASTER

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

kept him going a long, long time after the tenting of the flesh which housed it said there was no more strength.

When I knew my face was turned toward America I could barely rest for excitement. Somerset Maugham, my friend and neighbor who lives near me at Cap-Ferrat, says there is something to stir the blood and make it tingle in the spectacle of a career at its high noon, where nothing has yet become dimmed—just the shining white light of its own effort. I think it thrilling too—the sheer sweep and churn of it.

Massenet's Thaïs was chosen for my first appearance.

The papers were all making a great occasion of it—of my seven years of Parisian living—of the introduction of the art of make-up in opera—of the accuracy of my costuming and my wigging. There was much truth in this, for it was a glaring fact that Italian opera singers of the past were notoriously bad dressers. All that was asked of them was to take breath and liberate it into beautiful sound—no one cared how the body looked.

I remember when I dressed the part of Mélisande I was not satisfied with the hair my wig maker had supplied me with. It is interwoven with the action of the play and therefore constantly observed. I went to many wig makers of Paris and could find nothing that suited me. Finally I was told by the wigger of the Comédie Française that in Brittany, near Brest, lived young peasant girls whose custom it was to sell their hair, so that it became their dot, enabling them to marry. He went down there for me and paid to a girl with exquisite hair the sum of thirty-five hundred francs—seven hundred dollars. It was as long as my body and looked like minted gold—I have never seen such a color before or since on anyone's head. I have it now and it is as perfect as the day I first wore it.

The night of the première I was taken sick with a bad cold. There was a line of carriages that stretched from Thirty-fifth Street clear down Broadway. All traffic was at a standstill, which made a worse jam when they reached the opera house and found everyone had to turn back. When the passengers in the street cars demanded to know about the delay an Irish policeman said: "It's Mary Garden over there. I don't know what's the matter with her, but she's jamming up the traffic." And jam it she did for a good long time.

New York Première

THIS postponement never daunted Oscar or myself. One week later I opened to a première that I am sure those who attended it won't forget. When the curtain rose every available bit of space was taken.

Those were prewar days when an opera night wore an air. Everyone came *en grande tenue,* the women all looking like distinguished portraits by John Singer Sargent and Paul Helleau and the men as if they had yachts and country estates and polo ponies tagged on to them. Their names read like a roster in the hall of fame.

What a night! What an audience! What a reception! And then *après moi le déluge.*

The next day the critics tore and hacked and rent it apart with their penciled lethal weapons. There was only one voice in the whole pack that was raised in defense of it. That was the critic of the New York World and his name was Reginald De-Koven.

That it could be received in such a manner never once entered my consciousness. I know many singers who allow themselves to be crushed in the mangle of adverse criticism. Caruso was one of these. He would become ill at a criticism, he was so sensitive to it. But it never moves me. If one starts out to do anything worth while in life and permits himself in the slightest degree to be swayed by what people think of him or say of him he is whipped at the start. What real influence can a lot of words strung together mean when, perhaps, while writing them, the critic's frame of mind is the result of wrong digestion or a nervous quarrel or some irregularity of life and is entirely controlling the color of his outlook instead of his brain. So I was not sunk by it, but I was amazed—dumfounded and furious. Here was America, here was home, here was an achievement the whole of France had given an enormous recognition to and here they were ripping it up the back. The more assagais they hurled at us the hotter I became. The day after the conflagration James Gordon Bennett cabled me from Paris saying the pages of his newspapers were open to me to make any reply I chose to the critics. I accepted the offer and he sent to me William Zeigler, who is now at the Metropolitan. This is what I said to him:

"I don't care a *sou*"—maybe I said a damn, I think I did—"what the critics say about me and my modern art. I know what I am doing and they don't. No critic in the world can keep the public from supporting a thing if it is really great. That is one of the fundamental laws under which greatness and truth live. Nothing crushes it or keeps it from its accomplishment. America is the greatest country in the world, always eager for anything new and the first to recognize it. You go back and tell them so."

Modern Opera Arrives

HE DID so, word for word, and after its publication one of the most imposing critics of a New York paper phoned me and said, "You are in a hornet's nest, you know."

"Yes? Who are the hornets?" I asked.

"The New York critics," he replied.

"Good!" I answered. "Do you know one of the things that has placed me here in Mr. Hammerstein's opera house? Fighting—fighting for what I want. If I am with the hornets it is just where I've always been and just where I want to be."

If I were to continue that telephone conversation today I would add, "Ever since that hour to this hour I have remained in the swarm."

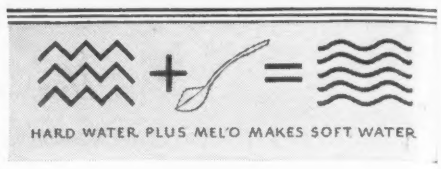
At the second performance of Thaïs there wasn't money enough in the house to pay the gas bill—so Hammerstein told me. He was like the Rock of Gibraltar—unmoving. He also belonged to the smashing company of those who know—he had the gallery heart.

"All right, Mary Garden," I said, when I knew this. "If that is the way America feels about it, there is only one thing left to do. Her feelings must be changed and you have got to change them." Seven years' work stamped out by a lot of black words printed on white paper. Seven years' constructive effort. Seven years' battle. Seven years' tug. Not if I could help it.

Representation by representation the box office crept up until the whole world knows what occurred at the Manhattan Opera House in Thirty-fourth Street. Modern French opera had arrived, had come to stay in America and to remain throughout her operatic history. Had Hammerstein lived and fulfilled his vision his would have been a distinguished school. He often said, "There are too many glorious voices in America. I am looking for something more than mere voice—for this and this ——" And he would make two swift gestures, pointing to his head and heart. "One cannot be great alone just from here," and he would point to his throat. "A voice must have individuality—fire—temperament and personality."

He was an idealist; half the time roosting up with the astonished stars and the other half caught in a net of material conditions from which he could not extricate himself. We were great friends until one day that friendship stood in danger of

(Continued on Page 118)



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You hate that greasy ring! You hate the clinging film of grease on dishes that is so hard to wash and rub away. Do you know what causes them? . . . *Hard water*—water filled with harsh alkalis.

But you can get rid of that greasy ring forever! Just add one or more tablespoonfuls of Melo to a panful of your dirtiest dishes. Instantly the water is soft as dew. Suds are quick and rich, every trace of grease is cut away, rinsing is clean and swift. Less soap is needed, and tender hands are saved from irritation. Half the trouble of dishwashing is gone!

Try Melo tomorrow. It helps every washing and cleaning operation, and adds comfort to the bath. Sold by your grocer in convenient cans—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of Sani-Flush.*)

MEL'O
WATER SOFTENED WITH MEL'O IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER
10 CENTS

Try this colorless instant deodorant. You'll like it. . . .

Heck is so pure, so sparkling clear, you can apply it at any time . . . . .

Smart women who have been looking for an ideal deodorant and non-perspirant, now are eagerly recommending Heck to their friends. It gives you instant, lasting protection from perspiration and odors. Heck is so pure, colorless and odorless that you can apply it as directed at any time. No irritation, no color to stain or injure clothing. No wonder Dr. Heck's formula has become so popular!

Your charm, your daintiness and the safety of your new dresses depend on this precious liquid, so be sure you get it.

50c and $1.00 at all drug and department stores—or send 10c for trial size and this charming silhouette for your room.

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I enclose 10c, stamps or coin, for a trial size (or 50c for full size) bottle of Heck Deodorant, postpaid, and this silhouette (3½x4½ inches).

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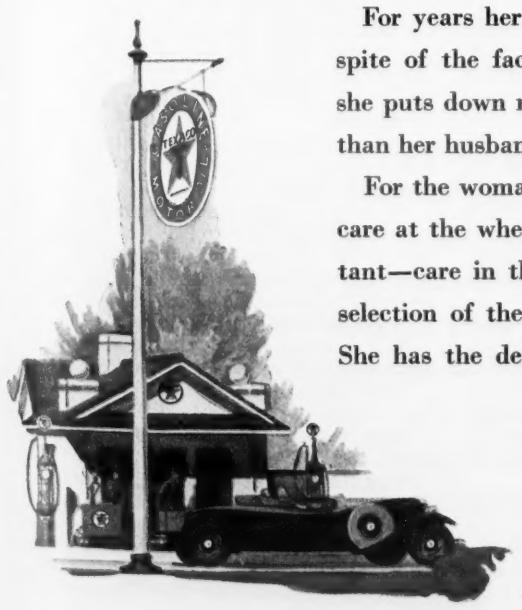
"A summons for speeding! A dent in the radiator! Another fender! Now really John . . ."

For years her own record has been clean in spite of the fact that with her daily driving she puts down more miles on the speedometer than her husband.

For the woman driver of today supplements care at the wheel with what is equally important—care in the servicing of her car, in the selection of the right gasoline and motor oil. She has the desire and the patience to compare ease of starting, power on hills, mileage and cost. And—she has singled out Texaco Gasoline, high-test at no extra price, and Texaco Golden Motor Oil, clean, clear, pure. She has found that this combination assures absolute dependability in every driving situation and gives her the confidence and sense of security which she desires above all else.

For finest engine performance—for greatest economy—stop for gasoline and motor oil at the Texaco Red Star with the Green T.



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How *play* Helps to Make Your Child an Effective Citizen

What a world-famous psychologist says about the importance of sports and games in the mental and social development of boys and girls

Keds "Big Leaguer"—a lace-to-toe style with arch-supporting stays young athletes will approve!

JUST *why* are we the men and women we are? Largely because of childish trials and triumphs and activities and training, according to the psychologists.

As Dr. Alfred Adler, the world-famous psychologist and psychiatrist, says in his book, *Understanding Human Nature*, "We psychologists must have a knowledge of an individual's childhood before we can draw any conclusions whatever about him."

Just what does this mean to the girls and boys who are now growing up—to your own rapidly-developing youngsters?

Since ours is a social world, it means that they must start *now* training to be effective men and women, who will be adapted to their human environment—to their neighbors, their business associates, their friends.

Where can girls and boys get this training? Not in the world of grown-ups, certainly. Their lack in size and strength and experience makes this impossible. They must have their training in a world of their own—in games and sports and all kinds of play. In such a world they meet their equals. They learn to adjust themselves—to rely on their own power and strength in all kinds of situations.

Dr. Adler says: "Games and communal exercises enable the child to satisfy and fulfill his social feeling. In fact, play is a kind of profession and must be considered as such. It should never be regarded as a method of killing time."

It is very important for your young daughters and sons to be good at sports and games—to be able to play a good game of tennis or baseball, to have courage in swimming or jumping or climbing.

Most of all, it is important for them to have the respect and liking of young companions. Children are surprisingly primitive. Almost their only standard of judgment is action. Life, to them, is a simple matter of *doing* things—of relying on eye and ear and muscle and, above all, on *footwork*.

Barefoot Freedom without Barefoot Risks

NOW footwork is *very* largely a matter of being properly shod. Shoes are an invention of civilization. Even today primitive tribes wear none. The bare foot is far better adapted for doing things than the shod foot.

But science has taught us a lot about the dangerous infections that can come from even a tiny scratch. So we must wear shoes. And, as civilization has become more and more scientific, shoes have steadily improved—in design, in comfort, in healthfulness.

Keds, for example, are specially designed to give feet barefoot freedom and skill. They are light, with cool, porous tops so feet can breathe. They have a springy resiliency that makes for speed. And they absorb, very largely, the shocks of running and jumping.

Physicians, gymnasts and athletic coaches have prescribed Keds for years. They are play-shoes built as no others are built.

You may not care particularly whether your children grow up to become great athletes. But that isn't the point. Their success now in their games is going to make them normal, happy children able to get along with their companions and to develop a poise and sureness that will have everything to do with their later success in life.

So take your Mary or your Dick to the shoe dealer and have the 1930 size of their growing feet fitted with the Keds style best suited to their strenuous activities. Keds come in over thirty styles, so your choice will be wide. Prices range from $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75 up to $4.00. And the name "Keds" is stamped on every genuine Keds shoe. Keds are made *only* by the United States Rubber Company.

Keds "Attaboy"—a moderately-priced athletic type shoe.

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THE SHOE OF CHAMPIONS

The name "Keds" is stamped on all genuine Keds. Look for the name and be sure. Keds at $1, $1.25, $1.75 and up to $4. The more you pay the more you get—but full value whatever you spend.

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division. I had been singing my parts and my parts were my parts.

Lina Cavalieri had been brought over originally to the Metropolitan Opera House and at the completion of her season continued to reside in New York.

Influences from certain powerful sources—although it was the only time I have ever known Oscar Hammerstein to be governed by requests from the seats of the mighty—were brought to bear with him, and I went down to a rehearsal one morning to the Manhattan Opera House and there on a large placard was a notice that Thaïs would be sung on Friday with Mlle. Lina Cavalieri in the title rôle. As I turned from it, not believing what I read, I saw Hammerstein standing in the foyer with the inevitable black cigar. I went over to him and pointing to the placard, I said, "What is the meaning of that?"

His lips began to tighten ominously. "You see it," he replied.

"Since when?" I inquired, keeping my voice under control although I was boiling.

"Since this morning," he answered shortly.

There was no doubt he tried to cover up a lack of assurance of his ground by bluster and much swearing because, had he felt himself right in his attitude, he would have disdained defending his position to any human being on earth.

That was the greatness of him—he plowed through all alone, asking odds of nothing, from nobody.

"I am the director of this theater," his voice rose on a note of temper. "I sustain the losses and I control the policy of it and I refuse to be dictated to by anyone—anyone."

He said a lot more, all in the same tenor. I stood there quite calm—with a quiet of Vesuvius in the process of eruption—until he had entirely finished and all I said to him was one sentence.

"Most certainly you are director here—but next Saturday I sail for Europe." With this I turned on my heel and left him. I felt like a caldron within, I was so burning hot. I went straight to Samuel Untermyer, who was my attorney. He drew up a letter of resignation for me.

Then I gave orders to my maid to pack my baggage and called up the steamship offices and made my reservations. I do not make idle threats. My life isn't lived that way. Whenever I have taken a decision, right or wrong, I generally have enough intestinal fortitude to support it. This time I was right. In after years I saw what I had been defending when the critics—all of them—with a fervor which sometimes they are capable of displaying, proclaimed the phenomenon of an English-speaking actress establishing a French school in America and when the Government of France decorated me with the Legion of Honor for just this thing.

Now I wouldn't care a brass farthing who sang Thaïs. I would say, "Take it. It's yours forever and may you prosper in it."

But Maurice Renaud and I had built up the rôles night by night. We had introduced this new school. We had gone through the Flanders field of newspaper criticism and stood our ground, and I was going to stand my ground now.

That night, late, I received a message from Hammerstein which read abruptly and icily, "You will sing the rôle of Thaïs Friday." But he never spoke to me after that for one whole year. He couldn't release from his memory the sting of being forced into a position where the initiative was not his own. The thought of it lashed him for twelve long months. He would pass me by in the theater and gaze at me as though I were part of the scenery.

Do you think I minded? I loved him for it. I admire adversaries that steam and foam and come out in the open. That is my way, for when you boil over there is nothing left to seethe. You always know just where you stand with natures like these.

Never in all the years that he gave opera did he fail to watch every performance from a chair in the wings. One evening when I sang Jongleur, when the beating clamor of hands refused to be stilled by many curtain calls, his eyes met mine with a sheepish and deprecating air, he smiled his nice broad *gemütlich* smile and without a word we caught up our friendship just where it almost dropped and I was with him until his managership ended with his illness.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the third of a series of articles by Miss Garden. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Torchbearer

(Continued from Page 21)

Peter Redmond was educated. That was the first difference between himself and Peter Redmond. Very well, Peter Harrod should be educated.

That was something definite to start on, and John Harrod began, slowly and ploddingly as he did everything, putting five dollars, ten dollars, occasionally even twenty-five into a savings account.

He searched his own boyhood for the things which had stamped fear into his very soul.

Small Peter must never be criticized too unkindly, never beaten, never deprived of his confident possession of home and love. And Peter must never, never think that he didn't matter.

All negative, these resolutions summoned from their converse in his own unhappy early days.

Peter Harrod thrived. Grew sturdy and tall and strong, but he kept his blue eyes and his chin which were like Maisie's.

And John Harrod continued to talk to Maisie about him.

"*He went to school today for the first first time, Maisie.*"

Then later:

"*He had his first fight today. I made him fight, Maizie. You know why.*"

Rather piteous, that last. Still more piteous, the unspoken thought in his heart: "If a boy knows how to fight, usually he does not have to fight."

Young Peter Harrod knew how to fight.

More time elapsed.

Life was passing John Harrod by. At least a great part of life was passing him by, or so he often thought, watching such portion of Peter Redmond's life as he glimpsed at the office. And so he dreamed for his boy what he would never dream for himself.

Fearlessness . . . popularity . . . achievement . . . blessed trinity spelling successful living!

He thought that was enough until he remembered Maisie, and out of his own meager life gleaned the jewel which had beamed there so briefly, but which was perhaps the greatest of all.

"*And love, Maisie. Even we had that.*"

With a queer feeling that Maisie was reproachful, he amended it hastily.

"*Even we have that!*"

More weeks. More months. More years.

Peter Harrod was ten now. He bought his lunch at school and played at the yard until his father called for him after work.

And Peter Harrod was no longer thriving.

Mrs. Neely, who still lived next door, called John Harrod's attention to it as though he had not already noticed, as

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A scene near the Boy Scout Camp at Irondale in the Missouri Ozark Mountains, where each summer 2,000 Scouts get better acquainted with the great outdoors.

It had to be good to get where it is

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

The best of good scouts must come to a halt *—pause and refresh themselves*

MERRILY they swing down the road early in the morning. Squirrels chattering. Birds singing. But Old Sol soon catches up. Hot and dusty grows the road. Tiring the miles. Squirrels and birds rest in the shade. Then the welcome signal, "Halt!" "I-yi-yi!" On the road side the little red Coca-Cola sign answers the watchword, "Be Prepared." Stretched on the grass with such a drink—that's when a fellow knows what *the pause that refreshes* really means. » » So it is everywhere. You find Coca-Cola ready ice-cold wherever thirst calls and whenever a pause will mean the most. That tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment packs a big rest into a little minute and gets you off to a fresh start.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD
A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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(Continued from Page 118)

though he did not know every bruise upon Peter Harrod's too-thin little body.

The cause was at the same time absurdly simple and ridiculously complex. Peter was not eating as a growing boy should. Peter skimped his lunch.

"I'll give you more money," said John Harrod quietly.

But that, it seemed, was not the difficulty.

"I'm not hungry at noon," explained young Peter readily. "It's noisy. The boys push. I give them my money and they let me alone."

"So that's it!" said John Harrod quietly, too quietly.

Young Peter was kind, like Maisie. Young Peter was gentle, like Maisie. John Harrod remembered that Maisie had not cared for noise and crowding while his trapped thoughts ran round and round in a cage with an alertness which dreaded the discovery of the first sign of fear.

It might be just the noise and crowding, as Peter had said. But if it were not, he must get Peter away before Peter was aware of the beginning of fear.

"*I've got to get him away, Maisie,*" said John Harrod in his heart.

GETTING young Peter away meant getting him into an environment where standards were different, where boys didn't push and bully, where he would have good food.

Next day John Harrod went timidly into Peter Redmond's private office.

"If you would tell me what is the best boys' school in the city, sir?" he demanded.

Peter Redmond raised eyebrows fast becoming bushy.

"Randall Academy!" he roared in the big voice he had for all matters.

Next day, taking young Peter by the hand, John Harrod rode out to Randall Academy on the street car.

The headmaster turned his sardonic gaze upon John Harrod and upon Peter Harrod. He saw the complete wrongness of both as recorded by the established standards of Randall Academy, and in the ordinary course of events he would have turned them away with circumspect haste.

Yesterday, however, a meeting of the directors of the school had been held in this same office. Distinctly the headmaster remembered Mr. Theodore Landgrave's earnest recommendation.

"We shouldn't have only boys from wealthy homes," Mr. Landgrave had intoned passionately. "We should have a sprinkling of poor boys also. It would be good for both sets of boys."

The headmaster had wondered at the time how poor boys would pay the tuition charges at Randall Academy, but he had humored Mr. Landgrave.

One did humor Mr. Landgrave.

It was the diplomatic thing to do in view of the fact that Mr. Landgrave had given an entire building to the school in memory of his son.

In humoring Mr. Landgrave the headmaster had been very sure that there was little danger of really lowering the entrance bars to undesirable pupils, but here, amazingly, was a poor boy applying for entrance.

HIS gaze flicked out to young Peter again. There could be no doubt that young Peter was a poor boy. His loud-colored socks which were wrong, his clothes which were wrong, his haircut which was wrong, so that he presented a round, bristling head to the headmaster's unsympathetic gaze, all proved it.

The headmaster passed entirely over young Peter's steady eyes and his square little chin which were like Maisie's. Taking this boy would serve two purposes, he was thinking. It would prove his own willingness at all times to comply with Mr. Landgrave's wishes, however absurd. And it would immediately check further disastrous experimentation along the same line.

Mr. Landgrave had visioned an ideal poor boy. An attractive poor boy. A handsome poor boy. And this boy——

Neither John Harrod who loved him, nor the headmaster who secretly ridiculed him, comprehended that along with Maisie's eyes and chin her son had inherited Maisie's quality of understanding.

Young Peter saw his father's faltering uncertainty, heard his stammer of humility, saw the politeness of the headmaster, which was so much more cruel than rudeness in that it was infinitely more remote.

"I'll show 'em," resolved young Peter with a heat which was revealing. "I'll show 'em one thing they can't look down on!"

PERHAPS the miracle of it all is that, having once admitted Peter, Randall Academy permitted him to remain. Although he made few friends at school, those few friends liked him well, so that John Harrod knew in the quickly passing years things which mothers are apt to know rather than fathers—the long listening at night for the sound of a key, the relaxing of relief accompanying its final manifestation, the joy of listening to eager recital of some triumph of popularity.

Pathetically few, those recitals, because in a town like this Midwestern city, where social limits are clearly drawn, young Peter was neither of his father's class nor yet of that to which he hopefully aspired.

Lonely years they must have been for young Peter, filled with the necessity of hard endeavor and of overlooking spite.

Two things happened in Peter's graduating year. On graduation day the headmaster, paying honest tribute to Peter's mental superiority, awarded him a scholarship to a famous Eastern university.

That was one thing, and the other happened also on the day of Peter's graduation, although it was really dawn of the following day when Peter Harrod returned from a class celebration flushed and exhilarated and with a manner that was not his own.

John Harrod was waiting in the hall.

As young Peter stumbled in, hatless and somewhat uncertain of step, John Harrod spoke sternly, and because he had never spoken sternly before, and because there was something faintly ridiculous about John Harrod being stern, Peter was straightway half sobered.

"GO UPSTAIRS and wash yourself," said John Harrod inexorably, as though drunkenness were a thing which might be washed away. "Then come back to me—we are going out."

The boy goggled at his father.

Out! . . . with dawn scarcely more as yet than a brightening in the east?

"Out!" shouted John Harrod with angry passion, and young Peter obeyed.

When he had come back with his face washed and his hair brushed neatly and his clothes pulled straight, they went together to the spot where Maisie had been buried nearly nineteen years.

Young Peter looked down with a tightening in his throat, suddenly realizing that this mound of earth and himself were all life had given to his father.

John Harrod also looked down. "I've never thrashed you, Peter," he said raggedly but with gentle dignity. "But I am going to thrash you now, and then you are to swear upon your mother's grave never to touch liquor again."

Young Peter looked at his father and the thought of John Harrod's puny strength applied to him in a ridiculous effort toward physical correction was unendurable. It was not he but his father who would be humiliated.

Sobbing, he fell upon his knees, reaching for John Harrod's hand in overwhelming and enduring repentance.

"You can thrash me if you want to, dad. But you don't want to, and you needn't—I've learned my lesson!"

John Harrod raised Peter to his feet and held him in his arms a long moment,

(Continued on Page 123)

"SALAD . . . SEE THAT YOUR MAYONNAISE IS SPICED THIS WAY"

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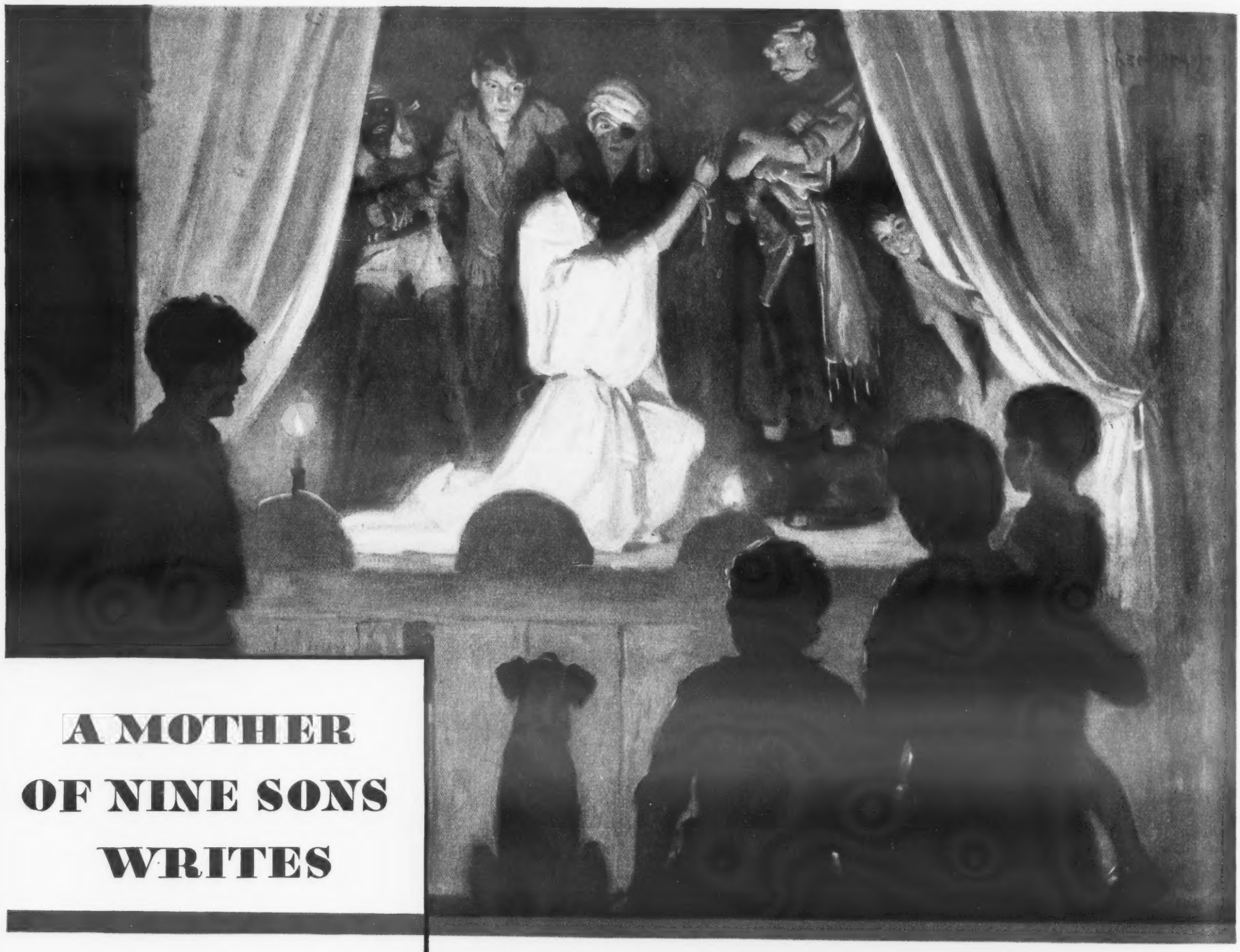

A MOTHER OF NINE SONS WRITES

Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

Gentlemen:

When I look back over my thirty-five years of married life I realize in all sincerity how much Pequot Sheets have meant to me. Being the mother of nine sons, I had to secure sheets that would withstand everything that active boys will do to household furnishings.

Especially the acting age! Suddenly, I discovered that I had nine actors—all trying to decorate the barn into a miniature theatre. My fresh-laundered Pequot Sheets would become screens, tormentors, and even be part of the wardrobe department. Yet, childishly ruthless hands failed to destroy the wearing value of Pequot.

Now my boys are grown up and I have three grandchildren. They, too, sometimes test all the economical value in the stout well-woven Pequot fabric that covers Young America.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs B. H. Wickes

14 Rosedale St., Dorchester, Mass.

About "Sheets that withstand anything active boys will do."

WE showed Mrs. Wickes' charming letter to several friends. One said: "My own mother might have written a letter like that. We youngsters were not very gentle with bedclothes, as I recall it. And I'm still using some of mother's cherished Pequots!" Another remarked: "I've given up expecting *my* Pequot sheets and pillow cases to wear out at all. They are ten years old, and still going strong!"

Many women have similar memories and experiences. They write us friendly notes which nearly always say: "I use Pequot Sheets—they *wear* longer."

In a recent nationwide investigation of women's preferences in sheets and pillow cases, Pequot actually received more votes than the next *five* brands *combined!* It is interesting to skim through the reasons given for this overwhelming Pequot preference: "because Pequot sheets outwear all others", "stay white","iron out smooth and even", "they don't wear out", "so soft and fine in texture", "my first Pequots are still in use—after 16 years." . . .

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The Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass. Parker, Wilder & Co., Selling Agents: New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco.

THE MOST POPULAR SHEETS IN AMERICA—BECAUSE THEY *WEAR LONGEST*

Pequot PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES *Sheets*

(Continued from Page 120)

during which the two were close spiritually as well as physically.

"We'll go back now, son," he said mildly, but as they left, he spoke over his shoulder reassuringly.

"*It's all right, Maisie. He promised, and Peter keeps his word.*"

Fall came, and young Peter went away.

His scholarship covered tuition but not living expenses, and living expenses, as any college man on his own can tell you, are the real burden of college life.

"Are you sure you can manage, dad?" demanded young Peter before leaving. "I hate to take so much from you."

Young Peter knew by now that John Harrod was only, as the world reckons such things, a very ordinary cog in a piece of office machinery. He even guessed that his father had already sacrificed mightily in his behalf and shrank from entailing further sacrifice.

He had a good heart, young Peter.

"I can manage," said John Harrod as staunchly as Maisie might have said it. "I've planned this a long time for you, Peter."

And so he had, but there are limits to the planning of a head clerk.

John Harrod could only manage college for Peter by selling the rather dreadful little house which had slowly been paid for in the mounting years.

HE SOLD it after Peter had gone East, and leaving Maisie in the little house was rather like the agony of that second death from which the Bible promises escape.

Two years then of not seeing Peter, because Peter had elected to become a civil engineer and spent his summers on the road with a field crew, and with so much penny pinching to do on both sides there was no money for trips back and forth from the Midwestern town to the Eastern college town. Two years with only letters and occasional pictures of Peter's athletic activities in the rotogravure section of the newspapers to help quiet a hungry heart.

In the third year John Harrod became desperate. He invaded Peter Redmond's sacred private office on a personal matter.

"I want a raise!" he stormed. "I've got to see my boy!"

Peter Redmond raised bushy eyebrows contemplatively.

"That's scarcely a legitimate reason for a raise, Harrod," he demurred.

"Slave driver!" snorted John Harrod. "I've worked here twenty-two years with only one raise."

"Slave driver?"

Peter Redmond raised bushy eyebrows again in astonishment at this rankling barb.

"And I want a vacation!" shouted John Harrod. "I've never had a vacation!"

"Why, bless my soul, I don't believe you have had!" yielded Peter Redmond in genuine astonishment and regret.

YOUNG Peter was wholeheartedly glad to see him. He showed him around joyously. Introduced him to his professors. Seemed, thought John Harrod with swelling heart, to be as proud of him as though he'd really been somebody.

"You won't have to help me any longer, dad," he said pridefully as they were driving back to the train again.

John Harrod felt almost a twinge of disappointment at this premature releasing from responsibility.

"But I've liked helping," he protested soberly, and so he had.

He did not see young Peter again until the day of his graduation, when at Peter's insistence he went East.

Before he left, John Harrod changed his living arrangements. Peter would be coming home now, and he wouldn't want Peter to know how he had lived in the years of Peter's absence, so he took two rooms and a bath in a house which had been a fine residence and had a department store furnish them attractively.

He was wistfully pleased with his work.

It would be pleasant to have the warm, rich tide of Peter's young life flowing along beside his own again.

Peter, however, was not coming back. He made that plain at once.

"Chance of a lifetime, dad. I'll be able to make up to you now for all you've done," stammered Peter eagerly.

The chance of a lifetime would take Peter away permanently.

RATHER tiredly John Harrod saw that Peter did not understand that a father did not spend his whole life in glad service to a son with the hope of repayment in the way of pecuniary advantage.

Not if you loved that son the way he loved Peter!

Very gently he tried to say so to Peter.

"I don't want to be paid back, Peter. I've *loved* helping you. After all, you're mine, you know."

And there he stopped, for the precise reason that Peter *was* his and would have been the first to admit it.

This being so, he couldn't say that all he really wanted from Peter was a few years, even a few months, of companionship to wipe out the last four lonely years.

No, he couldn't say that because if he did Peter would immediately reject the chance of a lifetime. Peter had a good heart.

He had given to Peter the wings of an eagle; Peter must use them or the gift itself were folly.

While Peter delivered the valedictory for his class, John Harrod sat in the front row along with other fathers of a very different type, listening in flushed, inarticulate pride.

If he had wanted Peter to be different from himself, he had certainly realized his desire. Not at all like himself, this resolute young man in black cap and gown composedly delivering crisp sentences to an attentive throng.

Peter was fearless. Peter would never be touched by the shadow which had blighted his own life.

PRESENTLY it was all over, and people were crowding about Peter, laughing, congratulating him, admiring him, while John Harrod stood back. One young girl, a beautiful young girl, smiled at Peter with complete understanding in her brown eyes.

John Harrod looked at her.

He would have felt timid with this girl himself. Would have been awed by her confident beauty, her poise, her evident wealth, but he sensed unerringly that she was right for Peter.

Standing there with all the gay fashionable crowd surging about Peter as though Peter were some sort of magnet, John Harrod felt particularly lonely then. Particularly unsuccessful. Particularly shabby, although his suit was new. Particularly unimportant, although he had always been that.

Unexpectedly a fragment of Peter's valedictory came back to relieve his discomfort—something about each generation passing the torch along to the next generation, and guarding the flame. According to that even he, John Harrod, had played a part in the great plan of existence, and who could say how important that part had been?

John Harrod suddenly glimpsed his life as an achievement instead of a waste.

Perhaps it was enough sometimes to be merely a bearer of the torch. Perhaps in his case it had been enough, for there was Peter, tall, splendid, so far beyond what anyone could have reasonably expected his son to be.

John Harrod voiced his calm content.

"*It's been wonderful, carrying the torch for you, Peter,*" he said. "*Why, a man couldn't ask for more than that!*"

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Microscopic view of dust on furniture. Compare dry hard surface of Johnson's Wax (left) with oily film (right) which holds dust like flies on fly-paper. This explains graphically what chemists found by weighing actual dust accumulation.

to save *half* your dusting • This is the news. Fifty per cent less dust accumulates on waxed furniture than on oil finishes. So say the chemists. Just twice as much reading, resting, playing with the children. Just twice as much "Isn't she a good housekeeper?" Exactly twice as little work!

If you'd like to try it, here's a 25c can of Johnson's Wax *free*. . . . On it goes. Easy as a beauty lotion because it is liquid at first. Then out from under the polishing cloth quickly comes your own fair face—up come a thousand little sunbeams. All the imprisoned richness of the true wood, polished to a clear radiant lustre. Dust pockets are sealed up. No breeding place for germs.

Now you're through. See how dry the surface is. Dust can't cling to it. But wait a minute. Bang! goes a candle-stick. Scratch! go smock buttons. Bad luck. Must have marred the wood certainly. No? *That's* how protective wax is.

Comes time to dust. Where is it? You haven't *seen* it go. All you know is, there's so little of it. So lightly, nonchalantly, waving your dust-rag like a pennant, you whisk! And instantly the lustrous wax surface is clear again.

Here's a can of Johnson's Wax—take it, please, won't you?

In paste or liquid form

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. LJ6, Racine, Wisconsin

Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Liquid Wax and illustrated booklet, "Reducing the care of floors and furniture."

Name_____
(Please print)

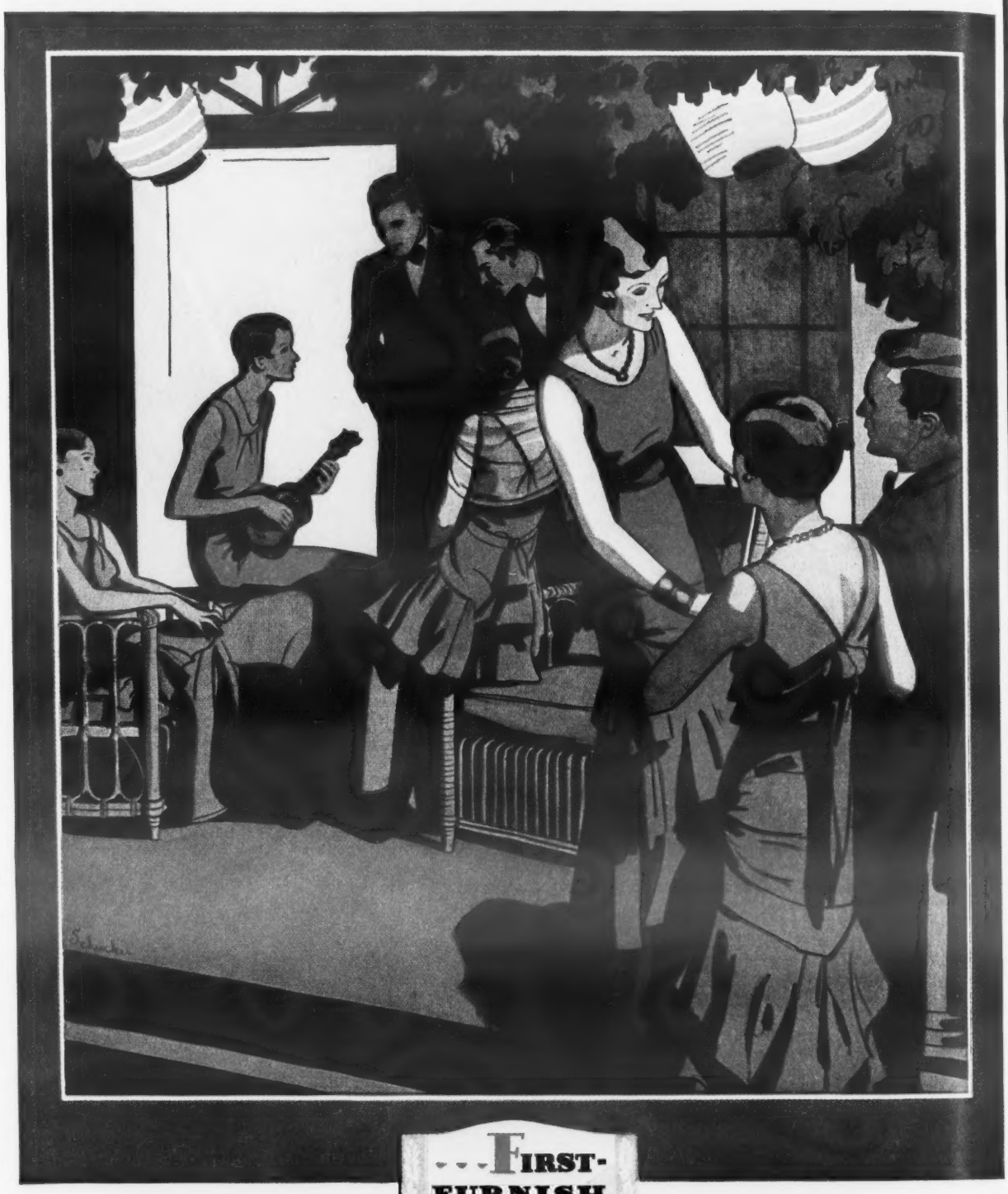
Address_____

City_____ State_____

12 INVITED

12 ACCEPTED

What a difference since Helen "Dressed-Up" her home with smart new Furnishings



EVERY invitation accepted! Naturally Helen was elated as she greeted her guests—those same folks who, not so long ago, hesitated about coming or had sent polite regrets.

What brought about the change? How had she turned their indifference into enthusiasm for her parties? It was all so amazingly simple.

Helen had always known how to entertain; her delightful manner promised her success as a hostess. But her home furnishings contradicted her welcome. The furniture that had been "good enough" in her bridal days, betrayed all her efforts to make a good impression.

An overheard conversation revealed the painful truth. It *hurt* to realize that people were misjudging her because of the out-of-date, outworn pieces in her home.

Then she learned that just a modest investment would overcome the handicap. This colorful new porch furniture, for example—who would dream it was so easily within her means? Now, outdoors as well as in, her home furnishings were in keeping with her social standing. Of course her party was a triumph!

...FIRST-FURNISH YOUR HOME
IT TELLS WHAT YOU ARE

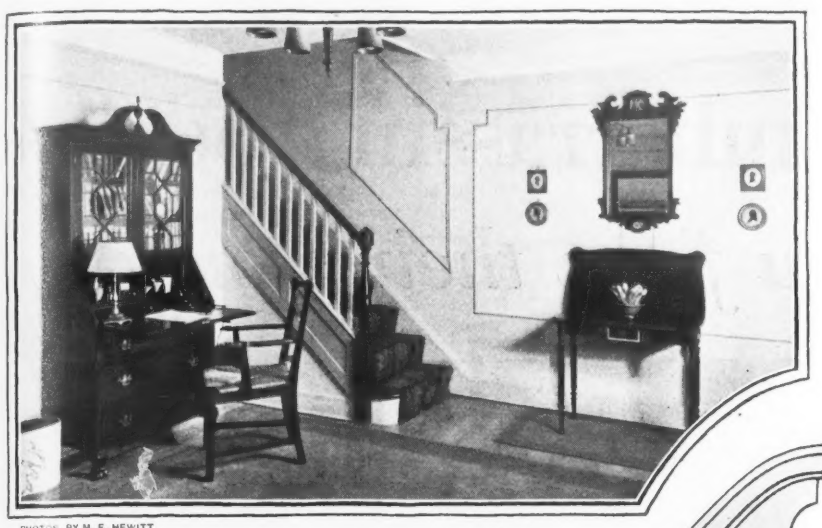
First—furnish your home! Socially, and in business, too, nothing else is so important. Make your home furnishings spell *success*.

This is an obligation you owe to your future; an obligation you can quickly fulfill.

For the modern method of buying home furnishings lets you have what you want without waiting. It is sensible and thrifty.

The dealer who displays the above emblem is one of a select group of progressive merchants offering dependable home furnishings counsel. Ask him for a copy of this helpful twenty-four page color-illustrated booklet . . . It's FREE!

FREE BOOK



PHOTOS. BY M. E. HEWITT

A secretary desk is very practical in a small home.

Furniture for a small room, proportionate in size.

Colonial Furniture in a Small House

By VIOLET J. STEPHENS

Interior Decorating Department, Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn, New York

NOT infrequently the department-store decorator must depend entirely upon color scheme and furnishings to make a home attractive, since the leases of so many apartments and small houses forbid repainting or reconstructing.

This condition prevailed in connection with the house described here; and in addition the budget was not to exceed $2500 for the five rooms, bathroom and kitchen, so that we had to select articles directly from stock and use nothing that had to be made to order—a problem less difficult than it sounds, both because of the multitude of styles which are always to be found in the modern department store and the range of prices it offers.

Opening the entrance door into the living room of this house, we found the usual cream paneled walls, white ceilings and bordered hardwood floors. The stairs, facing the door, had a simple railing and post, stained mahogany, as were the treads. The spindles and facings of the steps were cream, like the walls.

To the front was a group of three windows, separated only by the casing, with a small radiator below the center window. Directly opposite, a wide opening led to the dining room, with a duplicate group of windows at the end. To the right, a door led to a tiny kitchen.

On the second floor, at the head of the stairs, were a small bathroom, a guest room over the dining room and the master's bedroom, all newly papered in cheerful flower designs. There one window was in a tiny room at the end of the hall which would have made a delightful dressing room had we been permitted to make an opening through from the bedroom.

Furniture well constructed and of simple Colonial lines suited the tastes of my clients and would give them a good beginning to build around, as the years brought added needs and larger rooms.

Mahogany and Chintz

AS THE hallway, living room and dining room were practically one, we decided that the warm darkness of mahogany throughout would give pleasing contrast to the light walls and an added sense of space. The west wall of the living room being the largest area, broken only by panels formed by simple moldings and of not-too-bad proportions, we decided to concentrate on this for our dominant group.

The first selection was a love seat that would center nicely. This we upholstered with glazed chintz having an eggplant background, gay with warm red and yellow flowers and blue-green leaves. A binding of blue-green chintz edged the box-pleated valance and the same blue-green chintz piped the seams. On this we used two shaded-green moiré cushions. For the corner nearest the dining room we chose a barrel chair, also covered in a chintz of warm red with a small spotlike design in yellow, black and white and having pipings of plain red. The separate cushion was outlined in the red and the substantial legs were stained mahogany.

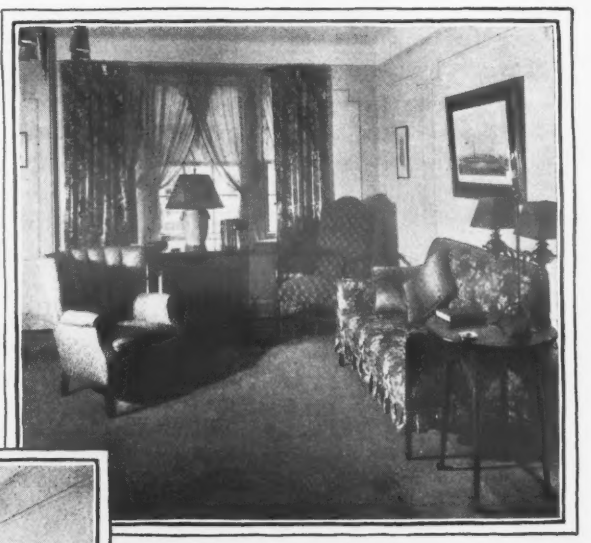
Drop-leaf tables are adaptable to the narrow dining room.

Between these two upholstered pieces we placed a round mahogany table with scalloped apron and duck feet; on it a two-branch metal lamp in brass finish—suggesting old whale-oil lamps—its square parchment shades having hunting scenes in the same gay colors as the chintz. This gave height to the corner and good light for either that end of the love seat or the barrel chair.

To go on the other side of the love seat we found an inlaid Sheraton drop-leaf table with one drawer. On this we placed a green-and-cream pottery lamp having a parchment shade with a colorful map design, soapstone book ends and an old book transformed into a cigarette box. A pierced ladder-back chair with seat upholstered in an allover figured reps was installed beside the table. Two etchings in narrow black frames and a hand-colored engraving of boats completed the grouping.

For the wall opposite, near the entrance, we decided on a card table of Sheraton design with a panel of inlay on the apron. The half leaf we placed against the wall. This made a nice background for a glazed pottery bowl in green on a carved stand, holding some very-real-looking red-glass tulips, and recalling that color from the other side of the room. Above the table was hung a mahogany mirror with gilt medallion and eagle. Two silhouettes in square black frames and two in round gilt frames balanced on either side of the mirror.

In the corner of the stairs went a mahogany secretary. The glass doors show colorful book bindings, and the brass lamp with parchment shade having a vein-like design in a purplish red furnishes light for writing. We used another ladder-back chair for the desk, this time an armchair with imitation-rush seat.



This window treatment is in harmony with the other furnishings.

Floors are Important

BETWEEN the entrance door and the windows was placed another chair with seat and high back upholstered in tapestry of brown, red and green, the arms and legs of design similar to the legs of the card table. Above this is a third etching in a narrow black frame.

Our next thought was the floors. We had design in all the upholstered pieces, and as we had decided to use the same chintz for draperies as that on the love seat, the decision was for plain color. This would give a feeling of size to the room, and, as there was warmth of color in upholstery and wood, the choice was a soft gray-green. Since broadloom carpeting was beyond our purse we found very good domestic rugs for both living room and dining room. The darker border gave added interest, and as we wanted to accent the feeling of space given by the wide opening into the dining room, the same color of rug was used there.

The stairs we covered with a machine-hooked carpeting in an old design, in the lovely colors used in old rugs.

Our living room was too much a part of the dining room to have a definite change in treatment. We needed the

(Continued on Page 127)

Perspiration stains ~ embarrassing odor

Odorono utterly frees you from their worry

"I don't perspire enough to need it" — *dangerous words*

by Ruth Miller

WARM WEATHER! And with it the haunting worry lest other people detect the unmistakable odor of perspiration—or lest you know the humiliation of a damp stain on your dress! This summer need hold no such terrors—you can be absolutely certain that not one pretty dress will be ruined the whole summer long, if you guard against it by using Odorono.

"But I don't perspire enough to need it," some women say. And, because a dress is not actually stained, run the risk of unforgivable perspiration odor!

As a matter of fact, doctors know that perspiration odor often precedes noticeable moisture—that a small amount of slow-evaporating perspiration may have as decided an odor as a larger amount.

But you *can* be safe. Odorono diverts perspiration from the shut-in underarm to areas where it quickly evaporates.

A Physician's Formula

A physician worked out the Odorono formula for his own use for relief from perspiration. Today millions of bottles are bought every year by careful women.

Odorono safeguards you from offending. It absolutely protects you from the danger of odor and your gowns from possible stains, and, being a mild antiseptic, it helps protect your skin from infection. It is so easy to use—and leaves no greasiness to smudge your dresses, no sticky feeling on the underarm.

Why there are Two Odoronos

The familiar ruby colored Odorono Regular Strength is for use twice a week on normal skins. The new colorless Odorono Mild is made especially for sensitive skins and for frequent use—every day or every other day, as you need, or in an emergency. Use it any time. At toilet-goods counters everywhere—35¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

ODO-RO-NO

ends perspiration annoyance and odor

Just 3 simple gestures

1. PAT ON . . . Wash underarm with clear water and dry. Pat on Odorono—don't rub.

2. LET DRY . . . Let underarm dry thoroughly before clothing touches it. If using Odorono Mild, let dry at least fifteen minutes. If using Odorono Regular Strength, let stay on and dry overnight.

3. RINSE OFF . . . When Odorono is entirely dry, wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. If used last thing at night, rinse off in the morning.

IF YOU PREFER to use Odorono only twice a week or need a stronger solution, buy the familiar ruby colored Odorono Regular Strength. For sensitive skin and for frequent use, buy the new colorless Odorono Mild.

Send 10¢ for samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono Mild and Crême Odorono. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., Inc., Dept. J 0-6
191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

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(Continued from Page 125)

drawer space in sideboard and china cabinet as well as the cupboard space in these two and the serving table, and we could not eliminate them.

So we found an excellent drop-leaf table with pedestal base that is also an extension table. When opened and turned lengthwise there is plenty of space around it.

We removed that atrocity called a "dome" from the ceiling and in its place hung a parchment shade with decoration in red, painted by hand. Gold-colored silk covers the lower part of the shade.

We had the same delightful chintz as that used to upholster the love seat in the living room made to hang straight to the floor, unlined, as overdraperies in both dining and living rooms. These were made with French headings and are bound center and bottom with the blue-green chintz binding, also used on the love seat.

To avoid lowering the height of the rooms by the use of a valance, we hung all the curtains on a line at the top of the casing with the overdraperies on short rods completely covered by the headings.

Upstairs, twin beds have metal frames colored to simulate old maple and, being of the spool design, gave a keynote of quaintness to the room.

The wall paper dominates in orchids and greens and is a delightful background for the all-maple chest of generous proportions. The maple-framed mirror with brass rosettes in the corners hangs above the chest, and we placed a small lamp of pewter and glass with a parchment shade where it would give the best light.

Simple rag rugs on the floor and a rush-seated bench and a maple rocker completed the room.

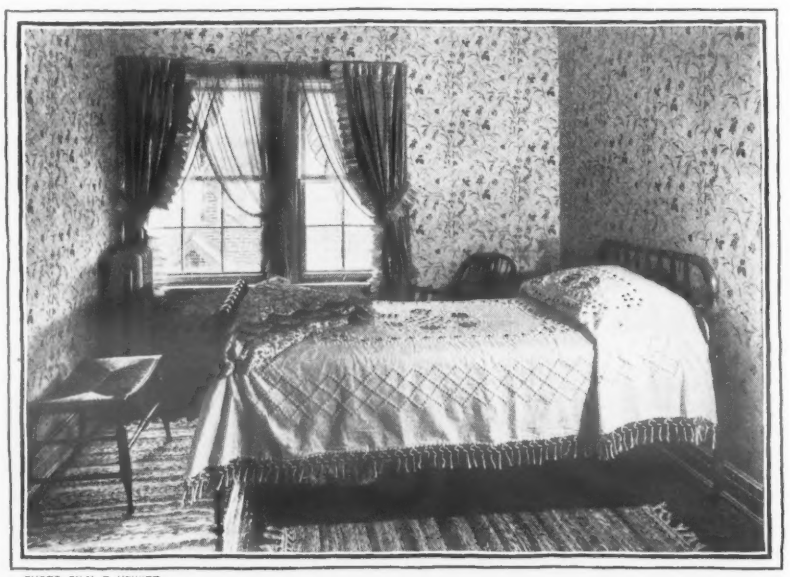

PHOTO. BY M. E. HEWITT

A charming solution of a difficult window problem.

One window of our group of three is in the tiny room at the left; therefore, we used half of a pair of the ruffled marquisette curtains at that window. This carries out the same effect of the group in the living room from the exterior. To make our windows in the bedroom more of a unit from the inside, we made a pair of deep-orchid glazed-chintz draperies.

The Guest Room

THE guest room was treated in much the same manner, except that here the beds have a round, flat headboard and turned posts at the foot. There is an upholstered chair in place of the rocker in the maple room, and as the wall paper is in rose and green, we covered the chair in a cretonne having eggplant background and rose-colored flowers. The spreads are all cream of candlewick design. The sheets are white with rose borders and our draperies are rose chintz with trimming of green; the rag rugs are oval and there is a straight mahogany chair with an all-rose reps upholstering the seat; the walnut dresser has a Queen Anne mirror above and a green glass lamp.

We put chromium-plate fixtures in the bathroom, a chenille rug in deep orchid with design in rose and green on the floor, and a stool with top and stretchers of orchid pearloid. This composition does not crack as enamel would and is also waterproof.

As the window was directly over the bathtub, the most practical choice for curtains was a waterproof material, in a design of small birds and leaves of orchid and green on a white background. The shallow valance is edged with a double row of scallops in two shades of plain material, as are also the tie-backs.

List of Expenditures

Living Room

Love seat	$76.56
Barrel chair	59.50
Armchair	39.75
Desk chair	35.00
Side chair	35.00
Secretary	59.75
Drop-leaf table	39.75
Round table	16.50
Console table	49.75
Mirror	18.75
Large picture	19.75
1 Etching	7.50
1 Etching	3.95
1 Etching	4.95
4 Silhouettes @ $2.95 each	11.80
Pottery lamp and shade	27.50
2-Branch lamp	17.50
Desk lamp	8.90
5 Parchment shades @ 75 cents each	3.75
1 Pair of book ends	4.95
1 Cigarette box	1.95
2 Ash trays @ 75 cents each	1.50
1 Bowl and stand	3.95
10 Tulips and leaves	2.95
1 Waste-paper basket	5.95
1 Paper weight	.95
2 Pairs of marquisette glass curtains @ $4.95 a pair	9.90
1 Panel for entrance door, of marquisette, @ $1.50 a yard, and one pair of chintz overdraperies, made and hung complete	39.00
1 Rug, 27"x54"	6.95
1 Velvet carpet, 9'x12'	64.50
Stair carpeting made and laid complete	72.83
Total	$751.29

Dining Room

1 Buffet, 1 China cabinet, 1 Serving table, 5 Side chairs, 1 Armchair	$186.00
1 Dining table	89.50
1 Water-color picture	15.00
1 Pair of ginger jars	4.95
1 Parchment shade	12.50
65 Pieces of china	34.08
33 Pieces of glassware	19.13
1 Dinner cloth with 12 napkins	18.50
1 Luncheon cloth with 6 napkins	12.50
1 Luncheon cloth with 8 napkins	13.50
1 Thirteen-piece lace luncheon set	19.50
84 Pieces of flatware (silver plated)	88.12
10 Fancy pieces (plated silver)	40.70
2 Pairs marquisette glass curtains, also one pair chintz overdraperies, made and hung complete	36.00
1 Table pad	10.50
Total	$600.48

Kitchen

58 Articles, including enamel ware, aluminum, wire ware, woodenware, a clothes hamper and a kitchen ladder, complete for	$107.28
6 Green dish towels, 6 Pink dish towels, 6 Green-plaid glass towels, 3 Dish towels	$8.46
Green-and-cream linoleum for floor, laid complete	30.69
1 Pair double Dutch ruffled curtains and one panel at door, hung complete	10.05
Total	$156.48

Master's Bedroom

1 Maple chest	$35.00
1 Maple mirror	15.00
1 Maple bench	14.75
1 Maple rocker	16.75
1 Pewter lamp base with parchment shade	8.90
2 Metal beds, maple finish, @ $37.50 each	75.00
2 Innerspring mattresses @ $39.50 each	79.00
2 Coil springs @ $22.50 each	45.00
2 All-white down pillows @ $10.50 each	21.00
2 Orchid blankets, all wool, @ $7.95 each	15.90
2 Green candlewick spreads @ $5.95 each	11.90
2 Flowered puffs @ $9.95 each	19.90
2 Sets orchid sheets and pillowcases	16.90
2 Sets green sheets and pillowcases	16.90
1 Mattress pad	1.95
2 Pairs marquisette glass curtains and one pair of chintz overdraperies, made and hung complete	39.30
2 Braided rugs @ $4.50 each	9.00
Total	$442.15

Guest Room

1 Walnut chest with mirror	$59.00
1 Boudoir chair	24.75
1 Side chair	16.50
2 Metal beds, walnut finish, @ $24.75 each	49.50
2 Innerspring mattresses @ $39.50 each	79.00
2 Coil springs @ $22.50 each	45.00
2 All-white down pillows @ $10.50 each	21.00
1 Mattress pad	1.95
2 Rose all-wool blankets @ $7.95 each	15.90
2 Cream candlewick spreads @ $5.95 each	11.90
2 Rose-colored puffs @ $5.95 each	11.90
4 Sets sheets and pillowcases with rose border (white)	27.80
1 Pewter lamp base with parchment shade	8.90
2 Pairs marquisette glass curtains and one pair chintz overdraperies, made and hung complete	39.30
2 Braided rugs @ $1.75 each	3.50
Total	$415.90

Bathroom

2 Chromium towel rods @ $3.75 each	$7.50
2 Chromium towel rods @ $4.25 each	8.50
1 Bathroom stool with pearloid top	11.25
1 Silk-chenille bathroom rug	18.00
1 Orchid chenille bath mat, double-faced, 21"x36"	5.00
1 Green chenille bath mat, double-faced, 21"x36"	5.00
4 Green bath towels (Perugia), 4 Orchid bath towels (Perugia)	14.00
4 Orchid face cloths @ 19 cents each	.76
4 Green face cloths @ 19 cents each	.76
6 Orchid-stripe Turkish guest towels @ 39 cents each	2.34
3 Orchid linen guest towels 46/9 @ 95 cents each	2.85
3 Green linen guest towels 46/9 @ 95 cents each	2.85
6 White linen guest towels No. 1205	3.00
1 Pair of stay-dry draperies made and hung complete	20.50
Total	$102.31

Two Million Women

SHOW YOU THE PATH TO BEAUTY

You don't have to find it by your own discouraging experiences . . you can profit by the experience of those two million women who pioneered your way to beauty. Women in all walks of life . . from the gay, social personage to the busy housewife and the efficient professional woman, were visited by our 500 beauty experts.

These two million women, in their own homes . . before their own mirrors . . without any stage effects . . in cold prosaic daylight, received evidence of the wonderful cleansing and toning properties of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream.

And this extensive research has made it easy for all modern women to have a silken, flower-like skin, whose radiance will not wear off . . whose smooth texture is vibrant with youth and health.

Even after a hurried day, there's no excuse for you to show your years, when you can gently massage Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream into your skin . . and voila! . . loveliness . . and you are ready to go hand in hand to your next social engagement.

Buy your jar of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream today, wherever cosmetics are sold, or **send the coupon** and 10c for generous free trial jar.

Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream	$1.00
Krank's Honey Rose—a cold cream	1.00
Krank's Skin Health—a tissue cream	1.25
Krank's Mentho Lemon Foundation Cream	.75
Krank's Floral Breath Astringent	1.00
Krank's Skin Health Face Powder	1.00

Tested and Approved by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health of Good Housekeeping Magazine

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

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For the enclosed 10c, please send trial size jar of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream and your booklet, "Beauty and Health."

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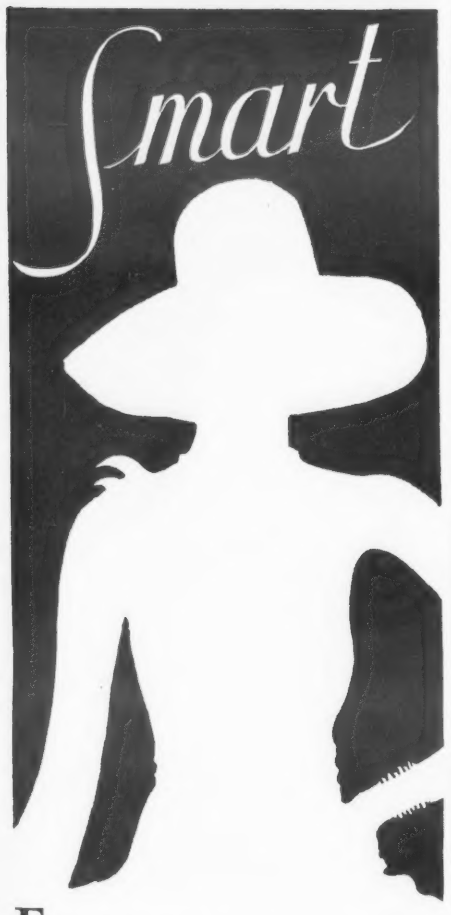


EVERY line of the *smart* silhouette leads down to the foot! *Beauty begins at the foot!* Natural Bridge Arch Shoes provide a foot-note that lends grace, charm and poise to *le tout ensemble.*

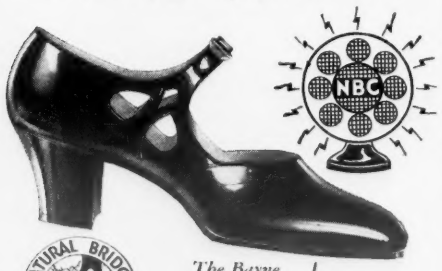
"Good to the foot
"Good to the eye
"Good to the pocketbook"

Why pay more when so much can be had for so little? $5 to $6.

Write for name of nearest dealer and picture of the Natural Bridge of Virginia, suitable for framing.

NATURAL BRIDGE SHOEMAKERS
Lynchburg (Division of Craddock-Terry Company) Virginia

Natural Bridge Shoemakers entertain every Friday evening over WJZ and Associated Stations at 8:45 Eastern Standard Time with a delightfully *different* program. Listen in!



The Bayne

NATURAL BRIDGE ARCH SHOE

$5 $6 to

NATURAL BRIDGE ARCH SHOES

Suggestions for Home Decorators

Things Worth Knowing

COOL and comfortable for summer are chairs of steel tubing with weathered rattan back and seat; light and easy to move around, they are water and weather proof and very desirable for porch or terrace. Others have upholstered back and seat, and tables of all sizes with composition tops accompany them, to hold magazines, lemonade and smoking things. Modern haircloth, the new nonshiny oilcloth, or linen in cool colors makes slip covers easily removed and easy to clean.

ANOTHER CARPETING, now available nearly everywhere, in three fine qualities and many colors, is specially treated on the back so that it forms its own selvage when cut anywhere, in any direction; seamed with invisible strips, if grease or smoking embers or a radiator disfigure one spot, you can easily make a replacement with no one the wiser, and at little cost. Another advantage is that it may so easily be cut to fit any size or shape of room, and when you move you can quickly have it cut down, or enlarged by the addition of whatever sized pieces you need. Interesting color combinations, too, may be achieved, adaptable to changing schemes when rooms are redecorated.

SATIN-SHINY, TO BLEND WITH SUNSHINE or to enliven and brighten a dark room, are high-pile luxurious rugs or carpeting of a new weave only recently put on the market. Two soft greens and an unusually fine blue are some of the colors suitable for summer in which it is made; but since it has been chemically treated to insure safe cleansing at home with good soap and water, you may use it all the year round.

POINT D'ESPRIT is charming in summer bedrooms—at the windows, with very wide ruffles, and on beds in delicate pastel colors. Plain and embroidered net are also desirable and feminine in place of winter fabrics, and some of the new rayons may be used effectively.

FOR FARM HOMES select simple furnishings in Early American or English styles; maple and oak are both in favor now, with chintz in soft floral patterns for slip covers and window hangings. Rugs and carpeting reproduce the quaint designs and faded colors of old hooked rugs and look well with maple furniture; jute, fiber, wool and linen rugs are also suitable, some of them being very beautiful and inexpensive.

Wall paper in old scenic patterns is also being made, and looks well in dining room and hall or any small room where a feeling of greater space is desired. Charming papers for bedrooms are also available, to fit into any color plan. Painted walls are dignified and easy to care for; in rough or sand finish, they are in harmony with a rural setting; ornamental iron looks well against them.

One important thing to remember when furnishing a home in the country is that the interior should reflect the spirit of the exterior; coarse or moderately coarse textures in hangings, upholstery and floor coverings harmonize better with the out-of-doors than do fine textures of silky finish. And in the same way, furniture having simple lines and not too finely finished is preferable to highly polished pieces of costly wood. Unless your home is very pretentious it will be most charming and livable if it is simply furnished.

—LOIS PALMER.

Summer chairs are light.

Blue-and-white plaid is cool.

PHOTOS, FROM FICKS REED CO. AND YPSILANTI REED FURNITURE CO.

Cool-colored dark hangings alongside white are interesting and restful.

Lamps for Use

LAMPS have one distinct purpose and that is to furnish light that is both usable and decorative. Lamp light must not be a glare, but should be strong enough to light a room abundantly. The size of the base and shade both have their part in this as well as the material used for the shade.

There is a rule which says that the diameter of a shade should be the same as the height of the base, and the height of the shade should be approximately two-thirds that of the base. Lamps must be high enough to cast sufficient usable light, except when placed for decorative purposes only. In the case of a reading lamp, it is necessary that direct light come from the bulb itself onto the reading material, with but little light coming through the shade. It is desirable to use something opaque—not transparent. For this purpose one may use heavy paper, or what is known as foil paper, or tin shades such as the French Bouilotte type. When paper is used, the shade can sometimes be painted with a tempera paint of suitable color on the inside.

This light, incidentally, should come over the left shoulder for correct reading posture. If the reading table is of ordinary height, the lamp should be high enough to permit the bottom of the shade to come just below the eye level.

The insides of lamp shades always reflect themselves, and as natural light is yellow, it is wise to have all lining in tones of yellow or cream. This applies to all shades, paper, tin or silk. The shades themselves are infinitely more pleasing when they are a color similar to natural light. Light through a green shade is ghastly, but any tint of yellow or orange is lovely and easy on the eyes. More charm can be captured in the simple, natural-colored shade than in any so-called decorative highly colored one.

—JAMES RUSSELL PATTERSON,
Consulting Decorators Inc., N.Y.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE—All questions about furnishing and decorating will receive prompt attention. Write plainly, giving approximate size of your room and its windows, and tell what direction the light comes from. Address Interior Decorating Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Home Decoration Booklets

WHAT is your favorite color—where and how to use it, and all other shades and tints, for floors, walls, in fabrics, paints, in every room in the house—is told in our illustrated booklet USING COLOR IN DECORATION, by Lois Palmer. Price, 20 cents.

SLIP COVER MAKING, by Lewis R. Hastings, and FOR YOUR WINDOWS—GLASS CURTAINS AND HANGINGS, PERIOD FURNITURE FOR MODERN HOMES, THE SELECTION AND ARRANGEMENT OF FURNITURE, by Lois Palmer, are other illustrated booklets, all helpful to the practical homemaker. Price, 5 cents each.

These booklets will be sent upon receipt of the required amount in stamps or cash. Do not send stamped envelopes. Address the Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

EXQUISITE colors . . wondrously lovely details of texture and finish . . Realsilk Hosiery pleases more women than any other hosiery sold! Perhaps because women have had a voice in its perfecting, during these ten years that Realsilk Hosiery has been sold to them by Realsilk Representatives in their own homes. Their comments . . suggestions . . have helped to make Realsilk the favorite hosiery of *chic* women everywhere. Why not see these smart stockings, sponsored by a Fashion Committee of five famous women, in your own home, with your shoes and frocks? Realsilk Hosiery is sold only by Realsilk Representatives who call at your home. Branch offices in 250 cities in the United States and Canada. The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

Lady Egerton
Neysa McMein
Lynn Fontanne
Elinor Patterson
Katherine Harford
the Realsilk Fashion Committee . .

Ask the Realsilk Representative to show you Realsilk's newest, sheerest stocking—style 100—*invisibly* reënforced for wear with low cut sandals. If he is not calling at your home regularly, 'phone your local Realsilk office.

the new REALSILK hosiery

Hooray, a new breakfast fruit!

...all ready to serve

Dinner

For a fragrant tangy appetizer, serve Welch's, iced, as a cocktail. For a light, appetizing dinner drink, serve Welch's with one third water. Makes food taste better.

Entertaining

A refreshing, satisfying social drink that everyone appreciates, even dieters. Delicious with ginger ale.

Sleep

A soothing, delicious "night-cap" that lets you sleep like a baby. Often prevents insomnia. Doctors prescribe it.

Here's something to sparkle up that hardest of all meals—breakfast. The pure, fragrant juice of luscious sun-sweetened Concords—Welch's Grape Juice.

Its cheery bright purple, its exciting fragrance, captivate sulky morning appetites and start digestions working contentedly. "An invaluable morning appetizer," food experts call Welch's.

It's a quick energizer, too. There isn't another fruit so rich in nourishment, nor so easily assimilated by the most delicate systems, physicians tell you.

When you serve Welch's you not only stimulate the appetite so that cereals and toast are welcomed eagerly, but you serve an abundance of those mineral salts that regulate the body healthfully. Especially for these light summer breakfasts, your family needs Welch's body-building nourishment.

Welch's is just the pure juice of fresh, ripe Concords. Sweetened and flavored and pre-digested by Nature. Pasteurized by Welch's so that you may keep a supply of ready-juiced October grapes on hand for tempting appetites the year 'round.

No squeezing, no preparing. You just pour Welch's into glasses, add a little water if you prefer, and your breakfast fruit is ready. Six generous servings in every pint—the juice of two luscious ripe clusters in every 5c glassful. Tomorrow morning serve America's most temptingly delicious fruit juice, cold, and see how morning dispositions brighten.

Accept nothing less than Welch's—pure, unadulterated.

Sold everywhere

Welch's world famous "process" makes it "the buy" in the grape juice field. Insist on Welch quality.

Welch's
GRAPE JUICE

See what this coupon brings!

FILL IN AND MAIL TO

Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. S, Westfield, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation, please send me

☐ Forecast School of Cookery's Weight-Control Menus

☐ Welch's Recipes of party, luncheon and dinner delicacies

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Street.....

City.....State.....

Tons of Poison

(Continued from Page 8)

district; out of Egypt's 14,000,000 souls, half a million are drug takers, and these are found even in the tiniest villages.

Germany's figures show 200 per cent increase of addiction in the past four years. What of the United States?

Given figures run from 4,000,000 addicts down to 250,000.

Most of our illicit supply comes from abroad; here is the one year's Treasury record of seizures at borders and ports: Morphine, 2155 ounces; heroin, 8341 ounces; cocaine, 73 ounces.

And it is an axiom of the customs service that, for every seizure, twenty times as much material slips through.

We make sufficient narcotics for our legitimate needs. We export practically none. We forbid importation. And yet it is in our country that the largest seizures of the European products occur!

Experts now divide the world into drug-manufacturing and drug-consuming countries. Producers and their chief drugs:

France, cocaine and morphine.
Germany, morphine, cocaine, heroin.
Great Britain, morphine, cocaine, heroin.
Holland, cocaine.
India, morphine.
Japan, morphine, cocaine, heroin.
Switzerland, morphine, cocaine, heroin.

The governments of the British Empire, France, Holland and Japan are officially and financially participators in the industry. Two of the four conduct monopolies, and most Powers with Asiatic colonies sell opium in licensed shops out there. In the Straits Settlements, Hong-Kong, the Malay States, Sarawak, Brunei and British North Borneo opium yields about 25 per cent of the revenue. In French Indo-China, it provides 15 per cent; in the Dutch East Indies, 5 per cent. From Java the coca leaves are sent back to Holland for conversion into cocaine.

You would naturally suppose that this vast extent of drug dissemination implied a large number of manufacturers. As a matter of fact, the world industry—not regarding the cases where governments directly participate—is a tight little club. It is mostly confined to forty factories, in six of these alone billions of dollars are invested.

Some of these factories try to do an entirely legal business. Some are mostly crooked. Some are balanced betwixt and between. Nearly all leak.

The Wholesale Traffic

TO DETERMINE mankind's proper drug needs was lately the task of the League of Nations' Health Committee and Opium Advisory Committee. These decided thus:

DRUG	TONS PER ANNUM
Medical opium	100
Morphine	136
Heroin	15
Total	251
Cocaine	5

Well, as far back as 1924, France inadvertently let slip the fact that she alone had just sent ten and a half tons of morphine to a single country—Greece. Two years later, a mere trio of nations—Turkey, Persia and India—were producing 2393 tons annually. At the second Geneva Opium Conference, Britain's delegation conceded a world opium production of 4000 tons a year.

Cocaine lurks in darker corners; still, for a similar period, Germany has acknowledged to the export and re-export of more than five tons, France to nearly three, Switzerland to the manufacture of 1.6 tons, and Java to the shipping of enough coca leaves for the making of twelve tons.

There is just one reason for all this: Profits.

Ask your congressman for the Treasury Department's report on Traffic in Opium and Other Dangerous Drugs.

Addicts are the earth's best buyers. Each buyer wants more this week than last. He progresses from five grains of morphine a day up to sixty—sometimes to 125. And, by fair means or foul, he gets the money. Dr. Carleton Simon, when deputy police commissioner of New York, estimated that our addicts paid out $912,500,000 a year. Prof. Noel Baker talks of 100 per cent profits. It is certain that what costs $160 in legitimate trade at any of those big European factories will retail to drug addicts at $1500.

The bulk of the illegal wholesale traffic is carried on by clandestine exportation or importation—and there never before existed smuggling upon such a grandiose scale. It is splendidly organized, completely world-wide, magnificently efficient.

Antinarcotic Activities

IN ALL you hear of antinarcotic activities I distinguish sharply between Limitation and Control:

Control implies practically free manufacture of drugs with supervision and attempted restriction of their distribution by wholesale licenses, pharmacy curtailments, curtailments of physicians' prescriptions. It exists now, has had far more than a fair trial. Present conditions are a result of it.

Limitation, on the other hand, means damming the sewer stream at its source—at the factory. It means limitation of manufacture to the strictly legitimate—that is, laboratory and medical—needs of the world.

This principle was enunciated by the very first international agreement ever effected in regard to the drug traffic. It was subsequently indorsed by another agreement. The trouble has been that the manufacturing nations, although they signed those agreements, simply neglected to keep their words.

Although the first international anti-narcotic conference met in Asia, the flame of its inspiration was kindled in the United States. Dr. Hamilton Wright suggested it, and his widow even now valiantly pursues his purpose; President Roosevelt urged interest upon lethargic Powers, and the Rt. Rev. Charles Henry Brent, then Protestant Episcopal bishop of the Philippines, presided over that resultant Shanghai congress of 1909. From Russia, France, Germany, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary and Holland, China, Siam and Japan, from Persia and Portugal, Italy and America, delegates attended. They did not possess plenipotentiary authority, but their recommendations prepared a way for those who had it—the members of the 1912 Hague Conference representing all the nations represented at Shanghai except Austria-Hungary.

"Pretty sordid!" So John Palmer Gavit, best of narcotic-war historians, characterizes the reluctance displayed at The Hague by governments financially benefiting from narcotic manufacture. Nevertheless, he admits that the convention, or agreement, drawn up by this gathering did—though scantily ratified—in timid measure declare "a certain degree of restriction in (drug) distribution," besides which Article 9 of its Chapter III reads:

"The Contracting Parties shall enact pharmacy laws . . . *to limit exclusively to medical and legitimate purposes the manufacture*, sale and use of morphine, cocaine and their respective salts."

France hadn't ratified, nor Japan, when came the World War. This not only necessitated a wider use of drugs "as anodynes against human agony"; it vastly

(Continued on Page 132)

In

Schiaparelli

(supreme interpreter of spirited youth in dress)

says . . . "*I enjoy creating for the woman who, no matter what her years, wears my clothes with the poise of youth . . . moving with the sure, easy grace known only to feet energized by shoes that give proper support combined with perfect freedom.*"

Elsa Schiaparelli

IF you would have footwear that fulfills Mme. Schiaparelli's requirements for the poised, attractive woman, insist on getting the Selby Arch Preserver Shoe.

At a glance you can see that these scientifically designed shoes have uncommon chic . . . smart styles, slenderizing contours, high arches, graceful heels and all the other outer charms to enhance the natural beauty of your feet.

But only by wearing them can you realize their unbelievable comfort, which is due to the patented Selby Arch Preserver features obtainable in no other shoes. Your Selby dealer will be glad to explain how this genuine, original Arch Preserver construction provides the natural support essential for day-long comfort and foot-free grace.

Styles for every occasion at $10 and up . . . little enough for the true economy of long wear and lasting shapeliness, and the satisfaction of a perfect fit for every foot!

The jaunty freedom of Schiaparelli's spectator sports costume in thin rainbow colored plaid tweed and yellow crepe de chine is echoed in the "Pagan" Arch Preserver Shoe model of perforated beige and brown kidskin. Costume created especially for The Selby Shoe Company. Painting by the famous French fashion artist, M. Fromenti.

ORCHID . . . Suntan beige kidskin with a decorative touch of brown in the Calcutta lizard underlay.

LILA . . . A four-eyelet street tie fashioned in suntan beige kid with trim of contrasting marron brown kidskin. Graceful covered heel.

CHATHAM . . . Brown Luzon snake combines with brown calfskin to make this smart spectator sports model.

Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Made for women, juniors, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

Send for free booklet, "The Modern Shoe for Modern Dress."

The Selby Shoe Company, 117 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O. Please send me your interesting free booklet L-17, also pictures of the latest smart styles in Selby Arch Preserver Shoes.

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DIFFERENT in flavor, yes. But alike in rare old mellowness because they are aged 6 months in the making—an exclusive process that makes Clicquot Club Ginger Ales exceptionally delicious. Have you tried all three of them?

GOLDEN has the spirited tang of real ginger—a zestful drink that is stimulating to the appetite—the much-favored old-time ginger ale so many folks prefer.

PALE DRY—with fruit flavorings more pronounced—is mild and delicate, ideally suited for many recipe drinks. And delightful alone.

SEC is dry . . . very dry . . . a modern-day ginger ale. Its own distinctive flavor blends perfectly because it is a perfect blend itself . . . a ginger ale supreme.

In no other ginger ale can you enjoy this choice of flavors to suit different tastes, or moods, or occasions. No matter which you prefer, you can always serve Clicquot and be sure of wholesome purity that is finally guaranteed by the use of *brand-new bottles.* No bottle is ever used a second time.

CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALES

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Compromise: Eight manufacturing countries, eight nonmanufacturing. To meet sometime late in 1930.

So there is the story to date.

It is under such conditions that the next—the world's fifth—international opium congress will assemble at least to discuss limitation, whether by some plan for rationing each manufacturing country or by the American Scheme of Stipulated Supply.

Use EXPELLO and you will never see another moth hole

EXPELLO is a remarkable new moth exterminator. It is a heavier-than-air vapor in crystal form. It does more than keep stray moths *out*, it kills every little potential moth that has managed to worm its way *in*.

A can of EXPELLO hung in your closet will keep your winter things moth-secure. The vapor permeates every nook and cranny and kills every moth, every larva and every egg.

A closet can of EXPELLO costs $1. It also comes packed in handy snow-white gauze bags at $1 a can. Fully guaranteed. If your dealer does not have EXPELLO we will supply you. Please use the coupon. THE EXPELLO CORPORATION, Dover, New Hampshire.

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Solid fast color, pastel shades. The same soft absorbency you know in the Boott standard towel.

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At your dealer's. Or send us twenty-five cents for sample.
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L. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1048 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Salad Belle Fermière served at the Cold Buffet of

SAN FRANCISCO'S EXCLUSIVE OLYMPIC CLUB

MARTIN, chef de cuisine of this famous club, sends you the recipe for his popular Salad Belle Fermière! You will find it extremely simple and easy to make, but of an exquisite flavor . . . And the French's Prepared Mustard that Martin adds to the dressing has much to do with that marvelous flavor!

French's Prepared Mustard brings zestful flavor to so many dishes . . . It has a distinctive, sparkling tang, a subtle delicacy not found in ordinary mustards. French's is better because it's "creamed" in the blending, and you know how "creaming" develops the flavor of quality ingredients!

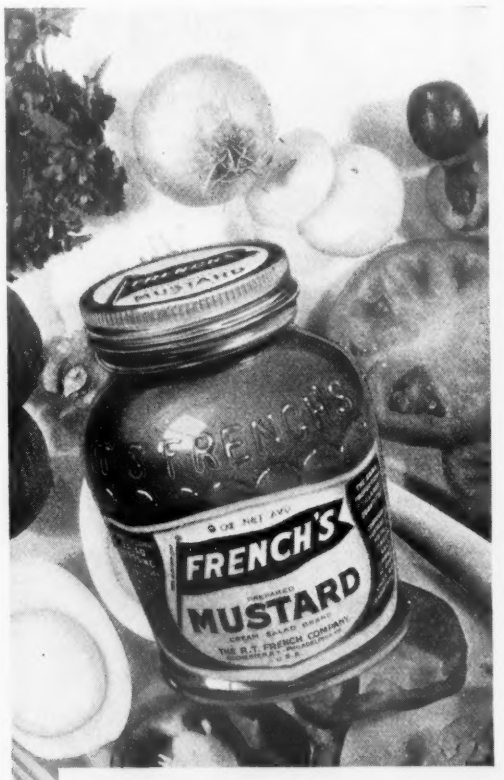
Always keep a jar of French's Prepared Mustard on hand . . . Add it to your salad dressings . . . to sauces for vegetables and fish . . . use it in canapés and hors d'oeuvres. And never serve cold cuts or sandwiches without it! Tell your grocer to send you a jar right away.

Salad Belle Fermière

(FROM CHEF OF SAN FRANCISCO'S FAMOUS OLYMPIC CLUB)

Cut up in Julienne fashion (that is, in thin strips about one inch long) ½ cup cold boiled potatoes, ½ cup celery, ½ cup cold boiled beets and ¼ cup pimiento. Arrange individual servings on nests of lettuce leaves and serve with the following dressing:

Bohemian Dressing: To 6 tablespoons mayonnaise add 4 teaspoons French's Prepared Mustard, ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon paprika and ¼ teaspoon onion juice. Mix well.



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All 3— Aged 6 Months in the Making —for rich mellow flavor

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Compromise: Eight manufacturing countries, eight nonmanufacturing. To meet sometime late in 1930.

So there is the story to date.

It is under such conditions that the next—the world's fifth—international opium congress will assemble at least to discuss limitation, whether by some plan for rationing each manufacturing country or by the American Scheme of Stipulated Supply.

Use EXPELLO and you will never see another moth hole

EXPELLO is a remarkable new moth exterminator. It is a heavier-than-air vapor in crystal form. It does more than keep stray moths *out*, it kills every little potential moth that has managed to worm its way *in*.

A can of EXPELLO hung in your closet will keep your winter things moth-secure. The vapor permeates every nook and cranny and kills every moth, every larva and every egg.

A closet can of EXPELLO costs $1. It also comes packed in handy snow-white gauze bags at $1 a can. Fully guaranteed. If your dealer does not have EXPELLO we will supply you. Please use the coupon. THE EXPELLO CORPORATION, Dover, New Hampshire.

For sale at leading drug and department stores

Expello
KILLS MOTH WORMS

THE EXPELLO CORPORATION
Dept. B-2, Dover, N. H.
Gentlemen: Enclosed find $____ (Cash ____ Money Order ____ Check ____) for which please send me the following EXPELLO: ____ Cans No. 1, $1 size (for Closets). ____ Cans No. 2, $1 size (Handy Bags). ____ Cans No. 3, 50c size (Handy Bags).
My name is ____
Street or R.F.D. ____
City or Town ____ State ____
My dealer's name is ____
His address is ____

IDEAL FOR SUMMER TRAVEL

TYPIFYING the modern trend for light-weight luggage, these smart Daisy Bags provide added convenience for any trip. Durably made in a wide variety of leathers and leather-grained materials in the season's most popular colors, attractively lined and equipped with Talon slide fasteners.

A wide selection of styles and sizes, from $3.50 up at the leading luggage and department stores everywhere. Send for illustrated catalog and name of store nearest you.

The DAISY PRODUCTS, Inc., Dept. J.
320 Fifth Avenue New York

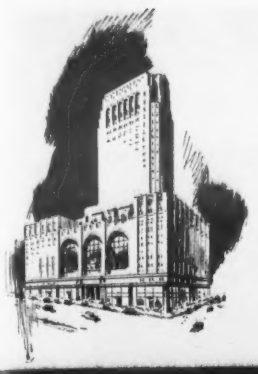
Have you seen the new BOOTT GUEST TOWELS

Solid fast color, pastel shades. The same soft absorbency you know in the Boott standard towel.

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL MASS.

At your dealer's. Or send us twenty-five cents for sample.
Orchid, Green, Blue, Rose, Maize, Peach.

Wedding *Write for Samples*
Invitations—Announcements
100 hand-engraved $10.00
Imitation Styles $5.00 a 100
100 Visiting Cards $1.00
L. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1048 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Salad Belle Fermière served at the Cold Buffet of

SAN FRANCISCO'S EXCLUSIVE OLYMPIC CLUB

MARTIN, chef de cuisine of this famous club, sends you the recipe for his popular Salad Belle Fermière! You will find it extremely simple and easy to make, but of an exquisite flavor . . . And the French's Prepared Mustard that Martin adds to the dressing has much to do with that marvelous flavor!

French's Prepared Mustard brings zestful flavor to so many dishes . . . It has a distinctive, sparkling tang, a subtle delicacy not found in ordinary mustards. French's is better because it's "creamed" in the blending, and you know how "creaming" develops the flavor of quality ingredients!

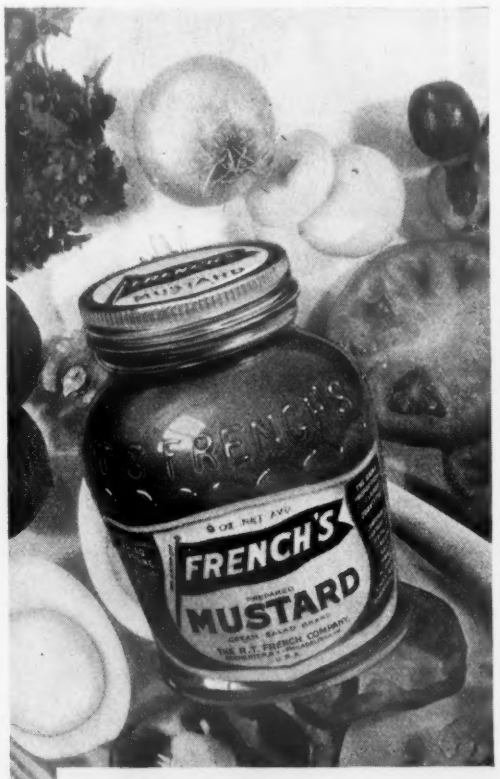
Always keep a jar of French's Prepared Mustard on hand . . . Add it to your salad dressings . . . to sauces for vegetables and fish . . . use it in canapés and hors d'oeuvres. And never serve cold cuts or sandwiches without it! Tell your grocer to send you a jar right away.

Salad Belle Fermière

(FROM CHEF OF SAN FRANCISCO'S FAMOUS OLYMPIC CLUB)

Cut up in Julienne fashion (that is, in thin strips about one inch long) ½ cup cold boiled potatoes, ½ cup celery, ½ cup cold boiled beets and ¼ cup pimiento. Arrange individual servings on nests of lettuce leaves and serve with the following dressing:

Bohemian Dressing: To 6 tablespoons mayonnaise add 4 teaspoons French's Prepared Mustard, ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon paprika and ¼ teaspoon onion juice. Mix well.



FREE: ***Mail this coupon for this month's set of free recipe cards . . . Address The R. T. French Company, 43 Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.***

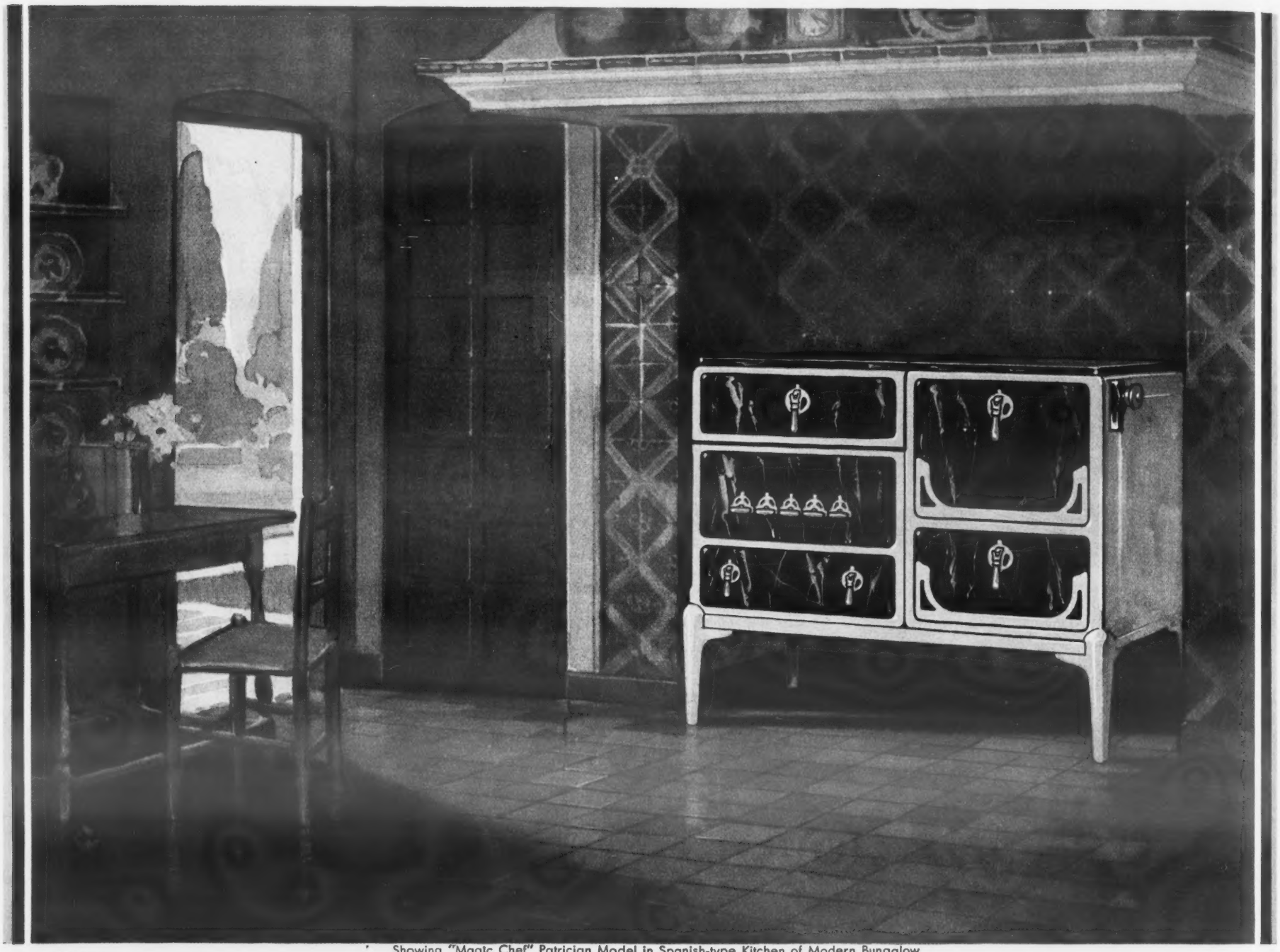
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

FRENCH'S PREPARED MUSTARD

it's "creamed"



Showing "Magic Chef" Patrician Model in Spanish-type Kitchen of Modern Bungalow

See MAGIC CHEF First . . .

If gas service is not available in your community, let us tell you how to obtain tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.

UNLESS the gas range has a RED WHEEL it is not a LORAIN

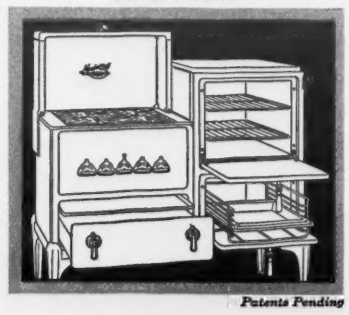
Magic Chef
PRODUCT OF
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

WHEN you go to buy a new cook stove see "Magic Chef" first! It would be distinctly unfair to yourself to attempt to judge other types of cooking appliances WITHOUT FIRST seeing the unmatched beauty of "Magic Chef" and acquainting yourself with its many labor-saving advantages.

No matter whether your kitchen is large or small, old-fashioned or modern, "Magic Chef" will give it a new atmosphere of charm and comfort. Aside from its beauty "Magic Chef" possesses more than a score of labor-saving advantages including, of course, the famous Red Wheel Oven Regulator and an insulated oven.

Second only to its perfect baking-oven is its broiling compartment of unusual efficiency. The cooking-top, too, is large and roomy and can be instantly concealed by a spring-balanced cover-all. "Magic Chef" has the approval of noted artists, architects, expert gas engineers and home economics authorities. It is, indeed, the new standard for comparison, and represents most unusual value.

CASH PRICE $195.00
($210 West of the Rockies)
Arrangements can be made to pay out of income.



Patents Pending

Showing "Magic Chef" with cooking-top cover raised, oven and broiler doors open and utensil drawer extended.

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

Wherever gas is available you will find a dealer or gas company who will gladly explain the many good features of "Magic Chef" and give a special demonstration if you wish.

For these very good reasons you are urged to see "Magic Chef" FIRST. If you don't, you may seriously regret your ultimate purchase of a gas range.

A booklet, "The New Vogue in Gas Ranges," contains illustrations of handsome, modern kitchens in full color. Ask your dealer for a free copy or write to the address given below.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY • DEPT. B-206 CHOUTEAU AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Women and World Trade

(Continued from Page 24)

detail, her "hostess" manner of placing other people at ease and of studying their mental processes, likes and dislikes, whims and hobbies. Women are adepts at this art. In possessing this quality instinctively, women are that much ahead of most young men in the game.

Yet, no matter what their qualifications are, in order to have a career in foreign trade it is necessary to begin somewhere. The jobs for the beginner are usually those of stenographer, research worker, statistical worker, file clerk, export librarian, shipping clerk and general clerical worker. Of these the job as stenographer gives the beginner the most general knowledge of the business.

Getting a Start

AN EXCELLENT way to obtain these first jobs is by writing letters of application, stating one's qualifications in relation to the needs of the prospective employer. If you hear of any trade trends affecting certain industries having export outlets you should stress these points of current interest, showing how you believe your qualifications would fit in with those developments. Suppose you learn that certain companies are developing markets in Latin America or Australia or Europe, as the case may be. You can write them that you understand they are interested in sales distribution in such countries and state the subjects you have specialized on and those qualifications you may possess which you believe may further sales in those overseas areas. Also emphasize your fundamental interest in export trade.

Such letters should be addressed to companies who are factors in export trade, such as manufacturers of American specialties, like automobiles, typewriters, cash registers, agricultural machinery, radio apparatus, motion pictures, office supplies and furniture, fountain pens and photographic apparatus. They can be sent to bankers, companies dealing in foreign investments or those concerned with foreign patents and trade-marks, to export advertisers and publicity men, to the foreign-trade divisions of chambers of commerce and trade associations, to export-trade journals and the foreign steamship lines. In all these organizations knowledge applicable to export conditions is valuable.

You may ask: Where can I find the names of such companies? In the trade papers of those industries. Any public library should have these on file, or, if not, try your local chamber of commerce.

The big chance for a woman in foreign trade very often develops when she is secretary to the head of the business or the general sales manager and there is no export department. All of a sudden inquiries from foreign markets come in. The head of the business may think that he has no time to pay any attention to an inquiry from the other end of the world. If he has an efficient young secretary, who possesses initiative and resourcefulness, she reads the letter and wonders if it may not be a good policy to answer it at least and get some further information. If she does that, nine chances to one, it will be the start of an export business. This is where opportunity knocks at the door of the young woman seeking a foreign-trade career. She will have a chance to nurse along those infant export inquiries and before long a fledgling of an export department may develop. In no other department of the business will a young woman so easily be given the chance to show whether she has any executive sales ability. It all depends on her own ambition whether she grasps the opportunity or lets it slip through her fingers.

If she has sales-promotion ability, three to five years' experience in a secretarial capacity will usually lead to promotion to a semiexecutive position, such as assistant to the export-sales manager, copy writer on export advertising or editorial worker on an export paper. The girl who remains a stenographer has only herself to blame. Employers are willing, if not anxious, to promote them if they have the necessary qualifications to make them of greater productive value to the firm. But they must have their eye on the goal they wish to achieve. If any young woman will select from today's possibilities the position she would like to occupy a few years hence she is in a fair way to accomplish her purpose. Of course it will be necessary for her to develop along the lines of executive and creative work in the business in which she may find herself. If she does that promotion will follow as a matter of course.

Opportunities
***for* Women**
***in* Department Stores**

are described in

The July
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

How a number of women have climbed to important positions is accurately described

For the executive positions as export-sales managers, combination export managers, foreign-trade consultants, or government trade commissioners, additional and higher qualifications, of course, are needed. The executive must know what advantages will accrue to her firm by exporting. It will be necessary for her to study world competition and to know on which countries to concentrate first, because some markets are harder to enter than others. She should be alert in studying the newspapers in order to keep abreast of trade trends in all parts of the world.

Climbing to the Top

BUT it is not enough to know all these things. One must understand people as well as situations. The export-trade executive must gradually develop a psychological understanding of the people of various nations, enabling her to make new and advantageous business contacts. Attendance at meetings, associations and conventions is helpful not only in making these contacts but also in obtaining a fund of first-hand information.

Last comes the question of languages. The more languages an export executive knows the better, but if it comes to a question of choice between the knowledge of the peoples and their business methods, and another of simply knowing languages, choose the former every time.

It should take a woman approximately ten years to reach the executive positions—three to five years in the beginners' jobs and another five years in the semiexecutive

(Continued on Page 137)

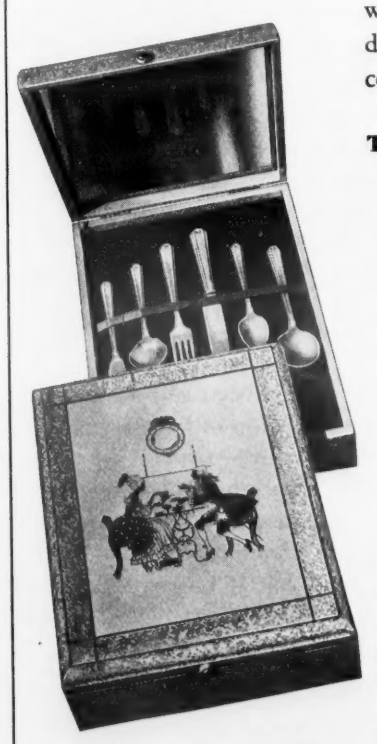
The exciting new game is

WHOSE HOME IS THE HOMIEST ?

Everyone's giving parties at home nowadays! Everyone's collecting new-old parlor games and recipes and coffee tables . . . and gleaming trays and bouillon spoons, instead of new dance steps.

There's a very real rivalry and a sort of friendly formality in this fashionable business of entertaining your own crowd in your own home . . . the smiling kind of formality that goes with gay young people and love in a cottage and flowers on the breakfast table and appetizers in the living room before dinner and coffee beside the fire after—good food, good fun, good talk and *beautiful silver always!*

That's why the creators of the new *Dawn* pattern in silverware are sponsoring this new book, *"The Crowd Comes to Our House,"* by Grace Higgins. It's full of smart and original party suggestions, delicious recipes and menus featuring famous foods available everywhere. It's gay and clever . . . the starting point of hilarious ideas that may be used in the one-room apartment or the house of many servants. And you can get a copy for thirty cents in any store where silverware by Alvin is sold . . . or by mail direct to you, at this special price, if you use the coupon below.



ALVIN

STERLING
and the finest quality of
SILVERPLATE

THE SILVERWARE

¶ At silverware departments, ask to see Silverplate by Alvin—the service-for-eight (34 pieces) $43.50, packed in a boudoir box which is really the smartest sort of cosmetic and make-up kit or utility box for hosiery, gloves, bridge layouts, etc. Antique ivory finish—with an Eighteenth Century silhouette . . . Hinged mirror-lined lid. Removable partitions and glass bottom-lining.

¶ For more than forty years, Alvin silversmiths have been making all the beautiful things that young wives have desired in Sterling (solid) silver and the finest quality of silverplate. Now comes the new *Dawn* pattern in fine silverplate, by Alvin . . . modern, beautiful in design, tremendously successful, guaranteed without limit of years.

THE BOOK

THE ALVIN CORPORATION, *Silversmiths*
Dept. J-6—Providence, Rhode Island

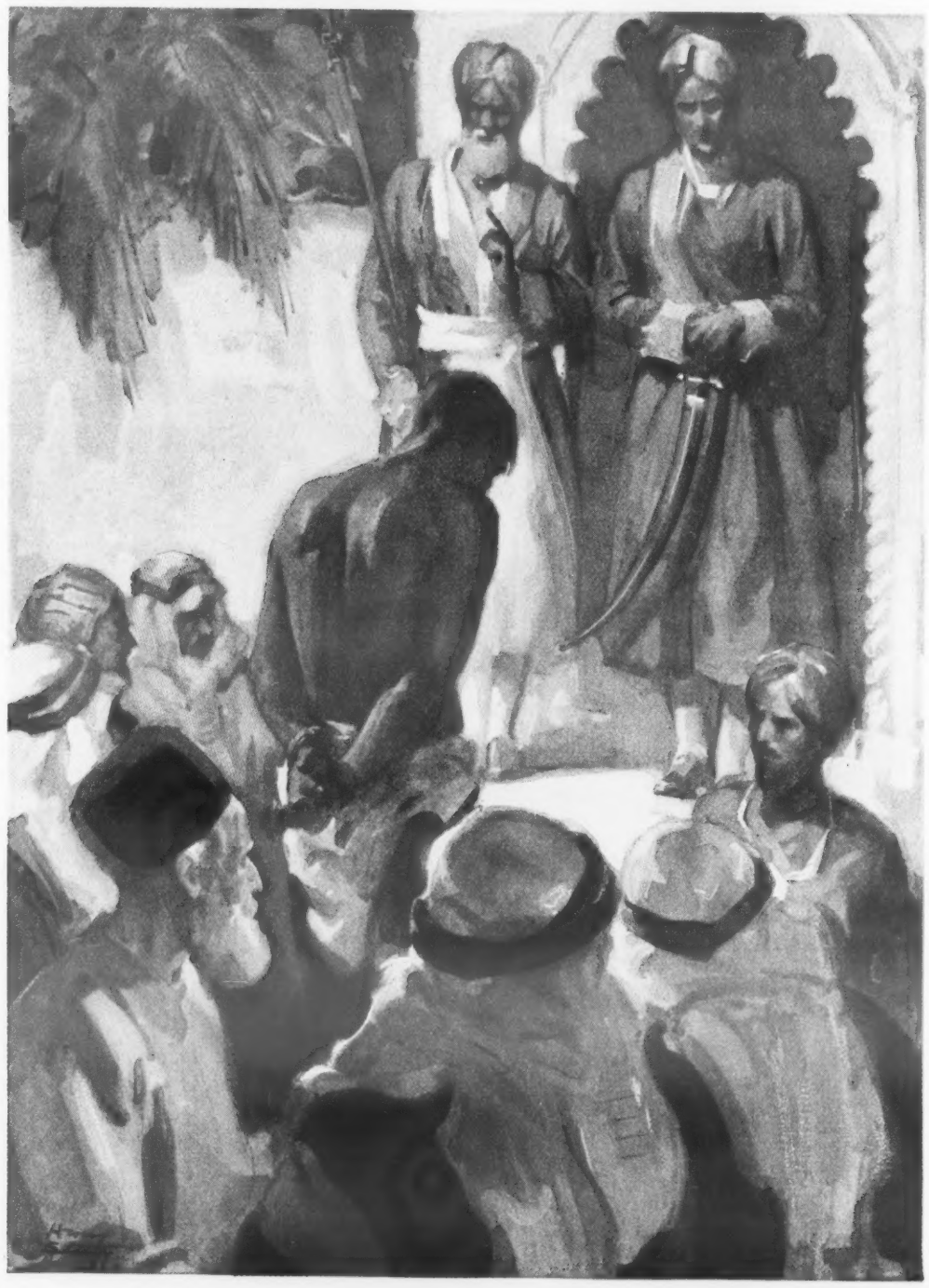
I enclose thirty cents (dimes or stamps). Please send the book, *"The Crowd Comes to Our House,"* by Grace Higgins.

(Print plainly)

*Name*_____

*Street Address*_____

*City and State*_____



FOR ABUSING A RUG

- - - - - the death Penalty

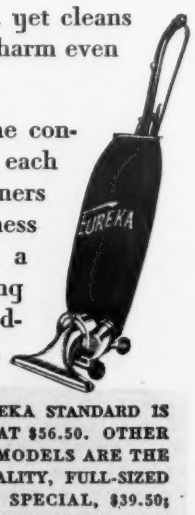
TRAVELERS to the Orient tell us that any Eastern slave caught pounding the gorgeous rugs from his master's palace would have been sentenced to death with scant ceremony. No amount of care in cleaning and handling was considered too great for these precious products of the loom.

In the New World, of course, no rug is valued above a human life. But we do realize the necessity of care in cleaning, and the folly of rough handling which breaks down fabrics and shortens the life of fine floor coverings.

That is why women have been quick to recognize the superiority of Eureka "High-Vacuum", which, in two and a half million homes, now does work that broom and carpet beater could never do . . . does it far more quickly and many times as thoroughly.

This principle, which has seven times won for Eureka the world's highest awards in vacuum cleaner competition, offers The Better Way of cleaning floor coverings, upholstery, drapery, mattresses. Air alone, in the form of powerful suction, gets *all* the dirt . . . yet cleans so gently that it cannot wear or harm even delicate fabrics.

Every woman should check the condition of her cleaning equipment each year or two, for even the best cleaners become worn and lose effectiveness in time. You might use such a cleaner every day without realizing that it is not removing the embedded, germ-laden, *dangerous* dirt.



Every woman should also know of the many wonderful things, in addition to cleaning floor coverings, which the latest Eurekas will do to lighten labor and promote health and sanitation. The Eureka Man will gladly demonstrate these uses . . . and show you without obligation the three great Eurekas which meet every cleaning need and price requirement.

And don't neglect to see the *new* Eureka Junior . . . a wonderful little cleaner and hair dryer combined, which serves a score of important uses, whether or not you own a full-sized vacuum cleaner.

THE EUREKA STANDARD IS PRICED AT $56.50. OTHER LATEST MODELS ARE THE HIGH-QUALITY, FULL-SIZED EUREKA SPECIAL, $39.50; THE EUREKA JUNIOR, $16.50 (ELECTRIC HEATER HAIR-DRYING ATTACHMENT, $3.00). ALL OBTAINABLE ON AN EASY PAYMENT PLAN.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., DETROIT, U. S. A.

Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ont. Branches: 8 Fisher St., London, W. C. 1, England; 299a-301 Castlereagh St., Sydney, Australia.

The Grand Prize

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

GETS · MORE · DIRT

(Continued from Page 135)

positions. But she must be willing to work up slowly and learn how to handle employes successfully.

There comes a time, of course, when a woman executive in foreign trade is making the maximum salary for such work. Even then, foreign trade broadens one's perspective so tremendously that vistas of still larger scope may be opened up to her, leading to a more all-inclusive domestic executive position; or she can develop her own organization.

I am said to be the first woman in the country to have reached an executive status in export trade. I began as a stenographer having a somewhat unusual international background, because of traveling and living in foreign countries as a child. After three years of stenographic work I became export manager of an important manufacturing company. Then some years later I established my own organization as a foreign-trade specialist acting as consultant on foreign-trade sales and merchandising problems.

Among other women executives in foreign trade are Blanche G. Schwartz, of Cleveland, Ohio, combination export manager for several companies; Augusta V. Bookmeyer, export manager of Berry Bros., Detroit, Michigan; Gladys Liggett, of New York City, export manager of the Three-In-One Oil Company; Mrs. Mary C. Alumenthal, of Terre Haute, Indiana, export manager of the Turner Glass Corporation; Velma Scholl, assistant export manager, Jantzen Knitting Mills, of Portland, Oregon; Mary Woods, foreign-trade secretary of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, and Mary Goode, foreign-trade secretary for the Seattle Chamber of Commerce.

Among the government appointees might be listed the United States assistant trade commissioners Elizabeth Humes, attached to the United States Embassy at Rome, Italy; A. Viola Smith at Shanghai, China, and Gudrud Carlson at Oslo, Norway. There are also Pattie Field, vice consul at Amsterdam, Holland, and Margaret Goldsmith, the first woman United States assistant trade commissioner, formerly stationed at Berlin, Germany.

Women have not as yet, however, envisaged all the far-reaching possibilities through foreign trade.

The value of women in foreign trade as a real factor in world peace is as yet not glimpsed. The future peace of the world is indissolubly connected with the underlying factors in international trade. The better women understand these economic phases, the greater will be the intelligence and understanding they can bring to bear in building for peace.

Women must set their minds to work and actually gain by experience the knowledge of the fundamentals underlying international economic needs. They must learn how interdependent the nations are; how war in one country shakes the foundations of prosperity in other countries; how tariff policies, immigration laws and control of basic raw materials cause conflicts which may lead to war. If World Peace is to be maintained many divergent interests must seek a compromise. Travel and trading in world markets will do more to give women an understanding of these problems than all the votes at their command or all the discussions by women's peace organizations. Only when women the world over actually obtain a clear-cut understanding of the many and varied economic elements entering into international relationships will they really begin to function as personages in helping to clarify those momentous subjects that enter so largely into the question of maintaining the peace of the world.

Extra Dollars

Will Spell Happiness for You

JUNE is here—month of weddings and joyous festivities, month of happy brides, kisses and confetti! Also—June is here—month of *expenses, showers, wedding gifts, new frocks!* More money needed, and new needs for money every day.

But why let such things worry you? Why not let The Girls' Club help you to have the extra dollars ready for these expenses? Then the only problem will be choosing the most becoming frock or intriguing hat for yourself, or deciding whether the bride will prefer a silver compote or something in those attractive Italian linens.

Mrs. Wood, of Vermont, has discovered the way to the extra dollars she needs and appreciates the happiness which they bring. Read what she says about our Club:

What a wonderful joy while working shoulder to shoulder with your husband to make home a place of comfort and pleasure to have the opportunity, through The Girls' Club, to earn as much as you wish. And, oh, those unexpected wedding presents and gifts to your friends when the budget just didn't plan for a rush on such things, and then the wonderful feeling of security when you know The Girls' Club is standing by.

And all this can be done without taking any time needed from your home or your family. Just those spare hours which would otherwise disappear without either pleasure or profit. Wouldn't you like to be $28.00 or $30.00 richer at the end of each month at the price of a little spare time? And if Mrs. Heusser, of New York, whose letter follows, can do it, you can also.

$28.00 in One Month

Some time ago my husband and I moved to a small town from the city. His income was small, our rent was high, and we needed new furniture and also new clothes. However, one day I read about The Girls' Club in the Ladies' Home Journal, my favorite magazine, and immediately wrote you. About a month later I had earned $28.00—a nice sum of money.

And I have had many happy moments since counting my dollars and I should like to tell every woman who longs for extra money for things she cannot afford from her husband's income, to join The Girls' Club and be happy.

Write Me Today

SO IF you need some extra dollars—and there are very few women who don't—write me today and I will send all the details of our Happy Club and its money-making opportunities. But don't delay another moment; write at once. No expense; no obligations! Address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
788 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

3 oils *in* 1 oil

3-in-One

When you apply 3-in-One to any mechanism you really apply *three oils.* 3-in-One is made of the highest quality *animal, mineral* and *vegetable* oils scientifically blended to make this well known household lubricant exactly right for all light mechanisms.

To these three oils, 3-in-One owes the marvelous penetration that enables it to go right into a bearing, dissolve the gummy grease, with its accumulated dirt, grit and worn metal, and work them out where they can't do any harm.

To these three oils, 3-in-One also owes its remarkable ability to stay in the bearing and provide a cushion of wear resisting oil between the moving parts.

Frequent oiling with 3-in-One is certain to lengthen the active life of any mechanism and make it operate smoother, easier, with less noise. Try it and prove the value of *three oils in one.*

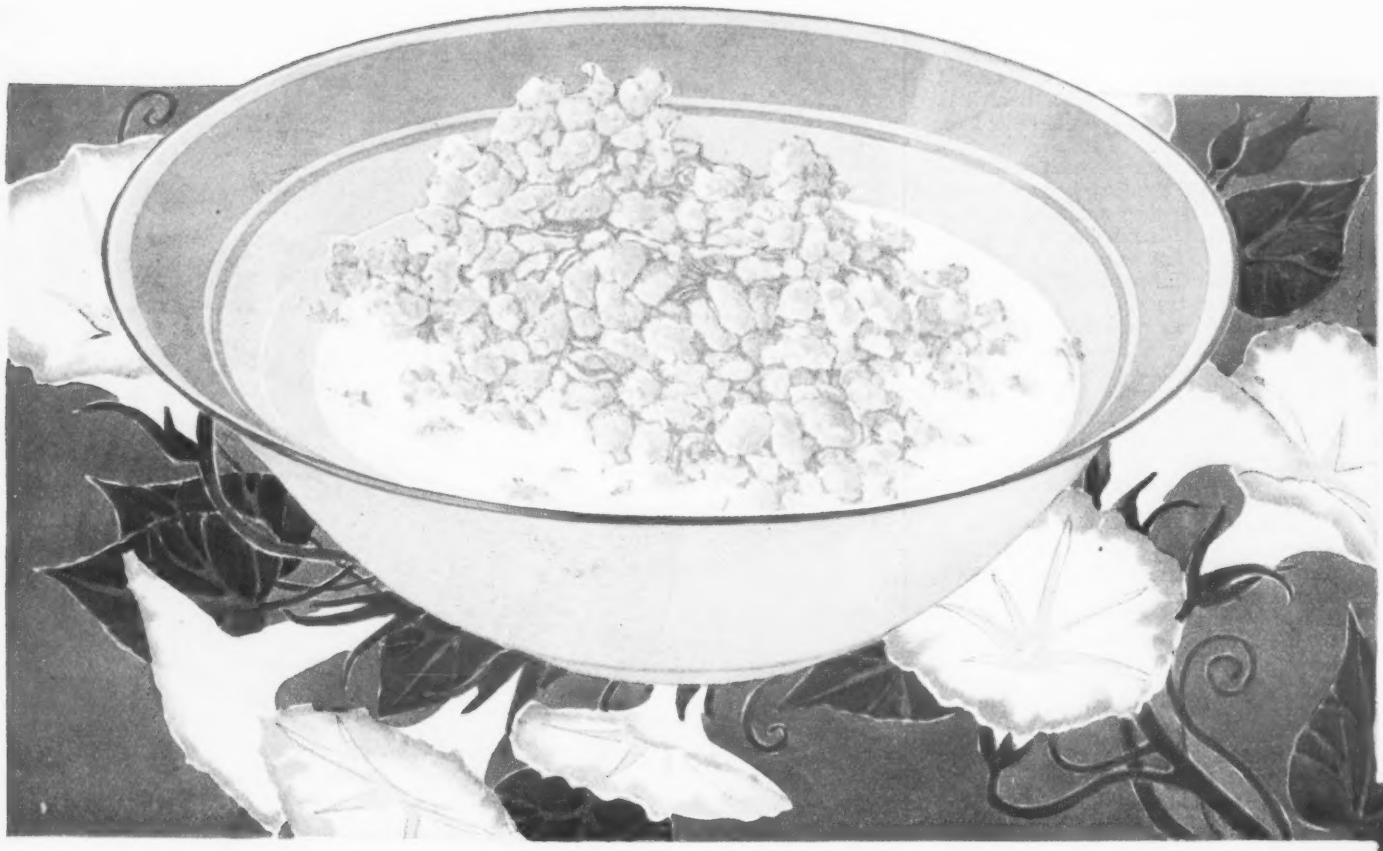
Sold everywhere by good grocery, drug, notion, hardware, department and general stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles. Ask for 3-in-One by name and look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

Manufactured since 1894

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 130 William St., New York, N. Y.

FREE: ***A generous sample and a Dictionary illustrating and explaining 79 uses for 3-in-One in the home alone. A postal request will bring both.***

074



KEEP HIM HEALTHY

Foods that promote regular health are of vast importance to his present and *his future* — vegetables, fruits and *this new breakfast food.*

Now Mother . . .

One of *Vegetables Best Effects*

in this delicious *new* cereal!

To help you solve the problem of better health for your children *in a most* attractive way. *An entirely new creation by HEINZ of "57 fame."*

Children's health, as every modern mother knows, depends largely on regular health-habits. Vegetables and fruits in adequate amounts would form these habits and maintain them.

But how difficult it is, so frequently, to get the child's cooperation! There is often struggle and nerve-strain — not good for the child, or mother either.

CHILDREN WANT IT

HEINZ of "57 fame" offers an entirely new solution of this problem in the most delicious food of its kind that you have ever known. Children can't resist its crisp, crunchy flavor so they *don't* resist its benefits.

A NATURAL WAY

Through a process patented by HEINZ, a soft, fluffy *cereal-cellulose* is added to the flakes. It is a natural food substance prepared from the grain itself.

Odorless and tasteless, it doesn't change the flavor or appearance of these delicious flakes in any way. Its presence would be unknown except for its *effects,* which is an important secret of this food's great success.

NOT LIKE BRAN

This cereal-cellulose absorbs water to several times its weight, forming a mild, gentle bulk and roughage.

Medical authorities approve it because it is a *natural* food substance; and while equal in efficiency to any other kind, it isn't harsh and doesn't irritate.

In tests by authorities, the health-regulating habits of children, by this method, quickly showed a marked improvement. (Details on request.)

IN *HEINZ* FOODS ONLY

There is, in fact, almost "magic" in HEINZ Rice Flakes—the way children "take" to them, and the benefits that come. All of the rich energy food value of rice is included. Cereal-cellulose is added. That is all. But it is added in a special way. And HEINZ breakfast foods alone contain it.

If you want even more delicious flavor, therefore, than you've known in breakfast foods before, *plus this service never before rendered* by foods of this well-liked type, you must insist on HEINZ.

SEE CHILDREN CHANGE

Serve HEINZ Rice Flakes twice daily for one week—in the morning and for dessert at night—to start the benefits; once daily thereafter to maintain them. See your children brighten and improve. As good for adults as for children.

ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN

He will know the importance of the effects of cereal-cellulose in the absorption of moisture and the resulting bulk.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Makers of the Famous "57 Varieties"

HEINZ RICE FLAKES

Let's Go Places and See Things!

(Continued from Page 16)

Richard Halliburton. All she needs—all anybody needs to make a success of a motor vacation—are a few practical pointers as to where to go, where to eat, where to sleep, where and how to have the best time.

Even Mrs. Hoover's trip. It sounds a bit long from the standpoint of a city or a suburban driver. And it was long once even for experts. The first car to make it took fifty-two days. But Mrs. Hoover didn't take that long. At least, she didn't need to. Starting from Palo Alto, she probably came by way of Reno, and from there to Salt Lake City over the Pike's Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway. From Salt Lake it is less than five hundred miles to Cheyenne; and from there it is a straight road across the plains to Omaha and thence to Chicago. Once in Chicago, she was almost East; for it is an easy trail which leads along the shores of the Great Lakes to Cleveland, through the wooded valleys of the Alleghanies, across historic Pennsylvania and Maryland, into the broad avenues of the Capital.

Only thirty-five hundred miles from coast to coast!

I am not urging the woman on the piazza to let herself in for fourteen or fifteen days of continuous driving. But obviously, it is quite possible, if she lives in the central part of the country, for her to take either the eastern or western half of this transcontinental trip without undue haste or fatigue. Suppose, for instance, that she is sitting, guidebook in hand, in front of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in the Circle at Indianapolis which is practically the center of population of the North American Continent.

If she divides her family into eight parts and sends them off in eight different directions—mother to Mobile, Alabama; father to Providence, Rhode Island; and each of the six children to Fargo, North Dakota, Jacksonville, Florida, Montreal, Canada, Dallas, Texas, and Lincoln, Nebraska—all eight, barring tire trouble, engine trouble and earthquakes, will arrive at their destinations at the same time.

East

BUT, being vacation-bound, she will probably not set sail herself for any of these stirring cities. She is much more likely to follow Mrs. Hoover's eastward journey over into the soft, rolling Pennsylvania hills, past Valley Forge and Gettysburg, through the historic Maryland towns to Annapolis, Washington and Mount Vernon. And she won't be the least bit disappointed. She may give the ocean a visit along the way, perhaps at Atlantic City. She may run up to New York to see the skyscrapers or over to Philadelphia to see the Liberty Bell. Or she may take the broad highway which leads down the Shenandoah Valley, rich in caves and military academies, "to the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia on the Trail of the Lonesome Pine." If she does, Hot Springs and White Sulphur are just over those haze-hidden hills to the right. Natural Bridge, which Will Rogers says is the only wonder of the world which serves a useful purpose, is just ahead. (So is Palm Beach, for that matter!) And to the left, over the winding, climbing road to Luray, stretch the wooded hillsides and blossoming fields of the Old Dominion—Appomattox, Petersburg, Richmond, Newport News—every mile a signpost and every sign a battlefield.

Then, of course, there is New England.

Every June the procession starts along the southern shore of Lake Erie, up to Buffalo to see the Falls, down the St. Lawrence or through the Adirondacks, across the Berkshires or the Green Mountains, to the White Mountains and the sea. A veritable pilgrimage to Pilgrim Land. Boston—celebrating her tercentenary this year—Cambridge, Concord, Lexington, Plymouth, Provincetown. Gloucester, Salem, Marblehead—read up or down, black figures or light-faced, the time table of history is spread before the tourist eye.

The Golden West

BUT just suppose our supposititious woman of the piazza does not live within easy wheeling distance of these "Back East" delights. Suppose her car is parked, not in front of the Monument in Indianapolis, but below that lovely shaft which rises—another soldiers' memorial—across the plaza from the great Union Station in Kansas City. In that case, she'll go West.

Denver, as the motor flies, is but three short days on the road from Kansas City—and Denver, as all the world should know by this time, is the official gateway to twelve national parks and thirty-two national monuments.

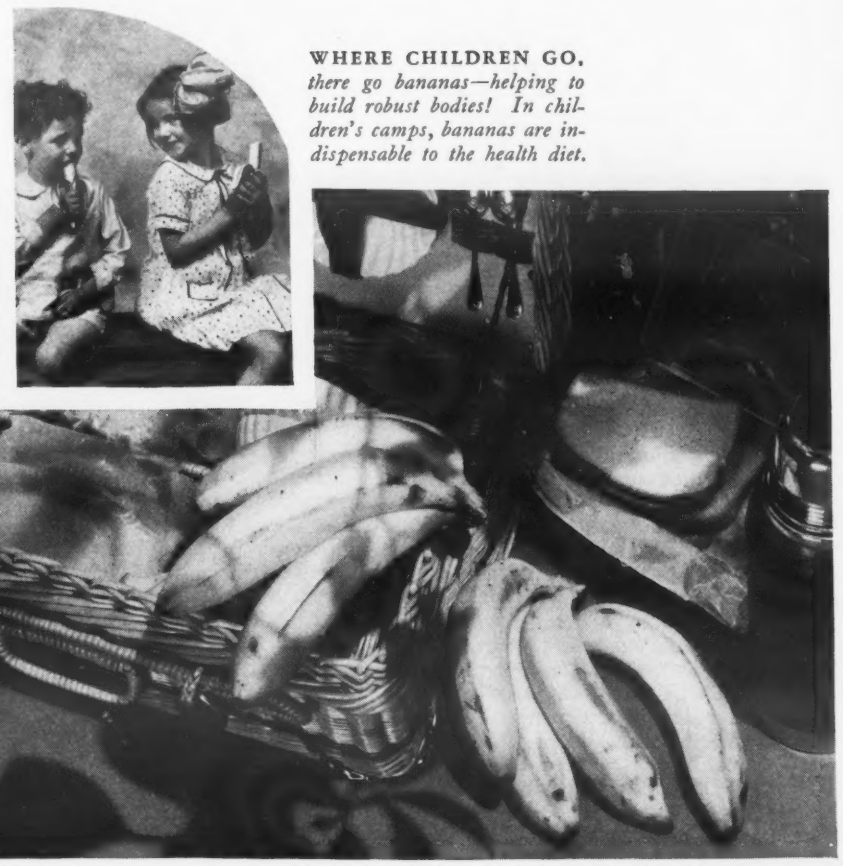
Of course, there are many other routes to Far Western splendor. A northern highway crosses the American Alps; a southern, the American Sahara. Glacier National Park and the towering Yellowstone are the Kohinoor points in the northern trail of scenic glory; the Apache Trail and the Grand Canyon in the southern. The former lands us in flowers and snows; the latter—need I say more?—in the glorious climate of California. Yes, I will, I must say more; and I cannot say enough. California, with its snow-topped mountains rising out of orange-colored fields, with its ancient missions lining modern highways, with its breezes cooled by the snow, warmed by the sun, softened by the sea, was made for motoring. San Francisco is the loveliest of cities; Los Angeles, the most amazing. There is no mountain like Shasta—unless it is Rainier or Hood. There is no lake like Tahoe. There is no place in all the world so beautiful as Yosemite. There is ——

But what's the use? The woman on the piazza can go anywhere. If she lives in the South, she will go—and love it—to the Smokies of Carolina or the Ozarks of Arkansas or the Riviera of the Gulf. If she lives in the North, she will go norther still: to Banff and Lake Louise, to the Thousand Islands and the Laurentians, to Quebec and Murray Bay and the Saginac, to Halifax and Evangeline Land. And no matter where she lives, she can park her car in the belly of a boat and take her motor vacation in Europe!

Tourist Map, Mileage Guide and Trip Expense

Sent You Without Cost

A booklet containing automobile touring map drawn especially for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL by the American Automobile Association and containing mileage of trips referred to in the article and estimated daily costs will be sent upon request to JOURNAL readers who send to us a two-cent stamp to cover postage.



WHERE CHILDREN GO, *there go bananas—helping to build robust bodies! In children's camps, bananas are indispensable to the health diet.*

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Serve bananas regularly. They'll help keep your family's vitality high through the enervating, busy days of summer.

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Just off the press. Has dozens of new recipes for entrées . . . salads . . . fruit cups . . . cakes . . . frozen desserts . . . Complete menus, too . . . for breakfast . . . luncheon . . . dinner . . . afternoon tea . . . bridge parties . . . late suppers . . . Fill in and mail coupon today.

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Tips and Reminders

For Better June Gardens

All climbers, especially roses, should be tied securely as the canes or vines develop.

TIE UP CLIMBERS. All climbers, especially climbing roses, should be tied up securely to their supports during the growing season. This is especially important in June, when the first flush of garden interest and excitement is apt to divert our attention from the more prosaic duties every garden exacts. As the new canes develop on climbers they are likely to be damaged or to grow irregularly, unless promptly secured to their supports. The best way to tie them without injury is to use garden raffia; make an extra loop around the cane itself, and tie the ends to the trellis or arbor. Do not tie too tightly. It is best to allow freedom of movement, and more particularly to allow a free circulation of air around the cane.

PRUNE FLOWERING SHRUBS. If you have not already pruned your early-flowering shrubs, it should be done before the season advances too much. Flowering shrubs, as a rule, should not be pruned until after they have bloomed. In shrubs like Spiraea vanhouttei and bridalwreath, these will require very little pruning, merely cutting out deadwood. To prune these shrubs too closely will spoil and destroy their natural gracefulness of growing habit. The same applies to forsythia; indeed, to most all flowering shrubs.

MAKING WISTERIA BLOOM. Here is a tip given us by an expert nurseryman: When wisteria ceases to bloom, take a spade and prune the roots back severely around the plant by digging a trench around it. It will give wisterias a new interest in life and insure bloom for several years to come.

DISBUD ROSES. To increase the size and beauty of garden roses, particularly hybrid teas, be sure to disbud. By this we mean, pinching out all buds except the central one on each cane. It seems, if this is done after the buds form, then more vitality is conserved, and the better the results throughout the season. In cutting roses for bouquets, be sure to allow two leaves to remain on each stem. Do not cut too close to the main cane. If you follow this suggestion you will have two more bloom before the season is over, as a new blossom-bearing cane will shoot out adjacent to each leaf. If you cut too close the main cane you loose these blooms.

STAKE PERENNIALS. All tall-growing perennials, especially delphinium, peonies, hardy asters, chrysanthemums, boltonia, and the like, should be securely staked during the growing season. This is especially important in June, when occasionally storms and high winds are apt to prostrate these flowers if they are insecurely tied. They never seem to regain their former symmetry, even though staked up later. Light garden stakes, attractively painted, may be secured from your seedsman or nurseryman for this purpose. For the later and more graceful perennials, use bamboo cane. Tie with raffia or broad tape.

Tall-growing perennials must be securely staked to prevent damage.

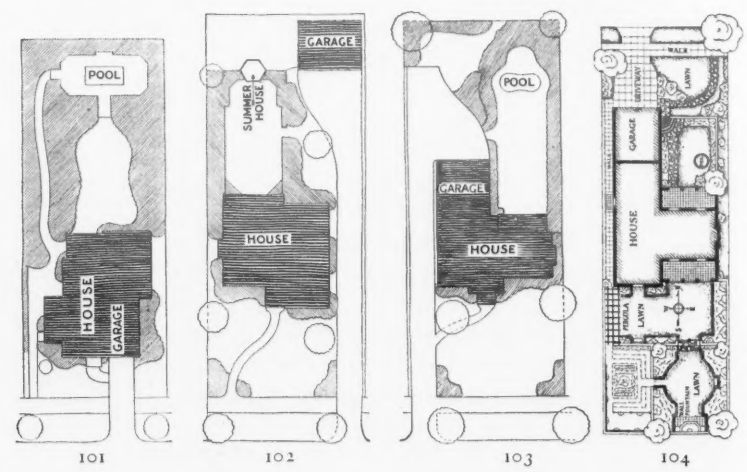
SWEET PEAS. We would remind you again that sweet peas should be picked daily. They must not be allowed to set seed pods, or the blooming period will be ended. Sweet peas in the North Central States, especially, are most successful when planted where they have afternoon shade. We would call your attention to the comprehensive article on sweet peas which appeared in the March LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for complete directions for their care at different seasons.

PLANT DAHLIAS. The first two weeks in June are the best time to plant dahlia tubers in those sections of the country where warm days may be expected in July and August. If the dahlia is planted too early in the season, so that it comes into bloom during the proverbial "corn weather," it will never be at its best. The dahlia is the most seasonable when it comes into bloom when cool nights prevail. Plant your main crop, therefore, during the first week or two in June, for the best results. Then they will come into bloom after the hottest weather is safely past.

MULCHING. Peat moss is an excellent mulching material for perennial beds. Some newer forms are now available which incorporate an addition of humus or sterilized spent manures, which very greatly enhances its value. These products, in connection with complete commercial fertilizers, are boons to the discerning gardener. Perennial beds that are properly mulched are not any more attractive but are much less work during the growing season, because they choke out the weeds and eliminate most of the drudgery of cultivation. In sections where the soil is light and inclined to dry out easily, mulching conserves the natural moisture and greatly improves the quality of bloom.

SUCKERS. Watch for suckers on grafted roses, lilacs and other shrubs. These suckers, if allowed to develop, will destroy the desirable buds, and your shrubs will revert to the undesirable root stalk upon which it is grafted. The shrubs can be identified by following the suspicious stem down to the root stalk. If it originates below the grafting mark, it should be gouged out.

GARDEN TROUBLES. This is the month when mildew, black spot and insect pests are most prevalent. Complete directions for their control will be found in the various JOURNAL garden booklets, mentioned elsewhere in the issue. Every gardener should have a complete file of these comprehensive and authoritative bulletins.



Landscape Plans 25 Cents

JOURNAL Garden Patterns (trade-mark) are complete landscape plans for the development of average-size city lots. All plans are to scale, contain complete planting lists and all construction details. The outline drawings above aid you in selecting the plan that covers your own situation.

No. 101. For lot 45′x112′, but can be adapted to others. Has lily pool, rock garden and garden seat. Cost of planting materials estimated at $275.

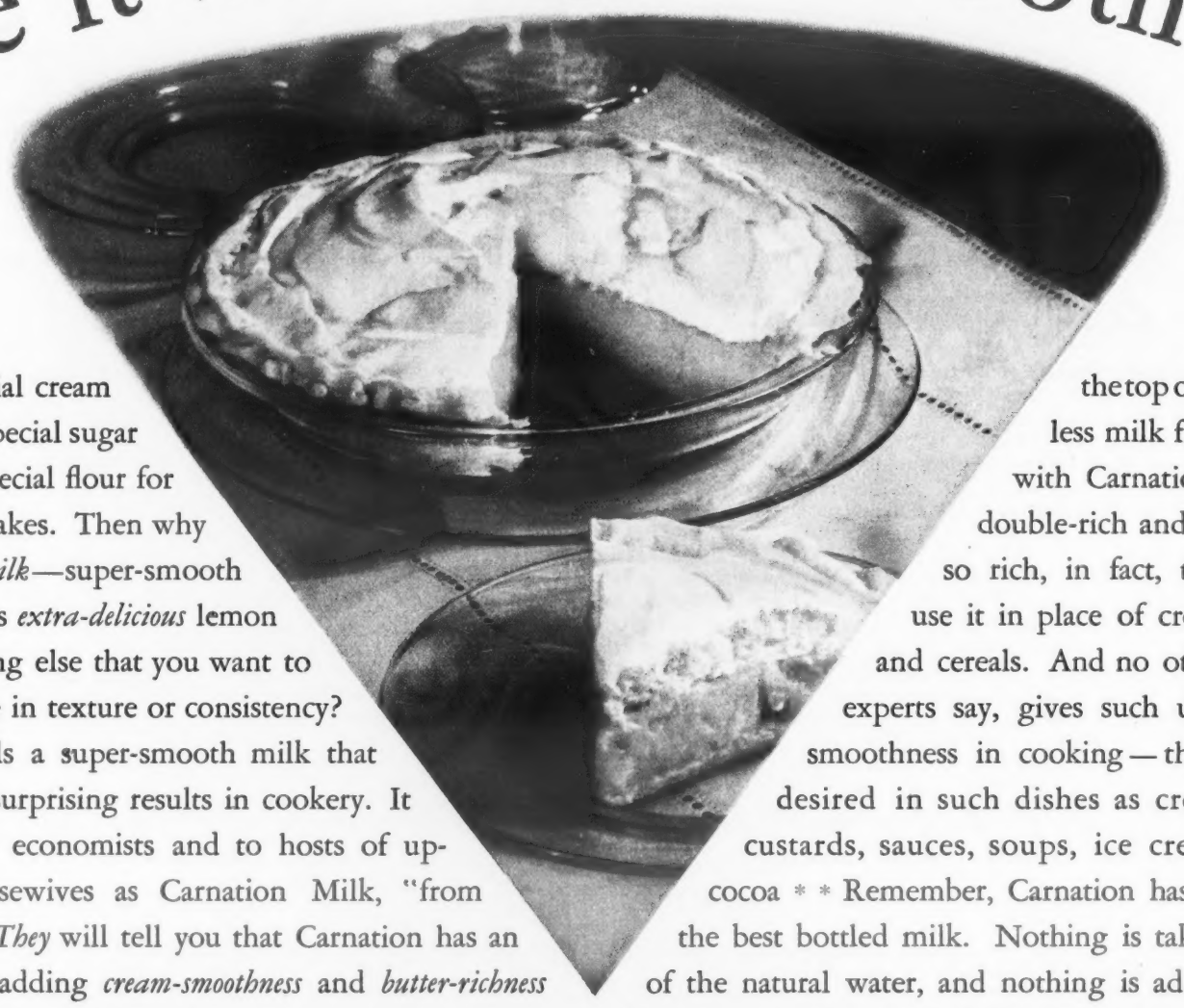
No. 102. For lot 50′x120′, but can be adapted to others. Has large summerhouse and bird bath. Cost of planting materials estimated at $200.

No. 103. For lot 50′x120′, but can be adapted to others. Has Colonial picket fence and attractive lily pool. Cost of planting materials estimated at $400.

No. 104. For a lot 50′x150′ in the Southwest, or extreme South, where Spanish architecture prevails. Garden is entirely walled in and has many features.

Other JOURNAL Garden Patterns (trade-mark) are in preparation for each planting area in the United States. Order by number. Price, only 25 cents each, postpaid. Address Garden Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Make it with "super-smooth" milk



YOU order special cream for whipping, special sugar for making candy, special flour for baking your nicest cakes. Then why not order special *milk*—super-smooth milk—and make this *extra-delicious* lemon cream pie, or anything else that you want to have particularly fine in texture or consistency? * * Every grocer sells a super-smooth milk that accomplishes really surprising results in cookery. It is known to home economists and to hosts of up-to-the-moment housewives as Carnation Milk, "from Contented Cows." *They* will tell you that Carnation has an astonishing way of adding *cream-smoothness* and *butter-richness* to foods—just as if you had used quantities of rich cream or golden butter * * Here is the scientific explanation: Carnation is pure whole milk evaporated to double richness. So it contains a heaping double helping of butter-fat: and that butter-fat is *ground up* by a process called "homogenization" until the original coarse fat globules are one thousand times as tiny and so thoroughly mixed in with the milk that the cream never rises to the top * * When you cook with ordinary milk, you get creamy milk from the top of the bottle and cream-less milk from the bottom. But with Carnation every last drop is double-rich and super-smooth. It is so rich, in fact, that countless homes use it in place of cream for coffee, fruits, and cereals. And no other kind of milk, the experts say, gives such uniform richness and smoothness in cooking—the qualities especially desired in such dishes as cream pies, puddings, custards, sauces, soups, ice cream, chocolate, and cocoa * * Remember, Carnation has all the *food value* of the best bottled milk. Nothing is taken out of it but part of the natural water, and nothing is added. It is so perfect from *every* nutritional standpoint, that the greatest authorities on infant-feeding recommend it as an ideal milk for babies * * Think of the convenience of being able to keep such fine milk right on the pantry shelf, safely sealed in its modern package! You can *always* have an abundant supply of milk on hand when you use Carnation * * Please write for the Carnation Cook Book and Baby Book. Address Carnation Company, 640 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.: or 740 Stuart Bldg., Seattle: or Aylmer, Ont.

"from Contented Cows"

Carnation Cream Pies

LEMON CREAM PIE 1⅓ cups sugar, 4½ tbsp. flour, few grains of salt, ¾ cup Carnation Milk diluted with ¾ cup water, 2 egg yolks, 1 tbsp. butter, 5 tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. grated rind. MERINGUE—2 tbsp. sugar, ½ tsp. baking powder, 2 egg whites.	Mix sugar, flour and salt. Scald diluted Carnation and stir into dry mixture until well blended. Cook 25 minutes in double boiler, stirring occasionally. Add to well beaten yolks; continue cooking 2 minutes; add butter, lemon juice and rind. Pour into baked pastry shell. Cover with meringue made by folding sugar and baking powder into stiffly beaten egg whites. Brown in slow (300°F.) oven. Makes 1 large pie.
BUTTERSCOTCH PIE 1½ cups brown sugar, ½ cup flour, ½ tsp. salt, 1¾ cups Carnation Milk diluted with ½ cup water, 3 tbsp. butter, 3 egg yolks. MERINGUE—4 tbsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. baking powder, 3 egg whites.	Follow method given above, omitting lemon juice and rind.
RAISIN BUTTERSCOTCH PIE Follow recipe for Butterscotch Pie, adding 1 cup of raisins to the recipe.	Follow method given for Lemon Cream Pie, omitting lemon juice and rind. Add raisins to the filling.

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A super-digestible baby milk

Many of the greatest authorities on infant-feeding rank unsweetened evaporated milks such as Carnation as the best of all milks for babies. Carnation Milk is fully equal to the best bottled milk in nutritional value. It contains *all the vitamins* that any milk is depended on to supply, needing only the usual supplements, such as orange juice and cod-liver oil. And it is *easier to digest* than any other form of cow's milk.

The assured safety and controlled uniformity of Carnation are an invaluable protection against the upsets so often caused by milk of varying quality.

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In mile-high Denver society lives the modern life...even to marketing!

VISITORS to "Colorful Colorado" notice it the moment they step off the train . . . take the first few breaths!

It's in the air—air so crisp that it fairly crackles. Vigor . . "pep" that's distilled from blue, blue skies and snow-crowned mountains animates the business and social life of this mile-high city.

Golf is played the year 'round on fine courses. Polo is faster in this magic country where even the ponies have winged feet. Life is zestful . . as modern as youth and health can make it!

Small wonder, then, that Piggly Wiggly finds such favor with the young hostesses of Park Lane and the Country Club district. They have made it a smart custom to shop each morning in person. Piggly Wiggly's brisk efficiency . . . the speed, convenience, the sureness of this modern way of marketing delight them. They love to choose for themselves.

Women of the smart world were first to launch the Piggly Wiggly vogue.

Now clever women everywhere instinctively seek out Piggly Wiggly. Where they can be sure of quality foods at low prices. Enjoy the freedom of choosing for themselves.

Over 2,500,000 women shop at Piggly Wiggly daily. Delighted with Piggly Wiggly's wide aisles, well arranged shelves. The opportunity to compare prices on the big swinging tags . . to save money.

The same Piggly Wiggly features found in over 1000 cities and towns in the United States! Why not visit Piggly Wiggly today?

In 1000 *cities and towns in the United States,* 2,500,000 *women save money at* 3200 *Piggly Wiggly stores daily*

PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES

Unusual opportunity to own and operate a profitable local business with the merchandising co-operation of a national organization—exclusive Piggly Wiggly franchises. Available in cities where stores have not been established. Open only to men who control sufficient capital to finance a number of stores. Address Franchise Department, Cincinnati, Ohio.

74 Piggly Wiggly stores in Denver, where 165,000 *persons average purchases amounting to* $115,000 *each week. Lured, perhaps, by the tempting displays of exquisite produce for which these stores are noted!*

How to Use Commercial Plant Foods

By

ALEX LAURIE

Professor of Floriculture, Ohio State University

THE soil in which plants grow serves the purposes of supplying moisture and nutrients for proper development. Such soil under average conditions contains the necessary elements in sufficient quantities to last for many years, were they fully available to the plants. Unfortunately only small amounts can be used by the plants, and as a consequence additions must be made to keep up a continuous supply.

Animal manures were the main source of these additions and are still used to a large extent. However, the scarcity of manures and the rapidly developing science of artificial fertilization have forced us to depend upon the needed nutrients in chemical form, known as commercial fertilizers. The usual dread of the "chemicals" has been founded upon misunderstanding of their functions, the time and strength of applications, with subsequent failures and frequent damage. Were these factors understood and directions followed to the letter, much good would accrue from the practice of the application of commercial fertilizers. With this in mind a brief discussion of the functions of the needed elements is deemed advisable.

Although many kinds of elements constitute the tissues of the plants and are needed for their support and development, we are concerned chiefly with hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus and potash. Hydrogen and oxygen we secure in form of water, whereas carbon and oxygen are obtained from the air through the manufacturing ability of the leaves in the presence of light. Thus these three elements are taken care of through sufficient moisture in the soil and air and abundant sunshine. The last three—nitrogen, phosphorus and potash—have to be supplied artificially. Manures contain these elements in small quantities, but because of the heavy applications sufficient amounts are usually secured through their use, although the phosphorus content is so low that even when manures are used additions of this material should be made.

Nitrogen promotes vegetative growth primarily, although it has other important functions. Potash develops the roots, strengthens the tissues and frequently aids in coloration. Phosphorus is helpful in securing earlier maturity, in the development of roots and tissues, and through its chemical reactions is beneficial in making other materials available to the plants. Lime, which also plays an important part in plant growth, is useful in changing the texture of the soil, in reducing acidity and in making elements available. Its use should be limited only to cases of necessity, since many plants are partial to slightly acid soils.

The forms in which these materials are available to the gardener are many. Nitrogen may be secured as ammonium sulphate, nitrate of soda, urea, blood, tankage, cottonseed meal, and others. The most satisfactory for most purposes is either ammonium sulphate or urea. The former should be applied at the rate of one pound to every 100 square feet; the latter should be used at half the rate. If possible these materials should be used in liquid form, for better distribution and safety. When applied in this manner, ammonium sulphate should be dissolved at the rate of one ounce to two gallons of water; urea may be used in the proportion of one ounce to seven gallons.

Complete Plant Foods

PHOSPHORUS comes to us in the form of bone meal and superphosphate. The former is very slowly available and expensive and should be applied a long time before its effect is needed—namely, in the fall of the year for next year's use. Superphosphate on the other hand is more quickly available and is cheap, so that it is to be preferred to bone meal. The dosages are five to ten pounds to 100 square feet, or the same amount applied to a 100-foot row of plants. Tankage and cottonseed meal also contain sufficient amounts of this material.

Potash may be had in the form of unleached hardwood ashes, muriate of potash and sulphate of potash. The wood ashes contain a relatively small amount of quickly available potash and may be applied with safety at ten pounds or even more to the 100 square feet. The other two chemicals are high in soluble potash and should be used at the rate of two pounds to the same area.

Bearing these points in mind, the actual recommendations for the use of various materials for fertilization may now be given. It should be realized, however, that blanket advice covering all conditions and soils is impossible. The variability of the texture of soils and their constituent parts makes modifications necessary in many instances, but the general scheme may be followed with safety anywhere. To save time and the trouble of making applications of the several materials mentioned, many fertilizer manufacturers have composed formulas of balanced nature which contain the essential elements properly mixed. Some of these are labeled with patented names; others are indicated by the context. For example, when we speak of a fertilizer known as 4–12–4, we mean that it contains 4 per cent nitrogen, 12 per cent phosphorus and 4 per cent potash. Such a fertilizer is well balanced and may be used indiscriminately for many crops. Some plants require higher quantities of one or another element and will be found in the recommendations given herewith.

LAWNS. The lawn is a permanent crop, and because of that its initial preparation should include the incorporation of the necessary humus in the form of manure or green manure. Once established, further additions of nutrients should consist of the applications of commercial fertilizers. A workable program for the year may be as follows: Early in the spring a complete fertilizer such as 10–6–4 or 4–12–4 should be applied at the rate of three or four pounds to the 100 square feet. This should be followed in May by a dose of ammonium sulphate, and repeated in June. In July a second application of a complete fertilizer should be made. In this way we supply all the necessary elements at the times when they are needed most. The two summer applications of ammonium sulphate produce the necessary stimulus to good growth and at the same time help to reduce the weed problem. The July application of the complete fertilizer gives a further stimulus and at the same time supplies the phosphorus with its maturing qualities. If the lawn needs it, another application may be made in August, but later than that no additions should be made, otherwise winter injury is apt to occur. Lime should be applied to the lawn only if the soil is extremely acid. Most of our grasses do better in slightly acid soil. In all applications it is most essential that a liberal supply of water follow the fertilizer. To secure a more even spread the fertilizers may be mixed with peat or sand. The former is particularly desirable, adding as it does some nutrients and humus.

ROSES. If the humus supply of the soil is deficient, stable manure or peat, or manure and peat may be added in the spring. Peat is an excellent substitute for manure in providing all the benefits of the manure except the introduction of the needed bacteria. When these are introduced by the use of a small portion of manure with peat, the latter becomes very valuable. As soon as growth starts in the spring, superphosphate—five pounds to 100 square feet—should be applied. If bone meal is preferred it should be used in the fall. Two or three weeks later, potassium chloride—muriate—or potassium sulphate should be added in dry form at the rate of two pounds to 100 square feet, or as a liquid at the rate of one ounce to two gallons of water. This amount supplies enough for two square feet. As a substitute for this three ounces of unleached hardwood ashes may be applied to each plant. A week later nitrogenous fertilizer should be applied in dry or liquid form. Urea, ammonium sulphate or dried blood are suitable. The dosages were indicated previously. These nitrogenous applications should be made at two-week intervals throughout the summer until the middle of August, when all feeding should cease. To eliminate these separate applications, complete fertilizers may be used three times during the season—May, June and August. Good formulas are 10–6–4, 4–12–4 or 6–8–6, and should be used at the rate of three pounds to 100 square feet. If the soil is light, at least one additional dose of potassium should be made during the season and likewise an initial application of superphosphate in the spring.

GLADIOLUS. Gladiolus will grow in any soil, but best flowers are secured in heavier types where an application of manure had been made in the fall and superphosphate applied in the spring. This material should be used in the trench at the rate of five pounds to 100 feet of row, covered slightly and the corms placed over it. To secure exhibition spikes, further feeding is needed. Ammonium sulphate should then be applied when the spikes begin to show through the leaves, using it as a side dressing along the rows at the rate of two pounds to the 100-foot row. Gladiolus prefers a slightly acid soil, so that liming should be avoided. Complete fertilizers are useful if used in the row before planting and once later as a side dressing. The best formula is 4–12–4 or 3–12–3. Earliness is secured through the use of superphosphate.

PEONIES. The closing statement for the gladiolus also holds good for the peony; earliness is secured through the application of superphosphate very early in the spring. This should be followed by a nitrogenous fertilizer just as soon as buds begin to form. Ammonium sulphate or urea are suitable and may be used in liquid form as directed previously. After flowering, potash and phosphorus should be added. Several ounces of hardwood ashes and a handful of superphosphate will suffice for each plant. This application should be made as soon as possible after the flowers appear and will provide the food for next year's flowers. Complete fertilizers may be substituted.

Perennials

IRISES may be treated in the same manner as the peonies, starting with a dose of superphosphate and following with nitrogen and later with potash and phosphorus.

THE HERBACEOUS PERENNIALS in general need two applications of complete fertilizers such as 4–12–4 or 10–6–4, one to be given early in spring as growth starts and the second one during midsummer.

DAHLIAS. Like most root crops, the dahlia is benefited by the applications of phosphorus and potash. The former should be used in the spring, the latter during midseason. After the tops have reached a height of one foot a top dressing of a commercial fertilizer should be applied at the rate of three ounces to each plant. On light soils use a 2–10–10, on heavier kinds a 2–10–6 is preferable. In very sandy soils, nitrogenous doses may be given when the flowers begin to form. Liquid ammonium sulphate is suitable.

SHRUBS AND TREES are benefited by applications of nitrogenous materials. Any of the above-mentioned kinds will suffice, used once in the spring and once in July. Complete fertilizers may be substituted at the rate of five pounds to 100 square feet. Large trees should have ammonium sulphate added, using one-quarter of a pound to two pounds to a tree, depending upon its size. In spite of the fact that most of our shrubs and trees seem to do well enough without this additional feeding, they will do all the better with it, provided that it is not attempted too late in the season. The broad-leaved evergreens are desirous of acid soils. They thrive well in a peaty medium with applications of cottonseed meal, sulphate of potash and superphosphate. A complete mixture may be made of ten pounds of cottonseed meal, four pounds of superphosphate and two pounds of sulphate of potash. Apply at the rate of one-quarter of a pound a square yard.

ANNUALS may be treated in the same manner, except that the first application should not be made until after the newly set out plants have made a good start; otherwise burning of the roots is apt to occur.

Nature's Peace Conference

HEAT, Moisture, Oxygen—Soil! These are the Big Four of the gardener's peace conference. If they are present in proper quality and proportions there will indeed be amity and peace and contentment in the land. They are the four legs that support the corners of the garden world, the pillars in this temple of our well-being. They are the sources of the whole vegetable world, the basic ingredients in Nature's great food factory.

The flavor of her loaf and the manner in which it satisfies the palate are due to the proportions in which she mixes them together. And Nature is not always precise and painstaking in her dough mixing and baking. She is, at times, a careless cook and douses us with floods, withers us with blistering heat and drought and her winds blow away our soil. She carries, and needs, no recipe book, for she has the time and the means to rely on the law of averages. That is why we must use the garden hose, keep a bag of fertilizer handy, cultivate and weed endlessly.

PAJAMAS

Even Pajamas have become feminine. And how favored they are by the new mode! Notice, please, the tuck-in blouse of this new Munsingwear model... the flaring trousers... the natural waistline, bound with a sash... its three-quarter Coat to match! And there are so many more Pajamas... and Night Robes, Vests, Chemises, Bloomers, Bandeaux, and Slips, all of specially processed Munsingwear Rayon. All in a good store in your community.

MUNSING Wear
MINNEAPOLIS

HOSIERY

Fresh and sparkling... the new shades for Spring and Summer. Always sheer... always clear. Full-fashioned and full-length. Munsingwear Hose with three spritely heels... French, Square and slenderizing Sylphline... are the favored stockings of the fashionables. You will find them in all their many versions and shades and weights and prices, in a smart store near you! And... the cunning little Underfashion shown is our newest donation to backless frocks!

Amazing device

Kills Moths overnight

Gives constant protection for three months—convenient and economical

Just hang it up

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CHAMPLAIN VIEW GARDENS
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Fine New Roses for the Garden

(Continued from Page 22)

produced double flowers; the glossy-leaved Wichuraiana from Korea, which is a true trailer covering the ground like a carpet, and whose descendants are the magnificent climbing roses now so popular; Father Hugo's rose *(Rosa hugonis)*, whose early single yellow blooms appear even before the cherished Harison's Yellow; Mrs. Aitchison's rose *(R. ecae)*, earlier still, with creamy-white flowers; *R. moyesi*, an aristocrat with dark blood-red blooms; the Altai rose *(R. spinosissima altaica)*, whose large, white, waxen flowers are marvelously beautiful; the Penzance briers, hybrids of the sweetbrier *(R. rubiginosa)*, one of which, Lady Penzance, carries the vivid color of the ancient and somewhat difficult Austrian Copper into the easily managed shrub class; and many others still little known.

From the interbreeding of these new types with other garden roses came such varieties as the delightful pink Max Graf, virtually a trailing Rugosa; the red Rugosa-Polyantha hybrid, F. J. Grootendorst, and its pink variety, Pink Grootendorst, which are tough, upstanding, everblooming shrubs with clusters of little fringed flowers that look like carnations. Many of the Wichuraiana hybrids commonly considered as climbers were found useful for covering banks and waste places, and some of the more vigorous settled admirably into the shrub border. Even the native Prairie rose *(R. setigera)* was given a chance to display in gardens the grace which it had so long bestowed upon pastures and fence corners. The list is far from exhausted; even the dwarf, everblooming, bedding races produced anomalies like Gruss an Teplitz and Birdie Blye, heirs of the old Hermosa and the forgotten Bourbons and Chinas, which make good shrub material and which find an honorable place in every modern garden.

The change in climbing roses is twofold. First and most important is the gradual discarding of the small-flowered, cluster-blooming type, of which the old Crimson Rambler and the pink Dorothy Perkins are good examples, in favor of the large-flowered, long-stemmed descendants of the Wichuraiana race typified by the popular Dr. W. Van Fleet.

Tree Roses

THE practice of growing climbing roses against the walls of buildings is disappearing for many good reasons; and there seems to be a sensible drift away from using them to cover summerhouses and seats where their thorns may play havoc with backs, fingers and silken gowns. But they are appearing in multitudes on pillars and arches, trailing over steep slopes, clambering over stone walls, on boundary fences and on screens to blot out offending views.

But the arrival of the glowing Dr. Huey, blazing Paul's Scarlet, soft yellow Emily Gray, glowing orange Jacotte, coral and salmon Coralie, peach-colored Albertine, lovely Mermaid, superb Dr. W. Van Fleet, luminous pink Mary Wallace, red Bess Lovett, chaste Silver Moon, and dozens more of equal if not so striking beauty, aroused the desire to posssess them all; and the only way to accomplish that where space is limited is to grow them as pillars, which can be set as close as three feet apart, instead of the ten or twelve required when the roses are spread out upon a wall or trellis.

A good many excellent rosarians disagree concerning the returning interest in standard, or tree, roses. This is a kind of rose growing which is essentially artificial, and consequently limited in effective use to extensive, formal gardens. The easiest way to describe a tree rose is to state that it consists of a bare, erect stem three or four feet high with the rose bush in a more or less flourishing condition perched on the top. Objections to standards were made by the "natural" or "informal" gardeners for many years; and when importation of inexpensive rose plants from Europe was prohibited, they dropped from the American market almost immediately.

The change in the general color effect of rose gardens is almost as striking as the sudden flood of color which has poured into the pages of modern magazines and into fabrics and manufactured articles of all kinds. The pale pink-and-white tone which characterized the color effect of rose gardens a few years ago has given way to the fiery brilliance of orange-pink, scarlet-bronze and golden-yellow varieties, which have swept the older roses into the discard and illuminated gardens with a blaze of sparkling color unknown before in roses.

Yellow and Gold

FROM the beginning of rose culture the lure of a golden-yellow rose has always dangled before the eyes of rose enthusiasts, a goal to be won, a lodestone of desires. The struggle to satisfy the demand for yellow roses kept hybridizers all over the world feverishly working with promising species, until thirty years ago M. Pernet-Ducher, of Lyons, found the happy combination and gave to the world the golden-orange Soleil d'Or. But Soleil d'Or was a failure as a plant and Pernet's new race of yellow roses did not become important until the introduction of Rayon d'Or in 1910.

Rayon d'Or, which is now practically extinct, was the first yellow rose of good shape which bloomed all the time and did not fade white. It was subject to all sorts of diseases and was a very poor grower. Consequently it was rapidly superseded by a host of yellow descendants including the famous Souvenir de Claudius Pernet, Golden Emblem (in certain climates), Ville de Paris, Mary Pickford, Eldorado, Julien Potin, Mrs. Pierre S. du Pont, and in closely allied shades, such marvelously beautiful yellow-and-copper types as Rev. F. Page-Roberts, Feu Jos. Looymans, Lady Margaret Stewart, Talisman, and Mevrouw G. A. van Rossem.

But the new Pernet race was not all pure yellow. There were many pink varieties wedded to the golden strain, resulting in roses of a luscious richness of ripe golden-pink and coral hues. The first important, and still valuable variety, in the pink section was Mme. Edouard Herriot, which was the precursor of Padre, Cuba, Elvira Aramayo, Margaret McGredy, Charles P. Kilham, Souvenir de Claudius Pernet and Jules Gaujard.

Strangely enough, most of these pink varieties, vividly lit by orange and scarlet shades, were woefully lacking in petals and deficient in shape. They gained admission to the garden upon the merit of color alone, for which symmetry of form, loveliness of texture and even perfume were sacrificed. A few people, misled by the brilliance of color, professed to prefer these so-called artistic flowers to proper, well-developed blooms, but their arguments were never very convincing, and their enthusiasm waned upon the arrival of new varieties like Jules Gaujard, Charles P. Kilham, Mari Dot, and the older Souvenir de Georges Pernet, which have flowers of handsome form, with firm petals like the fine older Hybrid Teas.

The continued popularity of Los Angeles, in spite of its villainous habit, is evidence that good petalage and symmetrical form are considered essential qualities, for there are many thin roses of better habit and color which have been neglected. The popularity of Wilhelm Kordes and Dame Edith Helen of many petals, the high-centered Mrs. A. R. Barraclough and Mrs. Henry Bowles, all recent introductions, emphasize the fact that thin roses are passing from highest favor.

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The Shorn Lamb

(Continued from Page 19)

with her glow of face, voice, body and spirit to remain there forever? Fate loomed before him as the object of his peculiar dislike. He felt more lonely than ever.

On waking rather late in the morning the first thing he did was to ring up the nursing home. He learned that Mrs. Flower had not passed a satisfactory night. She was still restless with a disconcerting temperature, and could receive no visitors except Miss Merrow. Of course his message would be conveyed to Mrs. Flower.

He dressed, rang for breakfast, and after the meal, turned to the pile of correspondence that had been forwarded from London. This opening of letters was always a depressing affair. So many he could not answer, even on a typewriter with neuritis as an excuse. There had been one, a day or two ago, a model of cramped penmanship, eight pages of it, from a person at Oxford about another person called Apollonius of Tyana who aired futile views on the universe nearly two thousand years ago. It would have been meat and jam to Atherton. To Buddy it was just hay and thistles. He had caught a phrase or two: "You must see my point," and so on. He typed out:

My dear Friend. You are perfectly right.
Yours always,
A. D.

This reply might have made Atherton turn in his grave, but it must have pleased the man at Oxford. But all letters were not so easily disposed of. He had brought a small suitcase full of them to Paris.

HE SAT resigned, pipe in mouth, before the sitting-room fire, the wastepaper basket by his side for envelopes and circulars, and began his uninspiring task.

The first three or four letters were of the usual type. Then he opened an envelope addressed in capital letters, a thin and miserable envelope, bearing an E. C. 3 postmark. It contained a cheap piece of paper on which was written, also in capital letters, the following message:

YOU DAMNED SCOUNDREL. IF YOU DON'T PAY UP BEFORE THE FIRST OF JANUARY I'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU. X.

Buddy laughed as he threw aside the letter.

"The first flippant communication I've had," said he.

Fear, however, jogged him, almost jocularly, in the ribs. What did he know of Atherton? Of Atherton's responsibilities? Of his deviations into crooked paths? Blackmail obviously—to which Atherton would pay no attention. He flung the sordid sheet into the fire.

A few minutes later he took up a long blue envelope—thick, expensive paper—with the flap running its length.

His pipe dropped from his mouth as he read the curt contents.

A famous firm of lawyers had to inform him that Mr. Horatio Flower, of Langways Manor, Hampshire, was bringing an action for divorce against his wife, Mrs. Muriel Caroline Flower, and was citing him, Sir Atherton Drake, Bart, as co-respondent. They begged him to refer them to a firm of solicitors who would be authorized to accept service on his behalf.

Buddy picked up his pipe, knocked the ashes out against the hearth and polished the bowl against his sleeve.

What, in the name of Humanity, was he to do? he asked himself panic-stricken.

VII.

A DAY or two afterward Muriel took a sudden turn for the better, and, on Buddy's perfunctory arrival at the nursing home, he was greeted by the matron who, smiling broadly and happily, told him he could at last present his bouquet of flowers to the patient in person.

Dogged by cold fear he followed the cold clean nurse up the cold clean stairs and was shown into a cold clean room. On a cold clean bed lay a thin-faced, pallid woman, with bleached fair hair showing dark at the roots and tired though lustrous dark eyes. And by the bedside sat Diana, swarthily glowing and glorious.

He came forward. The woman in the bed smiled and stretched out a delicate hand. He took it, like a man in a dream, and bent his head and kissed it.

SHE said, her eyes on his offering, "More flowers? My dear, you're spoiling me terribly! Look round. I'm living in a garden. I don't think they've got another vase in the place."

He looked round and saw that the cold clean room was ablaze with color. Diana rose and took the flowers from his hand.

"They'll have to send out and buy some. I'll see about it," she turned at the door. "I'll come back in three minutes. Then your time will be up."

She went swiftly out. Buddy's heart sank, the color had faded from the flowers. Life seemed to have faded from the room.

"This is very idiotic of me," said the sick woman who was Muriel, "but it isn't my fault."

"Fault? My poor child," said Buddy, loathing himself for the inevitable imposture, "it's any lurid adjective you like to call it. Anyhow, Guibault seems to have got to the bottom of the trouble. He explained it to me yesterday. You're on the mend, on the upgrade. In a week or so you will be dancing."

"Dancing?" There was a query in her eyes. "What an odd thing for you to say, dear."

He sat down on the chair vacated by Diana.

"Why?"

"Well—you've always hated my dancing, because you could never dance with me."

Buddy reflected. Yes. Atherton and his heart; prim, austere even in his emotional outlook.

"I've been thinking a lot the past few days," he said. "I've had a lot to think about—as you know. And I've come to the conclusion that I've been rather selfish—putting my rotten health and my position and what not too much, as it were, in the foreground."

She smiled wanly. "Diana has been telling me something about it." She paused for a long time, looking him deep in the eyes.

"You'll stick to me, Atherton, won't you?"

He said earnestly, "You may be sure I'll do my very best for you, Muriel."

He was sincere. He would do his best. But what that best might be, he could not, for the moment, imagine.

SHE sighed contentedly. "Of course. I knew it. But it's nice to hear you say so. I've been having such a bad time. You know. A threatening of pneumonia. I'm better, they say."

He tried to be cheerful. "You'll be up and about very soon, now. Have you made any plans—where to go after you leave here?"

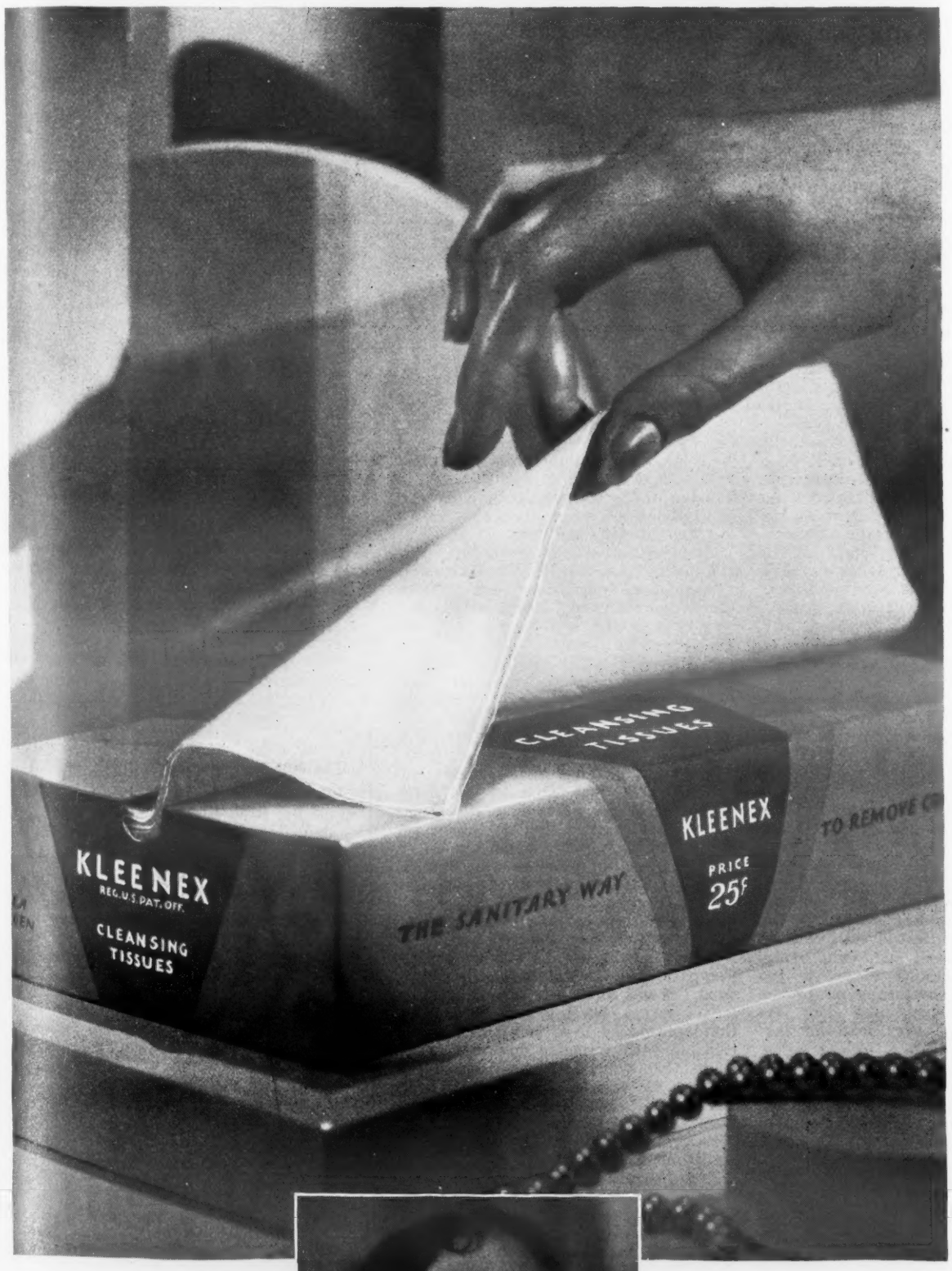
"No," she replied helplessly. "Have you?"

Buddy felt equally helpless. What kind of plans could he make that could embrace the two of them?

"You at any rate, my dear," said he, "must clear out of this—go south—get warm in the sunshine. The north is no place for sick folks. I shall be much better

(Continued on Page 148)

The daintiest way to remove cold cream



Pastel tinted Kleenex Tissues . . . which are used once, then discarded

ONE important reason why Kleenex is essential to proper beauty care is this: It is absolutely clean and hygienic.

Most methods of cold cream removal are inefficient, and even dangerously unclean. Cold cream cloths, for instance, are usually filled with germs. And germs in the pores are the starting point of pimples and blackheads. Towels are inefficient, because their harshness prevents absorption, and thus oil and dirt are not removed.

Soft, dainty Kleenex tissues actually *blot up* the surplus cold cream. Along with the cream come any dirt and cosmetics which may be lingering in the pores.

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Many people use Kleenex almost exclusively for handkerchiefs. Think how much more sanitary it is, when there's a cold! Kleenex is used just once, then discarded. Cold germs are discarded, too, instead of being carried about in a damp handkerchief, to infect others, and reinfect the user.

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DEXDALE HOSIERY MILLS, *Lansdale, Pa.*

(Continued from Page 146)

away from England myself. . . . Diana had told you about Newstead? Well, that's the first step."

"The next is to travel around a bit, until we find the right spot?"

He answered her smile. "Yes, that's about it."

But in his heart there was blank dismay. She took it for granted that they should seek the spot together; set out, as soon as things practical allowed them.

AT ALL events, it was urgent for him to attune his mind to an indeterminate gap between now and the start of their joint travels. The main and immediate consideration, said he, was complete restoration to health. Cannes, Mentone, Bordighera . . . as soon as she could be moved. He himself must stay behind for a while to settle up affairs. She acquiesced unmurmuringly. Yes. Dolly Valentine was in Mentone. Would put her up at the villa at any time.

"Splendid!" said Buddy. "For the present, let it go at that."

Diana came in, and again the room glowed. She set two vases triumphantly on a table and nodded across the bed to him. "That's enough for today. Nurse's orders. She's waiting outside."

Buddy went through a leave-taking tenderly formal or formally tender; possibly—as he thought afterward—such as she expected from Atherton. He took her hand, bent down, kissed her cheek and promised a longer visit on the morrow.

He drove back from Auteuil sick at heart, troubled in mind. What was he to do? From his quandary there was no issue that did not lead to destruction.

He spent the rest of the day in examination of such issues, until Diana burst in upon him as he sat in this welter of indecision.

"I've just rung up," she said, "and she has started another temperature. It's too bad. The matron puts it down to the excitement over your visit."

"I'm sorry," said he. "I tried to be as restful as I could."

"Perhaps that's it," said Diana. "When I left she was worrying whether you really loved her."

"I think I've given her proofs," said Buddy.

"I suppose you have. And I suppose she has given you proofs too. But you've always been the tamest lovers I've come across. You know—or ought to know perfectly well—your joint romance—to give it a name—has always beaten me. When she married Horatio I was glad. He seemed to be the very man for her. He ——"

Buddy interrupted. "Even when he ill-treated her?"

"She must have asked for it. Anyhow that's not my business. He was mad over her. Then you came along. At first I thought it was a passion in a teacup."

BUDDY rose and stood over her frowningly. "And what did you think it was afterward?"

She answered him with a hard look in her eyes.

"I shouldn't like to say."

"Well, don't. I'm fond of you, Diana, far fonder than you are of me. But if you say insulting things about me, I'll throw you out."

She rose, and gaped at him.

"Throw me out?"

"Yes."

For all his impersonation of Atherton, he was damned if he was going to be treated like a worm by any woman alive. He forgot their fictitious relations. Suddenly he remembered. Laughter shook him. He planted both hands on her shoulders.

"Sit down, my dear. You don't know everything. What you want out of life and what Muriel wants out of life are two entirely different things."

She sat obediently, but met his eyes in dark challenge.

"Why drag me into it?"

"You've dragged yourself into it. Every woman's temperament, or whatever you like to call it, is her own standard."

"It doesn't take much temperament to put a foot in a bath and find out if it's hot or tepid."

"I don't see how you could possibly have put your foot in our bath," he countered jestingly. "Besides, argument by false analogy doesn't lead us anywhere."

"There are times when I hate you," said Diana.

"Especially during the past few days."

She flashed a glance at him. "What made you say that?"

"You'd better think it out for yourself, my dear. Anyhow," he continued after a pause, "it's much better for a man's self-respect for him to feel himself actively hated than treated with a sort of passive contempt."

She glanced at the clock, and rose again.

"I must go and dress. I'm dining out. . . . I don't know what's come over you of late. You're quite different. I've tried so hard to be your friend."

"I hope," said Buddy, with a little flourish, taking her hand in both of his, "that you'll find it easier every day."

THE next day was marked by various happenings. First came a letter from Edgar Fry urging him to return to London in order to discuss both the divorce proceedings and a tentative offer for the purchase of Newstead Park.

Then he learned on presenting grapes at the nursing home that Mrs. Flower was not well enough to receive him. He went away almost light-hearted. Things were beginning to straighten themselves out already. Buddy was an inveterate optimist.

He lunched well, and over a cigar planned the things he had to do. He must leave that day for London—by any old night boat—via Havre, for instance. He might wire to Bronson. He had a guileful inpiration. He would add to the telegram: "On no account must anyone know that I'm back in town." That for one thing would queer an ever-solicitous Selous. Buddy dreaded Selous and his stethoscope and tapping fingers and affectionately searching questions. While in London he had developed escape from Selous into a fine art. Besides, all kinds of unknown acquaintances believed him to be in Paris. Let them still be happy in their illusion.

Buddy paid his bill and walked out into the pale sunshine and keen December wind. It was good to be alone; to have money in his pocket again; good, with that same money, to be once more in Paris treading with springing step the pavements that symbolized the Paris of his youth. He wandered haphazard, and, after a while, found himself walking eastward along the Grands Boulevards. In the Champs-Élysées he was lost. It was a new and confusing Paris.

And then another thing happened.

An outcast man was selling little monkeys on the pavement: clockwork monkeys that, wound up, scratched themselves, brought up the harvest in both slender hands, blinked their eyes and nibbled in realistic appearance.

Buddy paused for a moment, amused.

"*Cinq francs, monsieur.*"

The vender was an undersized little man with a bush of white hair under a hard felt hat.

"*Cinq francs, monsieur.*"

Their eyes met.

"*Dio!* Buddy—Buddy Drake!"

"Tonio! Good Lord!" cried Buddy.

VIII.

"YOU was such a swell guy that I didn't think it could be you," said the man.

"Things are good for me," said Buddy. "But they seem to be pretty awful for you. What are you doing here?"

(Continued on Page 151)

A debutante confesses

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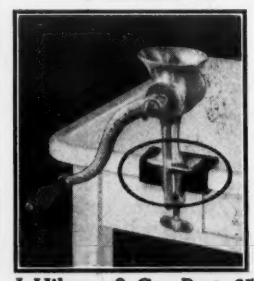
PROTEXIT SAVES THE TABLE

(Patent Applied For)



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Most household cleaning and polishing tasks are easier and quicker when done with Bon Ami *Powder* or Bon Ami *Cake*. There's a host of uses in every home for both of these "Partners in Cleanliness."

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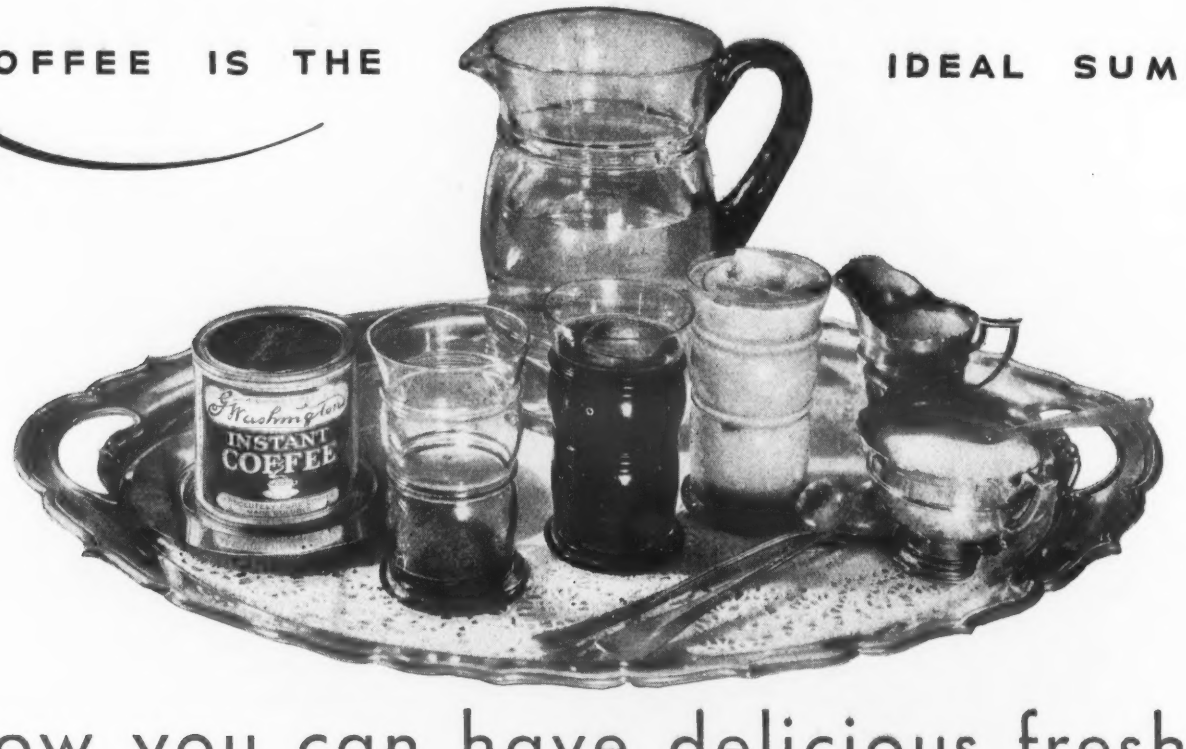


Now you can have delicious fresh-made iced coffee *instantly*, without any trouble

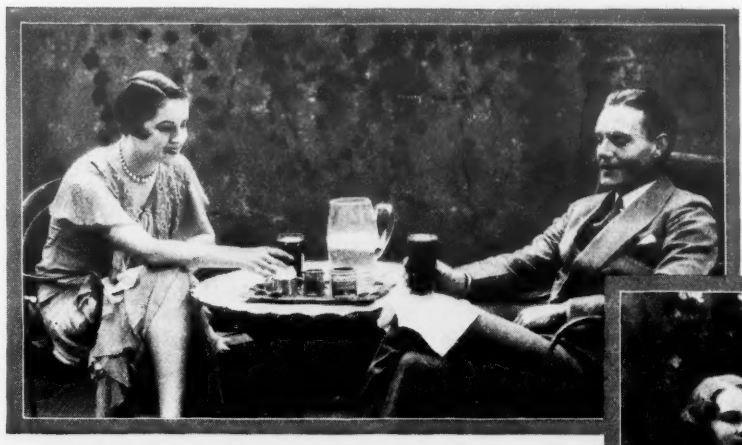
STIMULATING as well as satisfying, Iced Coffee is the finest of all drinks for hot, exhausting weather. It is welcomed by everyone, on every occasion.

Yet making good Iced Coffee the old way meant too much work, too many disappointments. There was always water to boil, grounds to throw out. Often flavor was spoiled by standing or weakened by melting ice.

Now, with G. Washington's, you avoid all this. "Our experience has shown that G. Washington's is most satisfactory and convenient for the preparation of iced coffee," reports The Food Department of the New York State Home Making Center. "This stimulating, thirst-quenching summer drink can be made in a few seconds with G. Washington's Coffee; all we do is place the coffee in glasses prepared with cracked ice, and add cold water. Unlike the old-style method in two important points, each service of G. Washington's can be regulated to fit the individual taste, and melting ice does not weaken the flavor while the beverage is cooling."

Remember, G. Washington's coffee is all coffee—actually the coffee part of the coffee bean. There are no grounds, and for that reason the small can makes as many cups as a large can of ordinary coffee. Get G. Washington's at your grocers today. Or write for free sample can to 302 Hanover Avenue, Morris Plains, New Jersey.

The Food Department staff testing iced G. Washington's Coffee for ease and flavor, at the New York Home Making Center. They found it to be an ideal coffee for the busy housewife to use during the warm season.



Just place the coffee in each glass, add iced water, and sugar and cream to taste. Simply by using more coffee, or less, every service can be made exactly to suit the individual taste.

This most stimulating of summer drinks is also the simplest to prepare. G. Washington's iced coffee can be made outdoors as easily as in the kitchen.

How G. Washington's is prepared for your table

Made from the finest coffee beans, roasted, ground and percolated in glass containers; the moisture is then removed, leaving only the coffee part of the coffee bean. All you need do is add hot water to have a perfect cup of coffee, uniform and fresh.

G. Washington's
COFFEE
the coffee part of the coffee bean

(Continued from Page 148)

"Selling the monkeys!"

"But—good Lord!—why?"

The little white-headed man held out a couple of raw, misshapen hands.

"The rheumatic fever. How can I conjure with the cards? And they never gets no better."

"You're not going to sell any more monkeys if I can help it," said Buddy.

To dismiss the chance American acquaintance he had run across in the lounge of a London theater had been a simple matter of prudence; to deny himself to Antonio Gaffarelli was unthinkable. Tonio, in the time of his worst adversity, some four years before, had been more than a brother to him. He had nursed him through pneumonia, had lent him money, had cut out a week's engagement in order to watch over him. Tonio had attached him to himself as bosom friend, almost hero. There had been times even more recent when Buddy had been glad to drop into Tonio's comfortable little New York flat in Greenwich Village, for the sake of an hour's warmth and quiet and even of a meal. . . . Tonio in those days was a clever conjuror and earned good money for his turn in vaudeville and for general engagements. Buddy had not heard of him for a couple of years. Now this heart-rending encounter.

CLEAR as was the sky and dry the pavements, a bitter wind swept the Boulevard. Buddy, warmly clad, shivered loitering. The little man, who had nothing but a thin jacket over a dirty white sweater to protect him was blue with cold. The ends of his trousers were caked with recent mud and his shoes were piteous in their dilapidation.

"We must go indoors somewhere and talk," said Buddy looking about him.

Tonio shook a red forefinger. "No, no, Buddy! We attract too much attention."

Which was true. Tonio, his bush of white hair crowned by his forlorn old hat a size or two too small for him, was in himself a noticeable figure. The pair together, the elegantly dressed unmistakable Englishman and the odd Italian outcast in obviously familiar conversation, were a target for the curious glances of all passers-by. Some began to linger by the box of monkeys. Buddy hailed a taxi.

"Jump in and we can talk in my hotel!"

But Tonio would have none of it. "No, no. You give me your address. I write to you."

Buddy thrust his hand into his trousers pocket where lay the change of a thousand-franc note which he had tendered in payment of his luncheon bill, and stuffed the lot into Tonio's hand.

"If appearances are what you're thinking about, go off at once and get some sort of outwardly presentable kit, and take a taxi and come to the Plaza-Athénée. You'll come?"

The corners of the little man's lips drooped and the light in his eyes grew dim.

"Come! Does one spit on the Hand of God?"

BUDDY took out his notecase. "Here's my card. . . . Yes, that's my real name, old man. I've inherited money. You show that card at the desk and I'll do the rest. How long will you be?"

Tonio make a quick gesture with his crippled hands.

"One hour?"

"Good; now—off—*avanti!*"

"But my monkeys?"

"I'll take your damned monkeys," said Buddy, bending down to the box on the pavement.

Tonio bent down also in protest. He at least would put them into the waiting taxi. Eight or a dozen people gathered round. A *sergeant de ville* came up.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?*"

"As you see," said Buddy, in tolerable French. "I am buying the monkeys of my friend."

"And you, has he paid you?"

"Why, yes, monsieur."

"*Eh, bien. Qu'est-ce que vous faites la? Fous-moi le camp et plus vite que ça.*"

Buddy jumped into the taxi with the monkeys while Tonio fled before Authority.

In Tonio's cardboard box were ten little mechanical monkeys. Buddy cleared the mantelpiece of ornaments, which he deposited on the bathroom floor, and replaced them by the string of monkeys. They proclaimed far more significance of life than the meaningless imitation Sèvres rubbish. They all had little beady human eyes which regarded him with ironical benignity. They seemed, according to his fancy, to confess that they were a sight better off on a warm mantelpiece than on the wintry pavement of the Boulevard.

AFTER an hour or two Tonio appeared, summarily appareled in outer decency. He had provided himself with a soft felt hat, a good overcoat, a silk muffler, a pair of trousers and boots. He was also freshly shaven. He beamed on his benefactor.

"At last after many months," said he, "I am 'Monsieur' again. When I have time I will buy myself a shirt. But like this," he withdrew his wrists into his coat-cuffs, "no one would know. You see, dear friend, I was hungry—I had to eat. I was dirty—I had to wash and shave. All that took up most of the hour I gave myself."

"You've really had a—a good lunch?" said Buddy, his hand hovering over the bell-push.

Tonio waved a hand to the mantelpiece. "My monkeys!"

"No," said Buddy. "My monkeys. My Tonio. A family party. The only family I've got. Now sit down, old son, and tell me all about it."

There was much complexity of detail, but little in broad outline, in his simple story.

It all began in Omaha. He had finished his turn, emerged into the street. He must go to the hotel, near the railway station, collect his baggage, and catch his train to the next town. It was a night of bitter rain. The roadway glistened and flashed with yellow taxis, but not one of them was empty. He waited and waited. Time passed. He must walk to the hotel. He arrived there drenched to the skin. When he arrived in Chicago he had to take to his bed. They removed him to a hospital. Rheumatic fever! The Lord knows how long he stayed there. When they dismissed him as cured, his hands were like the knotted twigs of a tree in winter. He went out into a wintry world. And there was cold death in his heart.

"Ah! My Buddy, you don't know what that is."

"I've had a slight touch of it now and then in my life," replied Buddy.

"YES, I remember. You gotta bad time, but you had not your means of living gone. A painter who is blind—what good is he? A conjuror who cannot conjure—what use is he? And all my money gone."

The little man made a wide forlorn gesture.

"I always thought you were a rich man—putting money away every week in banks and things."

"I did put it away," said Tonio mournfully, "but not in banks. All I had in the world was locked in a safe in my flat—Twenty-second Street."

"But," said Buddy, with knotted brow, "there was Julietta to look after it."

"She did look after it," said Tonio. "And when I came out of the hospital, I find I have to look after Julietta. I look after her for four months and I never find her."

Buddy swore in amazed indignation. "Good Lord!" He reached the anticlimax of the commonplace, and bent over Tonio,

(Continued on Page 153)

Is a month too long to plan for LOVELINESS ?

The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test

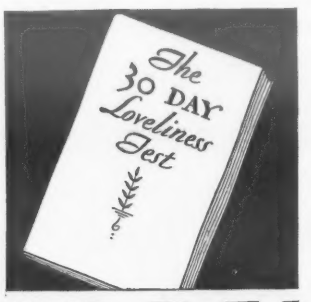
"WOULD YOU try a thing once if you heard it was good?

"Would you try it twice if you found you liked it? Would you try it a week if you got results? And a month if you became convinced it was the grandest formula that had ever come your way?

"What is it that every woman yearns for, hoards, and regrets most bitterly when it passes? Beyond all question it is loveliness. *Yet loveliness is within every woman's power . . . .*"

The curiosity-arousing sentences above are from the opening paragraphs of one of the most interesting booklets published for women in many a day, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

Most women know, or should, the principal things that contribute to feminine loveliness: like cleanliness of body, a clean and clear complexion, nice hands, nice hair, nice arms, immaculacy as to dress, accessories that are neat and trim. But where oh where to begin! . . . to find a definite program . . . a plan you *know* will bring you each day nearer to true personality, to poise and lovely charm!



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If this has been your plea and problem, if you are interested in splendid information and in simple instructions that anyone can carry out, then we earnestly urge that you send for this most unusual booklet that is being offered *free*, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." But do not delay. Mail the coupon at once.

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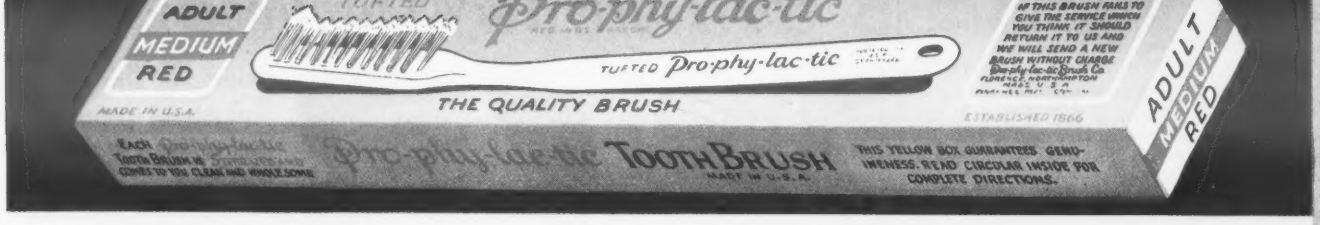
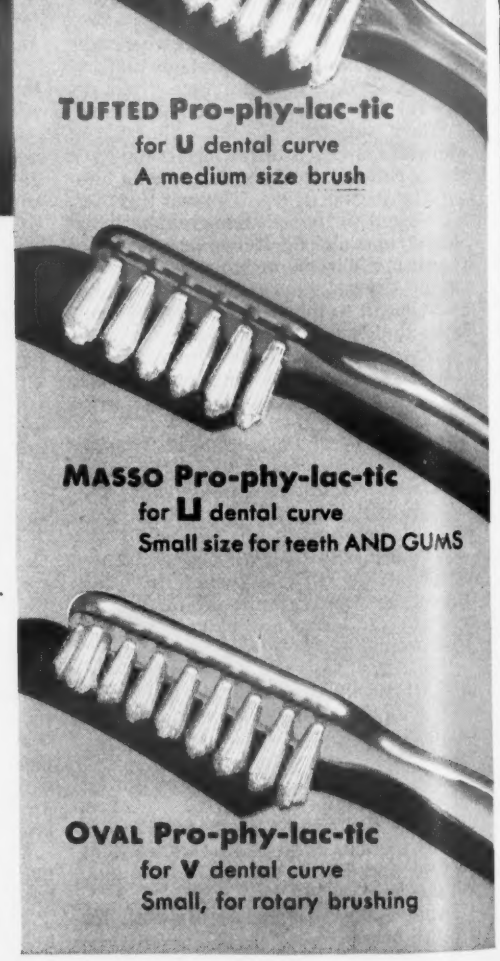
All *wrong* for *tooth brushes*





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(Continued from Page 151)

gripping his shoulders. "Julietta let you down like that?"

"Just like that," said Tonio, meeting his angry glance with mournful dog's eyes.

"Who was the man?"

Tonio lifted his shoulders. He had never heard of any man. Julietta was not any man's woman. If there had been any known man. *Dio!* He would have Buddy to understand that, in spite of ineffectual fingers, there would have been a murder so bloody and ghastly that every tall building in New York would have shivered and shaken in horror. But no! Nothing of the kind. Julietta had written the most loving of letters during his illness. She had arranged to meet him at the Grand Central Station. He arrived there. No Julietta. He drove to the flat in Greenwich Village, opened the door with his key—and found emptiness, emptiness—bare walls, bare floors, bare rooms. His only possession that remained was a glass bowl which he had used in his goldfish trick. The bowl was cracked and even the goldfish had gone.

THE safe had been broken open and all his elastic-banded packets of thousand-dollar bills and his bearer bonds had gone with the furniture and the goldfish.

Tonio strode about the room, clutching at his hair.

"And then, old chap?" Buddy asked, after a decent interval for anathema.

Well—there came very quickly the fall of Tonio, master of the mystery of his craft, though powerless to practice it, he managed to obtain the position of assistant to one of his pupils, a brilliant prestidigitator, professionally known as Frosco. He toured with him for a while; then accompanied him to Paris. All went well until one day when Frosco, crossing the Place de l'Opéra, was unable to prestidigitate himself out of the way of a taxicab and an omnibus each going in a different direction. Frosco was killed. Tonio's occupation was gone. He knew no conjurors in Paris who needed an assistant with maimed hands. Nobody in the great city had any use for him. He slunk about in the poverty-stricken, noncriminal underworld. Then he learned the trade secrets of the venders of toys on the Boulevard. He invested his poor savings—some three months ago—in the line of scratching monkeys. He was earning, when Buddy met him, about ten francs a day.

"My Lord!" cried Buddy. "In another month you'd have starved to death."

He sat opposite Buddy, by the fireside. A little man, with a firm, keen mobile face illuminated by mild dark-brown eyes—dog's eyes—the faithful eyes of a cocker spaniel. Above it all, the absurd, premature, Paderewski bush of white hair. Buddy had failed to induce him to take off the white silk muffler and blue overcoat.

HIS crippled hands, painfully holding glass and cigarette, made Buddy wince with pain and pity. What could he do for Tonio? What kind of occupation could he find for him? In what kind of business could he set him up?

Buddy, after a spell of reflection, said in answer to the self-imposed problem:

"Look here, old chap—I give it up. It's up to you to tell me what you would like me to do. I'm rich. I've inherited. I have a title—I'm what you Italians calls *nobile*—I told you. Yes, I, Buddy Drake. Funny, isn't it, old man? But that's so."

"I did always feel—somewhere in myself," said Tonio, "that you were not just a bum actor. You were something quite different. That's why I ——"

"That's why you loved me," laughed Buddy. "But I want you to love me more. At any rate, I owe you a debt of gratitude that money can't pay. And yet, money help seems the only way possible."

"A rich man can so easily throw money to a beggar," said Tonio, his eyes on Buddy; "and, of course, the beggar he is glad to have the money. But he is not grateful to the rich man. He does not love the rich man. He hates him. And for why? It costs the rich man nothing. But if the rich man gives him something of his heart"—he tapped his own—"it is all so different."

"My dear Tonio," said Buddy, "that's the whole point of it. Once I was naked and you took me in, and so on. A vague quotation from the Bible . . . you can draw on my heart and my banking account for what you want."

Tonio looked down on his maimed hands, and wiggled his fingers.

"IF I COULD stay with you always," said Tonio, "I should be quite happy"—and meeting a look of humorous puzzlement on Buddy's face, he continued hastily, "Oh, I don't mean doing nothing. I wanta work. You have a valet—no?"

"Valet?" cried Buddy. "But you're a brother artist!"

Tonio waved a hand before his face. "My father and mother, when they come in New York, they have a peanut stand. Then they had a little joint on the East Side—hot dogs and hamburgers and tamales. I washed up plates. Then I went to wash up plates at a swell restaurant. When I grew up I was waiter for many years. Then I found I had the gift and practiced, practiced—until I found I need be a waiter no longer. That is the history of my life, why should I be too proud to be a valet?"

"Doesn't seem right at the moment," said Buddy. "Can you work a typewriter?"

Tonio's face lit up. Of course. In his business he always typed his letters. He used to put initials on them to impress his correspondents with the belief that he employed a stenographer. To send a business letter, in America, in handwriting would be to confess that you had so little business that you could afford the time to write. Oh, yes, he could still type. He used to type for Frosco when his hands were much stiffer. The exercise would do his fingers good.

"Splendid. Then you can be my private secretary," said Buddy.

TONIO regarded him somewhat askance, striving to attune his mind to the idea of Buddy Drake needing a private secretary. He had his pride. All his life he had worked for his living. Though ready to accept a gift from a friend to relieve his immediate necessities, he shrank from the conception of himself as a parasite dependent on a rich man's bounty. His office must be no sinecure.

"What shall I have to do?"

Buddy dragged a small suitcase from under the blue-satin-covered couch, opened it, lifted a mass of papers in both hands and let it fall back in the case. Jestingly he said:

"You can answer all those, to begin with."

It was then that Buddy was struck by a brilliant idea, one of those imbecile inspirations untempered by reflection that had led him to many a shipwreck.

"Tonio," said he, "you were sent by the *Bon Dieu*. I'm going to England tonight. You stay here in this suite. Get a typewriter. Answer all these letters and any others that may come. Say: 'Dear Sir or Dear Madam, or Dear Sirs or Dear Madams'—or whatever you like—'with reference to your letter of the second ult., I have to say that Sir Atherton Drake's precarious health has compelled him to winter in Greenland, and he has left me strict instructions that no correspondence should be forwarded. On his return I shall hand him your letter. I am, Dear Sir or Dear Madam, or Dear Sirs or Dear Madams, yours faithfully, Antonio Gaffarelli, Private Secretary.'"

Tonio, throwing his memory back to his careless down-at-heel and curiously beloved

ARE LAXATIVES YOUR FRIEND OR FOE?

IT IS an all too popular habit, at the first symptoms of intestinal sluggishness, to dose with laxatives.

Instead of effecting safe relief, the indiscriminate use of laxatives is a dangerous practice. In fact, the constant use of harsh laxatives may make you an intestinal cripple.

A wise, general rule is not to take laxatives except under a physician's supervision. The medical profession are constantly warning the public of the grave evils of self-dosing with harmful laxatives. Instead, they advise the use of a bland mineral oil . . . a harmless internal lubricant such as Squibb's Liquid Petrolatum.

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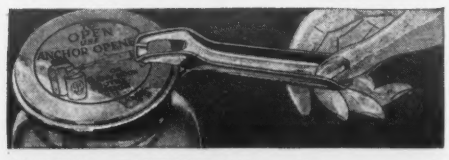

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LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK · TORONTO, CANADA

friend, now apparently a "swell guy" of an Englishman, with a title and much money, but still, in all essence, the self-same man, said shrewdly:

"You are playing some game, Buddy!"

Buddy stared at him for a few moments and the mercurial gayety faded from his face. The Fear gripped him.

"You're right—in some ways it's a game of life or death. One of these days I may tell you about it; but not now. There's no time. But if you stick to me, I'll stick to you. All you've got to do is to obey orders—see Tonio? Most important orders. Vital! First, no one must ever know that you've seen me before. No one on earth must know I've ever been in America."

"I see," said Tonio, meeting his eyes which had grown somewhat haggard, "but who must I be?"

Buddy, recovering, rose to his feet with a laugh.

"Anyone you like."

There was a rap at the door. Buddy crossed the room and opened. There stood Diana. She marched in. Seeing Tonio, she said, with a little indrawn breath:

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Not a bit, my dear"—Buddy was debonair—"may I present Signore Antonio Gaffarelli?"

She nodded brightly. "How do you do?"

Tonio bowed respectfully.

"I've only come in for a moment on my way down," said Diana.

Tonio picked up his hat. "I will go now and come back later, if you will allow me."

"I couldn't dream of putting you to that trouble, Signor Gaffarelli. Would you mind waiting a short time in my bedroom—it's quite warm and comfortable."

HE OPENED the door politely for Tonio, closed it upon him, and turned to face a questioning Diana.

"Who's that comic little object?"

"I'm thinking of engaging him as confidential secretary," said Buddy, with as much stiffness as he could assume. "He comes highly recommended by a friend in Italy."

"Why doesn't he wear a shirt?"

"I can't tell you, my dear. I wasn't aware of it. Possibly he lost it—put it on a race horse. I don't know."

She began to laugh; then checked herself as her eye caught the monkeys on the mantelpiece. She stared at them.

"Good Lord, Atherton! What on earth are those?"

He cursed his folly in setting out the idiot array. He might have foreseen her casual entrance. He glanced coldly at the row.

"Monkeys!" said he.

"But why? Are you going mad?"

"No. I'm going to London. Won't you sit down?"

She sat mechanically on the indicated chair.

"London? But what have those ridiculous things got to do with London?"

"Nothing," said Buddy, standing with his back against the fireplace. "Nothing as it happens—though there might be some coincidence. If you want to know, I bought them from a great gaunt fellow on the Boulevard. An Englishman—a cockney. He told me, and I've no reason to disbelieve it, that he had served in the Guards, the Grenadiers, during the war. As you know, I don't practice indiscriminate charity, I thought the best way to help him was to buy up the whole of his stock—at his own price. He was very grateful."

DIANA shivered. "An Englishman, an ex-guardsman, selling toys on the Paris streets? What's the British consul doing?"

"Keeping unemployed Englishmen out of England," replied Buddy severely. "This fellow, a great gaunt skeleton of a man, obviously a hopeless case—drink, drugs, everything you can think of. I helped him in the only legitimate way."

"You didn't offer to do anything else for him?"

"Certainly not."

Diana sprang to her feet, and her eyes flashed angrily.

"You're as hard as nails, I always said so. God help Muriel."

"I don't see what Muriel has to do with an outcast and perfectly unworthy Grenadier."

"You never see anything," said Diana.

"I only see," said Buddy, "that in that blue kit of yours with its touches of russet and red which tone in with your coloring, you look peculiarly charming."

"And you," she retorted, throwing back her head, "are peculiarly detestable."

"I'm sorry," said he.

"And you've not even asked why I took the trouble to come here to see you."

BUDDY replied courteously: "You've scarcely afforded me an opportunity, my dear Diana."

"I came to tell you they've found out what has given her this temperature. A piece of carelessness. Guibault fixed it this afternoon. You can go and see her tomorrow, if you like."

"I'm glad—I'm relieved—immensely relieved," said Buddy, with hands extended toward her. "But, at the same time, I'm dreadfully sorry I'm off to London."

"Yes," her brow puckered. "You said some nonsense about London."

"I have to go tonight—via Havre—on most important business. No one crosses from Havre to Southampton in the depth of winter unless he's obliged to."

"Muriel will be disappointed, though I don't quite see why she should be," said Diana.

"You must give her my love and plead necessity."

"Oh, you make me tired," said Diana.

"You've said that once or twice before," said Buddy. "It's a pity. From you I always expect the original."

She moved angrily to the door. He accompanied her. She stood on the threshold.

"When are you coming back?"

"In a few days."

She went out and marched down the corridor, with her young, springing step. Something within him clamored and shrieked. He overtook her in a few strides.

"Diana—I'm not really the icy brute—the cold-blooded fish you think me."

She turned. "Then stay in Paris, be good to Muriel, and help the poor devil that sold you the monkeys."

She marched on. Buddy went slowly back to his room. He released Tonio.

"My friend," said he. "I've had a beast of an interview. The only good that came out of it was that I convinced the lady that you were a British Grenadier."

IX.

TWO days after his arrival in London, at half-past eleven in the morning, he found himself with Tonio, *fidus Achates* in perpetuity, at the railway station of Ringwood in the New Forest. A car from the local garage awaited them. It was a mournful, misty, clammy December day. It had rained all night and, before nightfall, it would rain again.

"It seems to me," said Buddy, as the car drove off, "that I hate this part of the country more than ever."

"In summer it must be beautiful," said Tonio.

"Might as well say, 'This is a beastly, filthy life here below, but think how lovely it'll be in heaven.'"

Tonio shrugged his shoulders. "And why not?"

He took off his soft black felt hat, for the air in the closed car was warm. Buddy regarded him sidelong. He had had his conspicuous Zulu white hair cut, and his close-cropped, grizzled head, his emaciated features, the result of privations which accentuated the luminosity of his dark eyes, gave him the ascetic appearance of a monk. There was even a little baldish

(Continued on Page 157)

"Jack Insists on MACARONI"

"If I didn't see that the cook gave us macaroni at least once each week, I really believe Jack would grumble, perhaps even quarrel, about it.

"And he'd have some very active allies in the children. I'd have a real insurrection on my hands in a hurry.

"The reason? Simple, indeed—Skinner's. Until I discovered Skinner's I really did not know how wonderful macaroni could be. The delightful Skinner quality and the perfectly delicious Skinner recipes are a revelation."

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To do this, we buy on a colossal scale that earns for us manufacturers' lowest prices. And we operate our stores by modern business methods which put this excellent merchandise into each customer's hands at a retail price very close to the low initial cost.

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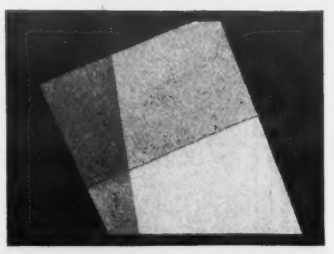

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Pyrex oven glassware is the answer to that old problem—"What is a useful gift that looks pretty?" It is so pleasant in design, texture and luster . . . so easy to keep shining clean . . . contributes so much to baking and serving success.

Give Pyrex Ovenware to the June bride. You will be proud to see your Pyrex ware displayed among her wedding gifts. Give Pyrex dishes for birthday, shower, and house-warming gifts.

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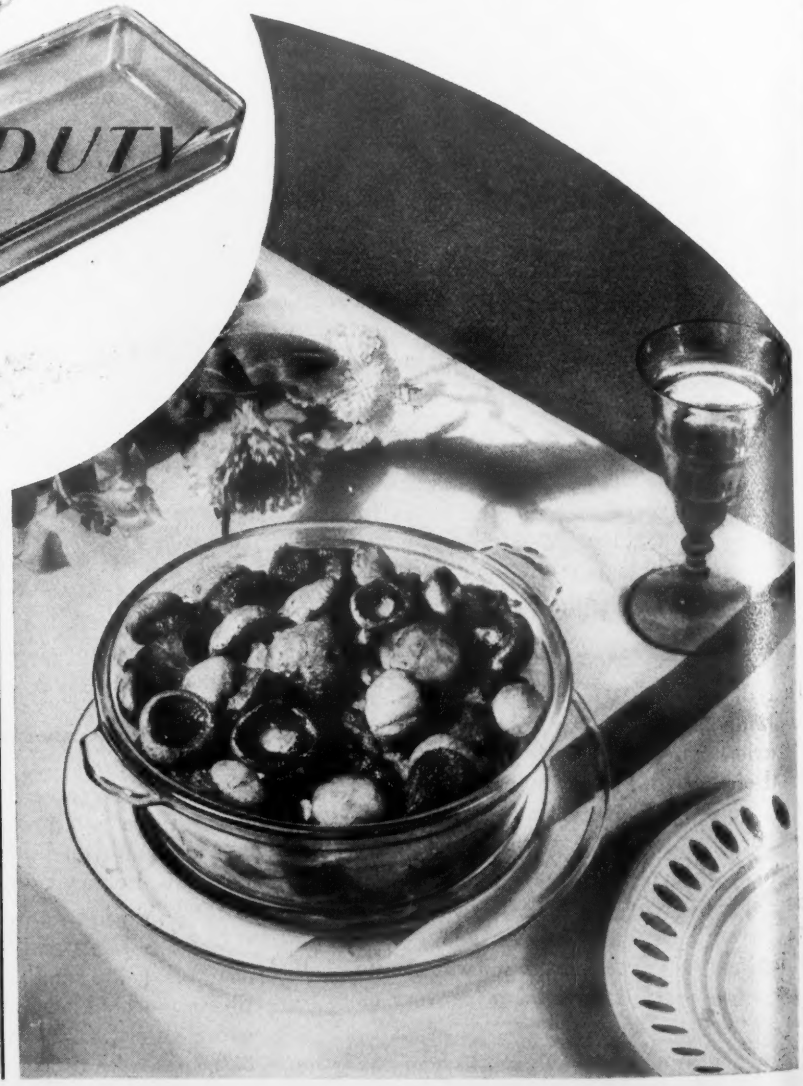

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(Continued from Page 154)

patch on the top of his crown, which might have been a tonsure.

The car drove on through dripping pines, on moist roads between hedges that bounded misty fields wooded with forlorn black skeletons of trees, or along walls that, reënforced by thick evergreens, sheltered great homesteads from profane eyes.

The chauffeur sounded a warning horn. The car slowed down. They were between parallel walls, each overtopped by evergreen underbrush and stark trees. On the left, a little way ahead Buddy saw the pair of columns of an entrance gate. Prancing and kicking and shying in the road, some few yards from the gates, head on more or less to the car, was a young, high-spirited horse ridden by as gallant a looking fellow, a man about his own age, as Buddy had ever seen. The chauffeur drew up to the roadside, stopped the car, cut off the engine. The full-blooded horse continued to play the devil.

Buddy, who had known much about horses in his fruitful years, saw that the man was evidently trying out a vicious, half-broken colt. He stepped stealthily out of the car, with the vague idea of rendering assistance in case of necessity. But he could only regard with admiration the man's perfect horsemanship.

Buddy reëntered the car which moved on.

"The fellow can ride," said he to Tonio.

"WHAT a difference there can be in the lives of people," the little man said reflectively. "The only thing I have ever ridden was a pig on a merry-go-round."

The car proceeded not fifty yards further, and stopped at a pair of iron gates behind forlorn stone pillars on the other side of the road. An elderly shabby man in gaiters emerged from a small lodge and opened the gates. He touched his cap as the car swung through into the avenue of leafless trees. A turn brought Buddy into sight of the house, before which the road forked into a circular carriage drive.

It was a weather-stained Late Georgian ugly building, lying in a hollow, some good way below the level of the main road. There were many trees around it; on the north side a screen of funereal firs. The flower beds, box hedged, lay in winter desolation of mold. It was a small house of an architecture so pretentious as to render it mean. Buddy hated it at first glimpse. The car drew up before the grand entrance, shallow, columned and pedimented. At the door stood a decent elderly woman in black dress and black apron. As Buddy alighted she said. "I hope I see you well, Sir Atherton."

"Quite well, Mrs. Putterill, thank you," said Buddy who, in his astute way, had gathered necessary information from Bronson. "And this gentleman," as Tonio got out of the car, "is Professor Gaffarelli. Go in, my dear Tonio."

TONIO entered the house, followed by the housekeeper. Buddy lingered to give instructions to the chauffeur. He must wait to take them back to Ringwood for the late afternoon train. The chauffeur touched his cap. Then, before Buddy could turn, he smiled and jerked a thumb.

"He'll be breaking his neck one of these days, Sir Atherton."

"Who?" asked Buddy, his mind wholly occupied by his first impressions of Newstead Park.

"Why, the squire, Mr. Flower."

"Oh—oh, of course," said Buddy. "It was a vicious young brute he was riding . . . . well—the five-twenty back to London."

He pushed back his hat, and stood for a while on the threshold of his house, a very greatly astonished man. That clean-run, good-looking fellow, that superb horseman was Horatio Flower, the husband of Muriel. She had forsaken him for Atherton. As he turned into the entrance hall where Mrs. Putterill and Tonio were patiently awaiting him Buddy thought there must be something wrong about a woman who could run away from such a gallant-looking fellow as Flower. He loved Horatio Flower at first sight. A man after his own heart. He sighed. Mrs. Putterill asked:

"At what hour would you like to lunch, Sir Atherton?"

He turned to Tonio.

"One o'clock suit you?"

Tonio acquiesced.

Mrs. Putterill retired like a black ghost, through a green baize door at the end of a passage. Buddy stood with Tonio in a strange house, with the plan of which he must seem to be familiar.

"Let me show you round—the *tour du propriétaire,*" said he, with a wave of the hand.

HE FELT a moment's unregenerate regret that he had brought Tonio. Solitary investigation would have been simpler. Tonio was shrewd. It might be a bit of a strain to explain satisfactorily a possible ignorance of details in the house's floor plan. But after all, he had only to open one door after another in a lordly way, and proclaim its significance.

The room which Atherton had used as his library contained well-filled bookcases, a few good prints, comfortable chairs, a broad and well-appointed writing table and a deep modern fireplace under whose brick arch a fire blazed cheerfully. In a panel between two bookcases, an iron safe was sunk into the thickness of the wall.

"This," said Buddy, "is my library."

Upstairs they came to the spacious drawing-room to which Georgian architects sacrificed the many amenities of a modern dwelling.

"This," said Buddy, looking around him and shivering in the cold of chintz-covered, characterless furniture, in spite of a fire which burned in an old-fashioned grate, "is the great salon on what you call the *piano nobile.* As you see, it has six windows and runs the whole width of the beastly house. I hate it. I can truly say that I have never spent a quarter of an hour alone in this room in my life."

"But," said the awed Tonio, "it is a magnificent room."

Buddy shrugged his shoulders. "Since when do you think I've been in love with magnificence?"

THEY returned to the library. Tonio instinctively drew near the fire and warmed his crooked hands. Buddy smiled. Tonio was driven to the glow by the deathly cold, depressing, clammy atmosphere of the place.

It was a horrible house, Buddy decided. His thoughts flew back to American terminology. What an advertisement: "Ideal Mortuary Home. Central Refrigerator. Telephone Mold & Mildew, Expert Morticians, MAUsoleum 0000."

"The place gives me the creeps," said Buddy. "That's why I'm going to sell it."

For the first time he felt himself in sympathetic touch with the Athertonian circle. Every member of it—Bronson, Edgar Fry, Selous, Diana, Muriel . . . all had commended, either explicitly or implicitly, his proposal. But why had Atherton originally bought the place?

The more he thought of Atherton, the greater enigma did he become.

While engaged in these speculations he idly scanned the books in the shelves. Tonio stood silent warming himself, his back to the fire. Buddy came across a block of Italian literature in beautiful bindings. He drew out a volume of an eighteenth century edition of Boccaccio, exquisitely though immorally illustrated. He summoned Tonio:

"You must browse about here for a bit. I've business to see to."

His business was the safe. Its key or keys belonged to the awful bunch worn by Atherton, one of his heritages of discomfort. An obvious lock facilitated his selection.

The safe door swung open and disclosed a mass of papers docketed in Atherton's

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orderly way, a large steel dispatch box, a miniature safe in itself, an ordinary door key and a half-used check book.

This check book was the first thing he looked at. It was nearest his hand. He opened it carelessly, thinking it was issued by a local bank for the purpose of paying petty local expenses. But to his surprise it showed an account with a City branch of a London bank, different from the one of which he was now a customer.

A curious omission in the carefully kept counterfoils struck even Buddy's casual eye. The date was on each, the credit balance brought forward, the amount of the check, then balance after deduction. But not one of the counterfoils bore a name. The checks, of which more than half remained, were payable to "Bearer." Buddy sat down by the writing table, somewhat puzzled, and turned over the counterfoils. The dates ran at fairly long intervals. The amounts were for round sums, from a hundred to five hundred pounds. The credit balance on the last counterfoil was £956 17s. 8d. Here and there on the counterfoils were notes of credit in odd money, presumably dividend payments. It was a disturbing check book. Why payable to "Bearer" instead of "Order"?

ATHERTON was the last man in the world to disregard the elementary precautions of banking credit without strong reasons. For, in spite of his long residence in America where the check system differs from that in England, he remembered this: That a crossed check can only be paid from the bank account of the drawer into that of the payee; that an uncrossed check to "Order" can only be paid across the counter if indorsed by the payee; that a "Bearer" check, so long as the signature is genuine, is paid over the counter to anyone who presents it. A "Bearer" check might be made out to "Nemo" or "The Archangel Gabriel" and it would not concern the cashier of the bank, nor the manager of the bank, nor the hierarchy of directors. Thus, it became obvious to Buddy, who did not lack ordinary intelligence, that these round-sum payments made to a blank line in the counterfoil must be made to one individual person who would not have to sign his or her name on the back of the check. It was the way of the blackmailer. Buddy remembered the vulgar letter in block capitals.

Yes, that horrible half-exhausted check book stank of blackmail. Atherton couldn't have the horrible creature, male or female, presenting his "Bearer" checks at his bank in Hanover Square, where he was a familiar figure of social, political and moral importance. He must send him or her to the branch, Lothbury, E. C., of another bank, where, save for identification of signature, he was undoubtedly a sheer impersonality.

Buddy swore deep and silent. Were unsuspected waters about to encompass him?

HE RETURNED to the safe and took from it the armful of docketed papers and threw them on the table.

For one on edge to discover elements of mystery, crime, romance, they afforded disappointment. As their outer indorsements proclaimed, and as their casual examination proved, they were all concerned with negotiations for the purchase of Newstead Park, and its subsequent upkeep. Among them was a plumber's receipted bill for one pound six shillings and threepence. Of the contents of the safe there remained only the dispatch box which could hold any further item of interest. This was closed by two spring locks. On his detested bunch hung no corresponding keys. This was puzzling.

There was an oak chest, quite a good early seventeenth-century oak chest, with a cushion on top of it, standing under one of the windows. He opened it. It was stacked with manuscripts and typescripts. He drew out one at random. It was a manuscript neatly bound in stout, pliable paper. On the outside was inscribed, in Atherton's handwriting:

"Plotinus—His Accomplishment and Failure."

He dug deep and fished out another carefully bound clump of pages, this time in typescript:

"Socrates and Socialism. An address delivered to the Middlehampton Conservative Club, by Sir Atherton Drake, Bart."

Luckily there was no date. He called: "Tonio."

THE little Italian abandoned his Boccaccio and crossed to his employer, who thrust the typescript into his hands.

"You see what a fellow I am!"

His search revealed nothing of personal interest; the papers, however, must be removed before the sale of the house. The packing would provide Tonio with elegant occupation.

He went upstairs and discovered Atherton's austere bedroom in which, after careful search, he found nothing beyond toilet odds and ends and a few old suits of country clothes. These he must tell Bronson to regard as perquisites. Other bedrooms were vaguely furnished and their drawers were bleakly void. He went down to the warm library, shivering with the damp and cold of the cheerless house.

They lunched, by no means badly—scrambled eggs, roast chicken and sausages, apple dumplings, good coffee.

Buddy ate his eggs, pondering the enigma of Atherton. What could be the answer? Apart from his scholarship which, as far as ignorant Buddy could judge from outside tributes, appeared to be genuine and sound, wasn't it that Atherton was a colossal fraud, thin, tenuous, but still mounting skyward, commanding, a colossus of fraud who made up in imposing height that which it had not in bulk?

Yes. Atherton was a fraud. He was a bad man. A self-manufactured man. . . . Buddy's psychological analysis grew muddled.

AFTER lunch they went back to the library. A couple of stout packing cases, with covering boards, nails and hammer scrupulously laid out, confronted them. Buddy set Tonio to his task of packing papers and looked idly out of the window. The sky had grown less leaden and the pale gleam of a veiled, watery sun spread over the lawn and trees. He might as well, he thought, stroll round the property while it was still in his possession.

"What we gonna do with them when they're packed?" asked Tonio.

"They'll be sent to London."

"And this?" Tonio pointed to the dispatch box.

"We take that with us," said Buddy.

Again he examined the safe. Its smooth steel surfaces forbade the hypothesis of a secret receptacle wherein the missing keys could be hidden. This great locked iron box worried him. He felt certain that its contents were connected with the disturbing check book now in his pocket, that they would reveal secrets of Atherton's life which he had been at some pains to hide. And where were the keys? That Atherton could be so careless as to lose anything was inconceivable. He determined to send the Bronsons off on a joy-ride to any happy December far-away spot they could think of, and devote a whole day to turning the Park Lane flat upside down.

He put on hat and coat and went into the open air. He walked fast, his still young muscles needing exercise. His mind was preoccupied by thoughts of the baffling dispatch box. It was no trumpery thing to be ripped up with a sardine-tin opener or hammer and chisel. A burglar's acetylene burner would be needed. At what kind of shop could he buy a burglar's acetylene burner?

At this stage of his reflections he found himself staring at his own front gates. A little way down the road stood the front

(Continued on Page 161)

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Maternity Style Book Free

MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear. Clever designing provides ample expansion and conceals condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.

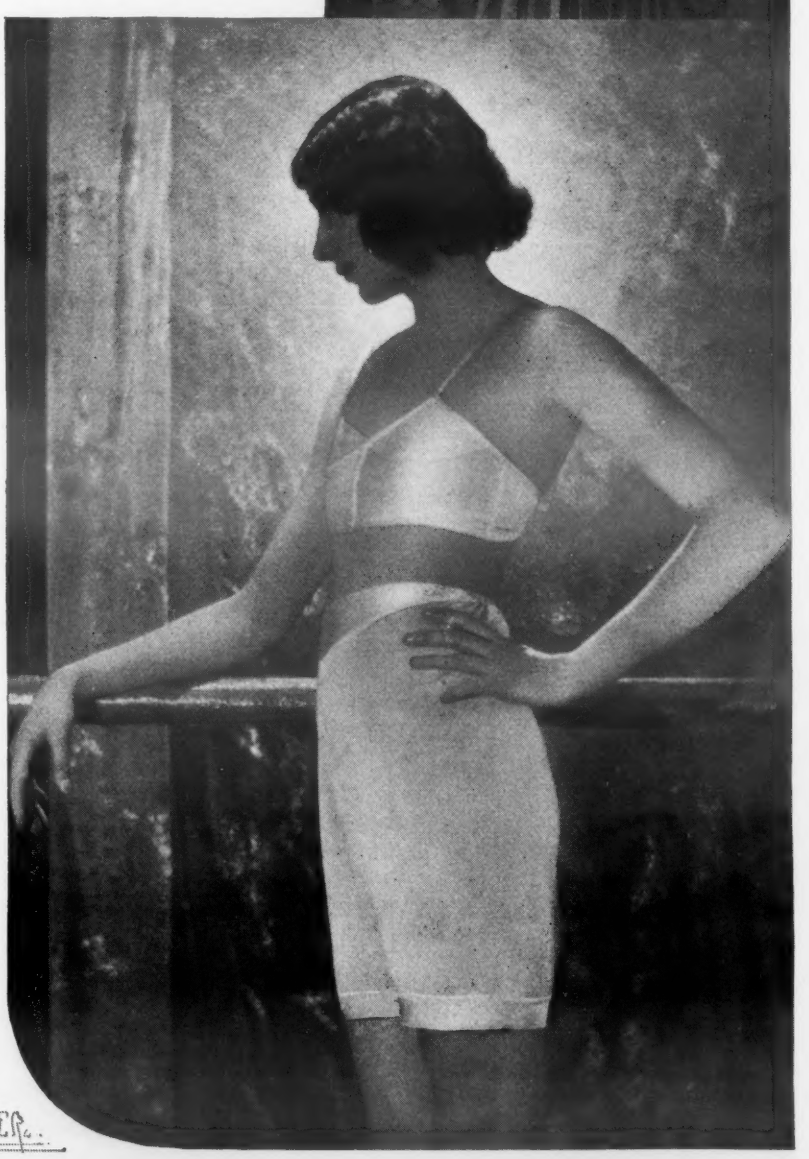
Lane Bryant Address Dept. 51 39th St. at Fifth Ave. New York

the five important undergarments paris couturiers select for spring

303 and 255, chosen by Louiseboulanger
Mouldette, chosen by Callot
5519, chosen by Suzanne Talbot
132, chosen by Jane Régny
151, chosen by Premet

Louiseboulanger's spectator sports suit is in brown and tan striped jersey. The underthings she chose give trimness with freedom.

Bloomers 303 and youthfully uplifting bandeau 255 were selected by Louiseboulanger.



Here is the complete new underwear-wardrobe to wear under the new styles for every type of costume, day or evening. Five new mode garments, all chosen by the great dressmakers of Paris!

For twice each year the Paris *haute couture* choose Carter underthings over which to model their originations.

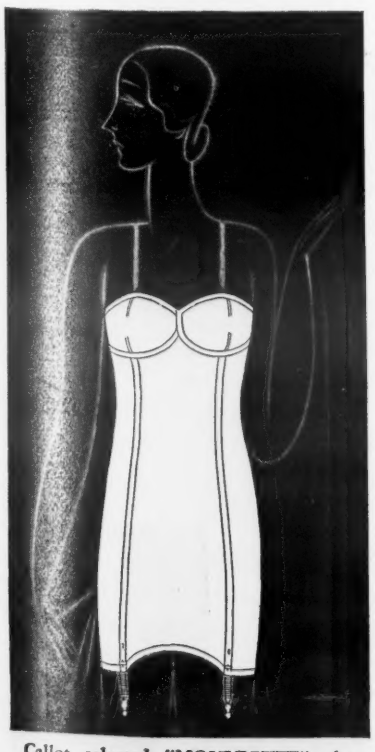
This spring Louiseboulanger selected bloomers 303 and bandeau 255, saying, "It gratified us to find how appropriately Carter had designed their new undergarments over which we modeled our sports suit in our Paris atelier."

Each great dressmaker chose the undergarment especially adapted to the particular type of the gown—combinations with loose petti-like legs, or with easy cuffs or close-fitting cuffs—bandeaux, bloomers—there is every style the mode demands.

A smart tag on each garment identifies it as the choice of the Paris couture.

And look for the Carter label, too. It means over fifty years' experience in making fine undergarments. Exquisite of design and fit, Carter rayon underthings are longer wearing, too, because of the special Carter process.

Only the usual fine-fabric care in laundering need be given any of the many fascinating styles. All the lovely wanted pastel colors. The William Carter Company, Boston, Mass., Needham Heights Station.



Callot selected "MOULDETTE"—the ideal foundation garment for summer. It moulds—but gives perfect freedom. No bones or hooks—slips over the head. Inch sizes—30 to 38. Launders easily and keeps its shape. $4.00.

Carter's

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

rayon underwear

it stays new

Premet chose 151—French brassiere top combination.

Jane Régny selected 132—fitted combination.

Suzanne Talbot used 5519—French combination.

New Wonderful Face Powder Captivates Beautiful Women

STAYS ON LONGER...WILL NOT ENLARGE THE PORES.

NO PASTY OR FLAKY LOOK...DOES NOT SMART THE SKIN.

MADE BY A NEW FRENCH PROCESS...FAMOUS FOR ITS PURITY.

Miss Dorothy Flood, *10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.*, famous Ziegfeld Beauty, is one of the many beautiful women who endorse new wonderful Mello-glo face powder, because it stays on longer and prevents large pores.

NEVER before were so many distinctive qualities known in a single face powder. Beautiful women everywhere proclaim its marvelous difference. All colors in Mello-glo pass the United States Government's rigid test, just as do the colors in the food you eat. It is sifted and sifted through a fine silk mesh —mixed and remixed to give perfect uniformity. The special shade blends with your complexion and reproduces the tint of youth on the skin.

Mello-glo Facial-Tone Powder comes to you as the last word in face powders—less powdering, smoother finish, looks like natural skin. Do not let your pores get large or your skin rough and aged. Use Mello-glo and look younger.

Its great popularity has bred many imitations, but there are no substitutes. No face powder was ever made like it—Mello-glo alone has the secret formula and this new process. Get Mello-glo only, and keep your complexion young.

Mello-glo is a square gold box of loveliness for one dollar, at any toilet goods counter.

Companions of this new wonderful Face Powder forming this new French Beauty Treatment are pictured below.

Liberal trial size of this new wonderful face powder will be sent upon receipt of 25c. Address Mello-glo Company, Dept. 9, Statler Building, Boston.

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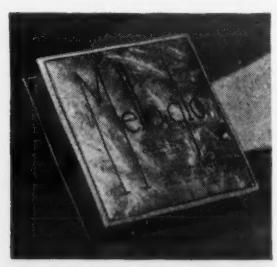
A pure harmless dry compact reproducing nature's own coloring on the cheeks. Stays on a long time . . . 50c.

Mello-glo Cocoa Butter Cleansing Cream
Besides a melting, cleansing cream, it is nourishing and keeps the flesh firm. $1



Mello-glo Facial-Tone Powder
A new French formula that stays on longer. The finest and purest powder made. A favorite of beautiful women. $1

Mello-glo Beauty Cream
This new cream nourishes and bleaches. Takes away sallowness and imperfections. Gives clear pinky complexion. . $1

Mello-glo Special Lip Stick A new indelible lip and cheek rouge. Leaves the color only. Will not streak or wear off for a long time. $1

(Continued from Page 158)

gates before which the gallant horseman had mastered the refractory colt.

Then suddenly, out of the blue, he was inspired by one of his lunatic ideas.

X.

HE CROSSED the road, entered the gates and strode up the drive, which mounted to a dark red-brick Queen Anne manor house. Here were evidences of care and love. The very ivy looked as if it loved the walls. There were well-kept lawns, trimmed yew hedges inclosing probably a rose garden.

Buddy rang the bell. The door was opened by a middle-aged man, a class replica of Bronson. His mouth opened foolishly when he saw Buddy. He gasped feebly:

"Sir Atherton. . . ."

"Yes. It's me all right. Is Mr. Flower in?"

"Mr. Flower's in, sir—but begging your pardon, Sir Atherton"—the man was flustered—"I don't quite know ——"

"But I know," said Buddy. "There has been all sorts of talk about me. You're afraid if you tell Mr. Flower I'm here he won't receive me. Well, you needn't—see? Where is he?"

"In the study, Sir Atherton."

"Well, take me to the study, open the door and announce me." He laughed at the man's embarrassed face. "You're afraid again. It's as much as your place is worth, I suppose. Mr. Flower will dismiss you. He won't. There's been a ghastly misunderstanding, my good ——" He snapped his fingers and tapped a regretfully forgetful head.

"Smith, Sir Atherton."

"Of course. But I've been so worried. . . . Look here: If you get into any trouble I'll see you through it. Honor bright. But you won't."

Smith, the butler, sighed. He knew that his master disliked Sir Atherton Drake exceedingly, especially since Mrs. Flower had gone off to live her own nonconjugal life in strange places. But still, who was he to refuse Sir Atherton Drake admittance? A Sir Atherton bearing an explanatory olive branch in his hand. He hesitated.

"Ten pounds, anyway. And I'll make it a hundred if you're asked to find a new situation."

Smith's brain began to whirl. This was either a Sir Atherton Drake in masquerade or a real Sir Atherton whom he had never before appreciated. He yielded.

It was a beautiful house, soft-carpeted, picture-hung, with bits of restful old mahogany furniture in the warm corridor.

Smith threw open a door.

"Sir Atherton Drake, sir."

BUDDY had a confused first impression of a comfortable room, a country-bred man's room—sporting prints, a picture or so of a horse, well-stocked book shelves, piles of magazines on a side table.

The rider of the morning, still in riding kit, glanced up from a writing table where he sat examining something through a magnifying glass—postage stamps, as Buddy saw later—and then sprang to his feet, magnifying glass in hand.

"What are you doing here?"

He was a fair, heavily built man, who had evidently kept himself in physical fitness, with crisp hair and blue eyes that blazed anger.

"I've come to bring you to your senses," said Buddy.

Flower exploded, as Buddy expected him to do. It was only natural. Flagrant corespondents are not received mellifluously by outraged husbands. Buddy, hands on hips, regarded him unemotionally.

"Clear out, I tell you. Clear out. I don't want to lay hands on a sick man—but if you don't go, I'll throw you out."

"Try," said Buddy.

The infuriated man thrust out an arm. Buddy gripped his wrist with one hand and the other hand gripped beneath the elbow. Flower gave a gasp of pain and his eyes stared in horrified terror.

"Don't move or your arm'll be snapped like a stick. I learned this from a Japanese acrobat in Seattle."

He released his rueful opponent, who said, mystified:

"What are you talking about?"

"You haven't given me a chance to tell you."

"That's that beastly jiujitsu," said Flower, rubbing his arm.

"I suppose so. It's the only trick I ever learned and it came off, all right, didn't it?"

Horatio Flower passed his hands over his eyes. Atherton Drake taught jiujitsu by a Japanese acrobat in Seattle! He was launched into the phantasmagorical. Buddy pointed a finger:

"You went through the war, didn't you?"

"You know I did."

"So you know what this is," said Buddy, peeling himself to the knee and disclosing a broad white scar on his calf. "Not a vaccination mark, is it? That's shrapnel, and a bloody nasty bit of shrapnel at that. If you'd like me to take off my shirt I could show you the marks of a machine-gun bullet back and front, right through me. Say the word and I'll strip."

Horatio Flower came forward and looked savagely into his eyes, while Buddy smiled.

"WHO the blazes are you? I could swear you're Atherton Drake, but he was never in the war and never went to America—as far as I know. Anyhow, he wasn't the sort of blighter that would learn jiujitsu on the Pacific Coast. Who are you?"

"That's what I've come to tell you, my dear fellow," said Buddy, "at my own very personal peril. As I said, you won't give me a chance. I happen to be a man with some muddled sense of honor. I saw no way out of a hideously fantastic situation till half an hour ago. First, disabuse your mind of the notion that I'm Atherton Drake."

"Now I see you're not," cried his involuntary and humbled host. "Oh, do sit down."

Mystified, he drew hasty chairs to the fireside.

"Once more, who are you?"

"Brotherton Drake, Atherton's twin brother."

Flower started forward in his chair.

"You're a fraud. Brotherton Drake died more than a month ago."

"How do you know?"

"His death was announced in The Times."

"That's quite so," said Buddy. "I had the announcement put in myself. This is a free country. If a man can't put in a notice of his own death in a newspaper, what can he do?"

"Is that why you didn't introduce yourself here under your own name?"

"Obviously," said Buddy. "May I smoke?"

"Sorry," said his host, handing him a box. "And what does your brother—Atherton—say about it?"

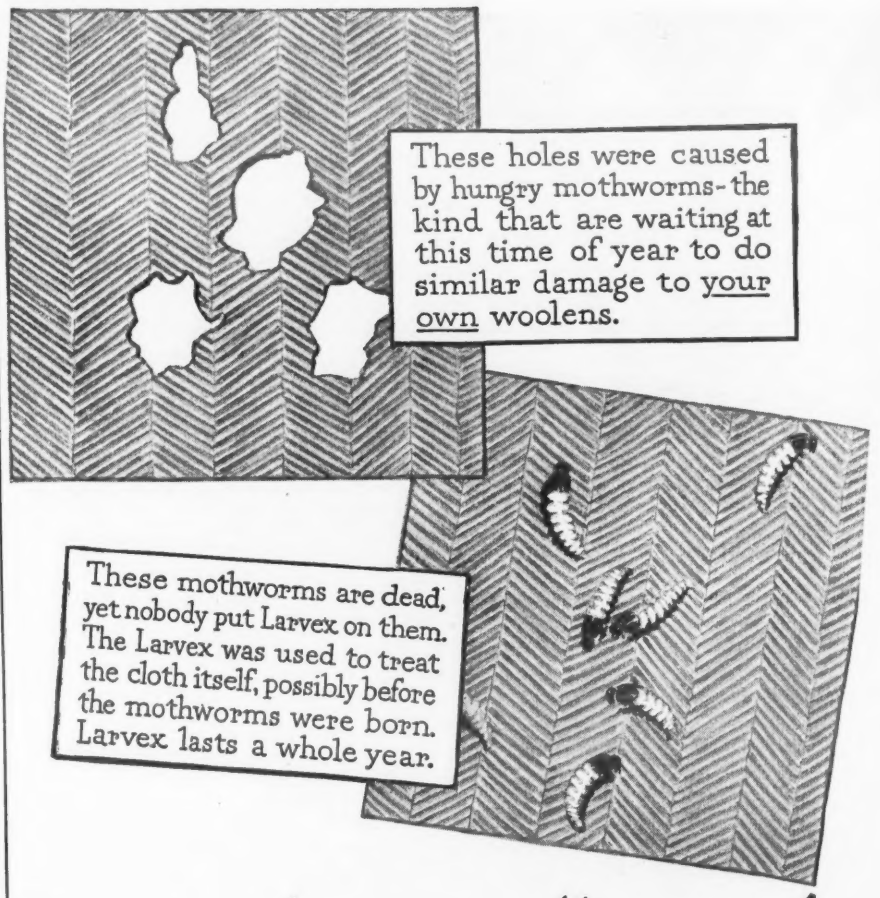
"I'm afraid it's beyond the wit of man to conjecture," said Buddy gravely. "You see—Atherton's dead."

Flower regarded him in blank incredulity.

"Dead?"

Buddy made a little confirmatory gesture, followed by one claiming attention.

"I TOLD you just now I've come here at my own peril. When you've heard what I've got to say I'll be at your mercy. But I think you'll appreciate my motives, anyhow. I spoke of a difficult situation. Believe me, if I were just a filthy adventurer—oh, I'm Brotherton Drake all right, seventh baronet and everything—if I hadn't some human feeling left, nothing would have been simpler for me than to go off with plenty of money in banks and pockets, to any old place across the


These holes were caused by hungry mothworms-the kind that are waiting at this time of year to do similar damage to your own woolens.
These mothworms are dead, yet nobody put Larvex on them. The Larvex was used to treat the cloth itself, possibly before the mothworms were born. Larvex lasts a whole year.

Larvex changes all your ideas *about moths and mothproofing*

THIS new discovery puts an end to all worries about moths. It puts an end to packing and wrapping and such fussing in general. It puts an end to hunting moths and mothworms. You don't need to *find* the mothworms at all, if you *mothproof the cloth itself* with Larvex.

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Mothproof coats, suits, with Spraying Larvex. Costs less than pressing or dry-cleaning.

Furniture or rugs of wool or mohair are mothproofed by Spraying Larvex once a year.

Dainty *washable* woolens and blankets require special *Rinsing* Larvex for mothproofing.

Larvex comes in two forms as here described

Larvex in "spraying" form is used for coats, suits, upholstered furniture and all other fabrics that cannot be washed. Simply spray it on the cloth. It is very economical, only $1 for a full pint. A whole year's mothproofing of a suit of clothes costs less than a single pressing. And you can let the suit hang just where it is, ready to wear if you *should* want to use it.

The "rinsing" form of Larvex comes in a powder. You dissolve it in water, placing in this your blankets, sweaters, stockings, baby clothes, etc., just like rinsing. Package containing enough for two tubfuls, 50 cents. You can store your washable woolens or keep them ready for use without worry about mothholes.

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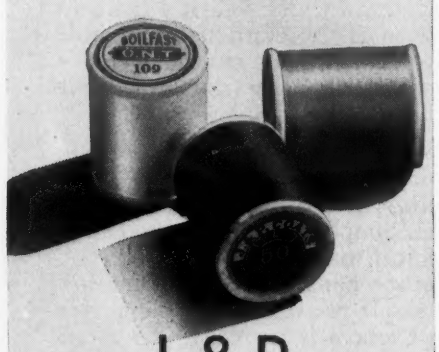

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seas, and leave you all planted there to stew in your own juice."

"Us all?" cried Flower.

"You and the charming lady who is your wife."

Again Flower sprang from his chair. Buddy rose too.

"What have you to do with my wife?"

"Theoretically everything—but practically, thank the Lord, nothing."

"I wish to heaven you'd explain what you're talking about."

"It's simple—in a way," said Buddy. "Listen. That announcement in The Times. It wasn't Brotherton who died. It was Atherton. Sit down, please. It's a story that'll take some time in telling.

"From the first, you see, I fooled not only the man-servant Bronson, but Doctor Selous, the officials at the bank, and Atherton's lawyer. . . . I fooled your man, Smith, and you yourself when I broke into this room."

"And then?" Flower asked.

"And then," said Buddy, "I had S O S calls from a lady I had never heard of. In common decency I had to take some notice of them. I went to Paris."

"You went to Paris? You saw her? My wife?"

"What else could I do?"

"Did she take you for Atherton?"

"She did."

FLOWER stamped angrily about the room, his hands doing all kinds of silly things with his hair.

"And you didn't tell her who you were?"

"Certainly not."

"You scoundrel!"

"Oh, cut that out," cried Buddy angrily. "Talk sense. If I were a scoundrel I shouldn't be here. I saw your wife for about ten minutes in a nursing home, after a ghastly operation."

Flower wheeled round and stood stock-still. He echoed:

"Operation?"

"That's what I said. A very serious operation. How could I spring the whole of this fairy story on her? Give me credit for common sense, man. I saw her for a few minutes two or three days ago. Since then she has had some sort of relapse and is dangerously ill."

Flower stood before him with a ghastly face.

"So ill," said Buddy, "that there was no chance of seeing me—the ghost of Atherton—for some days. That's why I came back to London. . . . There were divorce proceedings ——"

The anguished man waved away such petty considerations.

"Do you mean that Muriel is in danger of her life?"

Buddy seated himself on a corner of the old oak refectory table at which Flower had been working on his stamp collection.

"I wouldn't go as far as that," said he. "But she's a very sick woman."

"Why did nobody tell me?" cried Flower.

"I don't know," replied Buddy. "How can I? I've butted into this complication unawares. I've never struck a hornet's nest, but I fooled about with a wasp nest when I was a small boy and they had to put me to bed for a week."

Horatio Flower, caring nothing for Buddy's discomfiture, asked, "Where is she?"

Buddy gave him the address of the nursing home.

"SHE has everything, I assure you, that modern science and skill can offer. Her sister, Diana, is with her."

"Diana—so you know Diana, do you?"

His lips twitched for a second in an ironical smile.

"I met her for the first time in Paris. Perhaps I had better fill in things."

Which, feeling for the instant in command of the incredible situation, he proceeded to do.

Then there was a long silence. It was broken by Flower.

"What am I to do?" he asked simply.

Buddy's heart leaped within him. Here was a side of the man's character on which he had, now he came to think of it, only subconsciously counted. This honest fellow was still in love with his not too considerable a wife. Muriel was ill, at death's door. That was all that seemed to matter. If only Flower would take Muriel off his hands, all would be gloriously well.

"I SHOULD think the first thing to do would be to realize the impossible position in which Mrs. Flower and I are placed with regard to each other."

Flower turned away. "Of course I realize it. It's obvious."

"When I started in on this idiot game I never dreamed that anyone would be hurt by it," said Buddy. "How could I guess—with a man like Atherton? I've got to hurt Mrs. Flower somehow. You see that, don't you? The question is: How can I hurt her least? I'm desperately sorry."

"Why didn't you tell her all this—what you've told me?"

"Don't forget she's very ill. I might have told Miss Merrow, who would have broken it to her gently. But that would have been rather dangerous. For any good to have come out of it you would have had to be told, in any case. And once my secret was common property, the public prosecutor would step in and rightly accuse me of all sorts of crimes and felonies, and send me to penal servitude for the Lord knows how many years! You see I'm up against it."

"I suppose you are. And by throwing yourself on my mercy, as you call it, you expect me to say nothing about your imposture; in fact, to compound a felony."

"That's exactly what it comes to," said Buddy.

"Suppose I agree, what then?"

Buddy rose to his feet.

"You can't in decency bring divorce proceedings against me—a dummy—with no possible defense, and with only two alternatives after the divorce is granted—in either of which I should be an unutterable swine—either to marry or not to marry the lady."

An angry flush rose to the other man's face.

Buddy said quietly, meeting his eyes: "You see, you'll have to withdraw these divorce proceedings at once."

HE TURNED and moved to the window and looked out at the sweep of lawns and the majestic outlines of leafless oak and elm.

He heard himself called: "Drake!" He turned.

"What made you think I'd do all this that you ask me?"

"For one thing—the way you rode that beast of a colt; and for another ——" He paused.

"Well?"

"It's very intimate. I think it. I'm sure of it. But till I've your permission I won't say it."

Flower regarded him with hard eyes and a set face.

"You can say exactly what you like."

"You're madly in love with your wife."

The other made a little noise in his throat, signifying assent.

"So that if I fade out of her horizon, which the withdrawal of proceedings will allow me to do, I don't say gracefully—that's where I must have a bad mark against my name—and I don't say without wounding a woman's pride—at any rate you'll have the whole field to yourself for a reconciliation—if you want one—which I think you do."

"All right," said Flower, as if he had been told to command a raid on enemy's trenches in broad daylight.

"Forgive my treading on such delicate ground," said Buddy.

"You had to. Perhaps I'm grateful. I don't know. This sort of thing rather

(Continued on Page 165)

Is your daughter just entering womanhood?

IS she entering a realm where a mother's advice is more necessary than ever before? If so, she is soon to meet new standards of hygiene and of daintiness.

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The explanation is simple and logical. Any sharp pain—whether in the feet or any other part of the body—causes a quick contraction of the facial muscles. When these muscles are *abnormally and excessively* contracted by pain they lose their elasticity and sag, leaving unsightly wrinkles and deep-set lines. Soon the contour of the face is robbed of its youthful appearance.

If you value your looks, *do not neglect your feet*. No matter what foot trouble you may have, *get rid of it without delay*.

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These small, thin, dainty pads end pain *in one minute*.

The mild, soothing, healing medication in them makes Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads so instantly effective. Their protective, cushioning feature *removes the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes.

Zino-pads are positively *safe*. No danger of blood-poisoning as with cutting your corns; no risk of acid burn, which so often follows the use of harsh and caustic preparations. That is why so many doctors recommend Zino-pads.

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In 1892, a business man stepped from a train at Wyandotte, Michigan, seeking a supply of soda-ash for his plate-glass plant at Toledo. A fellow passenger had told him he might find it at Wyandotte.

The business man was Captain J. B. Ford, widely known for his steamship operations on the Ohio River, and his founding of America's first plate-glass firm.

The chance visit was successful. Not only was a steady supply of soda-ash assured, but one of the most far-reaching weapons in the world-wide war on dirt and disease was forged! For the products of the great Wyandotte salt mines, and the limestone deposits at Alpena, Michigan, subsequently acquired, proved themselves admirably suited to the manufacture of effective cleaning materials.

To produce these, Captain Ford started The Michigan Alkali Company and its associate, The J. B. Ford Company, at Wyandotte. Today the Wyandotte Indian, symbol of Wyandotte products, is familiar in every part of the globe . . . in Singapore and in Havana . . . in England, Denmark, Java . . . at the tip of South Africa and the Andean capitals of South America. It is known in every land—and every industry.

Great hotels, clubs and office buildings are kept spotless with Wyandotte. Hospitals depend on it for the sanitary cleanliness so vital to them. Refrigerator cars, lumber, canned foods—all are cleaned with it.

Progressive laundries use a special Wyandotte product for washing clothes clean and soft without damaging the most delicate fabrics. Wyandotte cleaning materials are thorough, yet safe. ■ *From top to bottom, most of the world's greatest buildings are cleaned each night with Wyandotte.*

Even the bottles in which your milk is delivered are made spotless and sparkling with Wyandotte. So are the dairies . . . and the creameries. ■ *In hospitals, where cleanliness is of the greatest concern, Wyandotte products are almost invariably used . . . in laboratories and lobbies, in operating rooms and kitchens.*

The name *Wyandotte* stands for not one but scores of products, each designed to do a particular job superlatively well. For years, Wyandotte chemists have worked in co-operation with representatives of other industries, helping to solve their cleaning problems . . . developing new products to accomplish new tasks.

The dairy industry needed a product which would quickly and thoroughly clean bottles and milk cans. Wyandotte produced it. Laundries wanted something that would wash clothes clean and soft without injuring them. Textile manufacturers asked for a product which would scour wool and still preserve the natural life, luster and elasticity of the fiber. In each case, Wyandotte filled the demand.

So it goes through every industry. Tanners and meat packers . . . bakers and metal makers . . . all look to Wyandotte for cleanliness. And through them, this cleanliness comes to your own home. The bread for your table is prepared and baked in utensils made spotless with Wyandotte. Canned foods are packed under sanitary, wholesome conditions. Beverages come in sparkling, sweet-smelling bottles.

Cleanliness means health. And Wyandotte products are on duty for you . . . throughout the world . . . bringing cleanliness to the industries that affect you vitally. The J. B. Ford Company, Wyandotte, Michigan.

WYANDOTTE

Trade Mark

CLEANS THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 162)

upsets a man. Well, that's that. Let's talk of something else. What are you going to do?"

Buddy replied more or less vaguely, for he had no plans beyond flight from England. "I must be going." He picked up his hat. "I'm catching the five-twenty back to town."

Flower moved to the door. "I'll see you out."

"Don't," said Buddy. "Ring the bell. I'll find my way to the front door where your butler will see me off the premises. You won't curse him, will you, for letting me in?"

"Of course not."

Buddy laughed. "Well—as for thanks—you've got to imagine them. They're too many and too deep for me to express. Good-by."

Flower opened the door and put out his hand.

"If things weren't so impossible I'd say I hope we'll meet again."

"That's kind of you," said Buddy. "But after all, who knows?"

Buddy marched on air over the carpeted corridor. At the front door stood the butler.

"You'll not be dismissed, Smith," said Buddy. "So you lose. Anyhow, here are the two fivers I promised you."

Smith shook his head wonderingly as Buddy disappeared at a turn in the drive. This was a new Sir Atherton who danced to the fluttering of five-pound notes.

XI.

WHEN Buddy returned to London Fear crouched behind him, an almost physical presence, something small and obscene; now and then he felt its clammy touch on his neck. It was a more malignant and obscene Fear than ever which hag-rode him on his return.

With Tonio's help he got through the mass of unanswered correspondence. Nearly all the answers obeyed a formula, modeled with sobriety and verisimilitude on his first airy sketch. What else could be done?

Pleading more neuritis than ever, he himself typed out a couple of colorless letters to Muriel, hating himself with all his heart. He had also to reply to telegrams from Diana which informed him of Muriel's strides along the path to recovery, and urged his immediate return to Paris. It was all heart-rending, confusing and informed with Fear. How would the poor lady bear the shock of the withdrawal of divorce proceedings?

Edgar Fry rang him up. His lawyers and stockbrokers alone were allowed to know his presence in London, and Bronson was ordered to put through their calls. Fry whom, in his new-found prudence he had not visited, reported a telephone conversation with Horatio Flower's solicitors. They had received instructions from Mr. Flower to withdraw the petition. Fry congratulated him on escape from absurd public scandal. When could Fry see him? Buddy answered that he was very ill and couldn't see anybody, and was planning to get out of England forever on the first fine day. Newstead Park? Oh, yes. He had been over there and taken out all his intimate possessions, and the place could now be sold as it stood, lock, stock and barrel. Would he accept the offer? Certainly. He was far too ill to cope with negotiations. If Fry would send him a power of attorney with regard to the sale of Newstead, he would sign it. The rest, of course, would concern Fry.

SO FAR so good. The dreadful damp house was practically off his hands. He would think of it no more. Flower had kept his word. He awaited news from Paris.

Meanwhile the heavy steel dispatch box lay unopened on the library table. Unsuccessfully he ransacked the flat for keys. The more he looked at the box, the more sinister a casket did it appear. It contained something—of that he felt assured—something that Atherton was impelled to keep, something that must remain, during his lifetime at any rate, in impenetrable secrecy. The more he thought of the mystery of the lost keys, the more was he convinced that they lay put away somewhere in safe custody. But where?

AT THE bank? He sent Tonio round with a guardedly written letter. The manager reported that a search in the strong room where Sir Atherton's securities, and the like, were deposited resulted in no discovery of keys. After a while in his careless way he set the dispatch box in a corner and tried to forget it.

Then there came the inevitable telegrams and letters from Paris.

HORATIO HAS STOPPED PROCEEDINGS. WHAT IS THE MEANING OF IT? DIANA.

THIS MAKES EVERYTHING TEN TIMES WORSE THAN BEFORE. WHAT IS TO BE DONE? M.

A letter from Muriel which he had to glance through, hating himself all the time. It was vile to pry into the intimate secrets of a woman's life. But the pathetic appeal must be answered. He gave thanks that at any rate it was vague and toneless, very much like Muriel herself as he had seen her in the sick room.

The next day a telegram from Diana.

H. SEEMS TO HAVE GONE MAD SO AM PACKING OFF M. IN AMBULANCE WITH D. V. TONIGHT TO MENTONE VILLA.

D. V.? Yes, that was Dolly Valentine who seemed to share with Diana the responsibility of looking after Muriel. Diana had spoken of her on various occasions. But whether she was Miss, Mrs. or Lady, he had no idea. Nor did he know the name of the villa. "Dolly's villa" had been Muriel's projected destination.

Diplomatic correspondence in all these circumstances was both delicate and fraught with danger. It took him a whole morning to compose a letter to Muriel which should be at once colorless and yet express some sort of decent human feeling. He wrote in the dark, for not yet, either from Muriel's letter or from Diana's telegram, could he gather the nature of Horatio's madness.

"We must get away soon, my dear Tonio," he said one afternoon. "This climate will be the death of me—and of you!"

HE CAUGHT sight of a letter in the letter box. He took it out. It bore no stamp; had been slipped in by the writer or by messenger. The address was typewritten. It contained a quarto page torn from a block, which was covered in manuscript with an arithmetical nightmare of figures. They were arranged in the form of fractions, with varying numbers of digits both in numerators and denominators.

Buddy sat down at the writing table and pored over the mysterious document. Its nature could bear only three interpretations. It came from Bedlam or a cognate institution. It was the solution of some abstruse mathematical problem. It was a message in cipher. Now, it had too much method for madness; arithmetic had even less meaning to a mathematician than the alphabet to a poet; so, by process of elimination, it must be cipher. He could make nothing of it. But what was Atherton doing with cipher? Speculation being vain, he threw the paper into a drawer of the table and tried to forget all about it.

He had been but an hour seeking oblivion of the cipher in a comforting drink and a detective novel when the door flew open and Diana sailed in.

He had a fleeting vision of a scared Bronson framed in the doorway. He rose hurriedly.

"I know," cried Diana. "I've made Bronson break orders. I felt you were in, somehow. At any rate he couldn't prevent

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A BILL for a new hat . . . An unexpected doctor's fee . . . A household account much larger than you had planned...Rent!

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For ten years now, Miss Mildred Skinner, whose picture you see here, has been earning her own money to meet her own expenses and to buy small luxuries. It has seemed almost like "finding" the money when her profits have mounted to $50.00 a month.

Miss Elizabeth Gibson, a business woman, has an income of as much as $200.00 a month, and Mrs. Edward Goff, a busy mother, regularly earns $1.35 each leisure hour. All through our attractive subscription plan!

YOU too may just as well earn your own money in leisure time for the things you want. All you need do is follow the example of these happy earners and fill in the coupon below. Then you can begin earning at once. Not a cent will it cost you.

And let us assure you there is no better time to inquire than right now. This is the time when it is the easiest to earn an extra $50.00 or more. So do not delay.

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my coming in and writing a note. So you must forgive him."

He shook hands with her.

"Paris seems to be better for your health than London," she said ironically.

"Possibly," he said. Then abruptly: "How is Muriel?"

"All right. Quite out of danger. And now comfortably settled at Dolly Valentine's. I found a wire awaiting my arrival. Did you get one?"

Buddy nodded. He had received a telegram that afternoon. "Arrived safely not too tired. Love. M."

"Dolly will take good care of her."

"I'm sure she will."

"I came to you as soon as I could," she said, "to find out about things. Your letters haven't been illuminating."

Buddy replied that there was nothing he could illuminate. One week Muriel's husband filed a petition for divorce, the next he withdrew it. A disconcerting fellow.

"What do you propose to do about it?"

"What do you suggest?"

She laughed scornfully. "Both of you are different from me. Different, too, from poor old Horatio—although I don't like him. If I were a man in your romantic situation I'd take the woman I loved off to Fiji or anywhere, and tell the world to go to. And if I were a woman in Muriel's position, I'd expect it."

"I wonder if you would—really," said he.

She started on a note in his voice.

"I CAN'T understand you two. I never did. I wish to heaven I could. Love? I don't know. For you two love seems to be an aquarium with the water kept judiciously tepid."

An attitude was imperative. He stood over her, outraged stick of a lover.

"You are insulting."

She shrugged carelessly. "Perhaps I am. Why shouldn't I be? I love my sister beyond anything you can conceive in the way of love. I know she's a sentimental, weak little fool. She was all right with Horatio until you came along. Then you talked to her about Plato and Shakspere and William James, and persuaded her to see what a poor mutt a man must be who lived for dogs and horses and postage stamps and prize sweet peas and vegetable marrows. Oh, I know all about it!"

"Then why did you side with me against Flower?" he asked sharply.

She threw up her hand. "You're always asking for reasons. I really don't know. Horatio never liked me. I was quite different from Muriel, I suppose. Too modern, perhaps. He belongs to the early nineteenth century and likes his women to be of the period."

Buddy laughed. "I think you're a bit unjust to Horatio."

"Why?"

He replied deliberately: "If he were the early Victorian sultan you describe, he wouldn't be trying to forgive Muriel, and—well—get her back. There can be only one reason for his present action."

"AND yet you are disposed to commend him—calmly, coolly, philosophically—just like that?"

"Perhaps," said Buddy, "it would be the best for our three lives."

She sat bolt upright. "So you throw her over?"

"I must give her time to reconsider her position."

"Then if Horatio followed her to Mentone—he has already written her idiot letters—and said: 'Let us bury the past and begin all over again,' and she consented you would take it lying down?"

He threw out his hands. "What else could I do?"

Diana rose with a cruel laugh. "What a delicate, what a perfect lover! Good-by, my friend."

She moved to the door, very scornful. He intercepted her and seized her wrists.

"I don't care what you think of me. I wish I'd never seen Muriel. It was a nightmare of a mistake. It's you I want. You. From the very first time I met you. Now you know!"

He released her. She stared at him in shivering amazement.

"Have you gone mad?"

"Perfectly mad."

She recovered herself. There was challenge in her eyes.

"What do you expect me to do?"

He flung open the door.

"Go out and forget that such a born fool ever existed."

"I certainly shall," she said, her head in the air.

(To be Continued)

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, published monthly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1930.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss.
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Walter D. Fuller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The Curtis Publishing Company, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Editor, Loring A. Schuler, Haverford, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Managers, None

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Bok Estate, 1320 Packard Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mary Louise Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
W. Curtis Bok, Trustee under Deed of Trust from Edward W. Bok, dated 4/25/25, 1402 Morris Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—The American Foundation, Inc., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under will of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—Mary Louise Curtis Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
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George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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Sworn to and subscribed before me this eighteenth day of February, 1930.

[Seal] W. C. Turner, Notary Public
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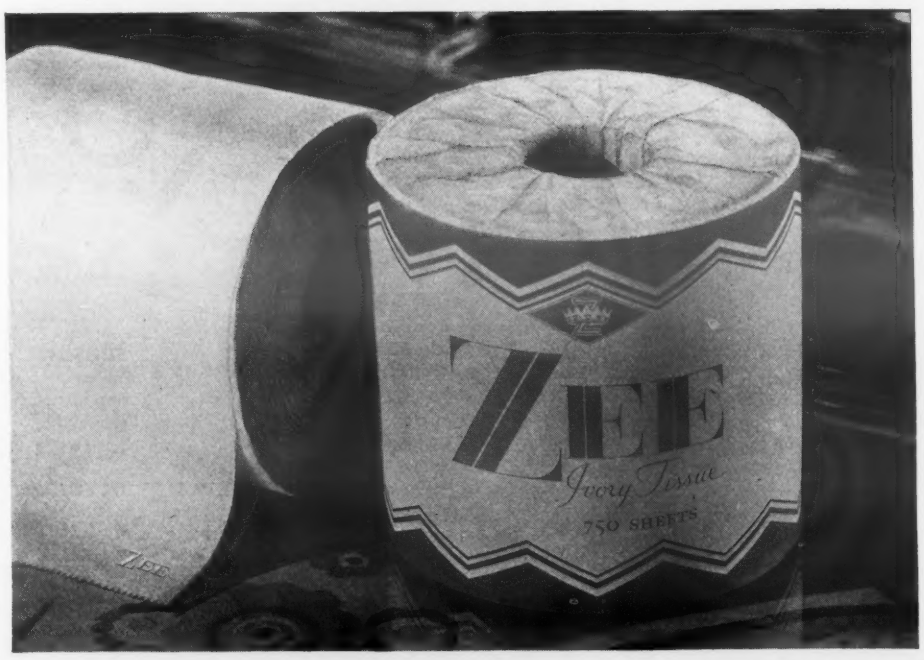

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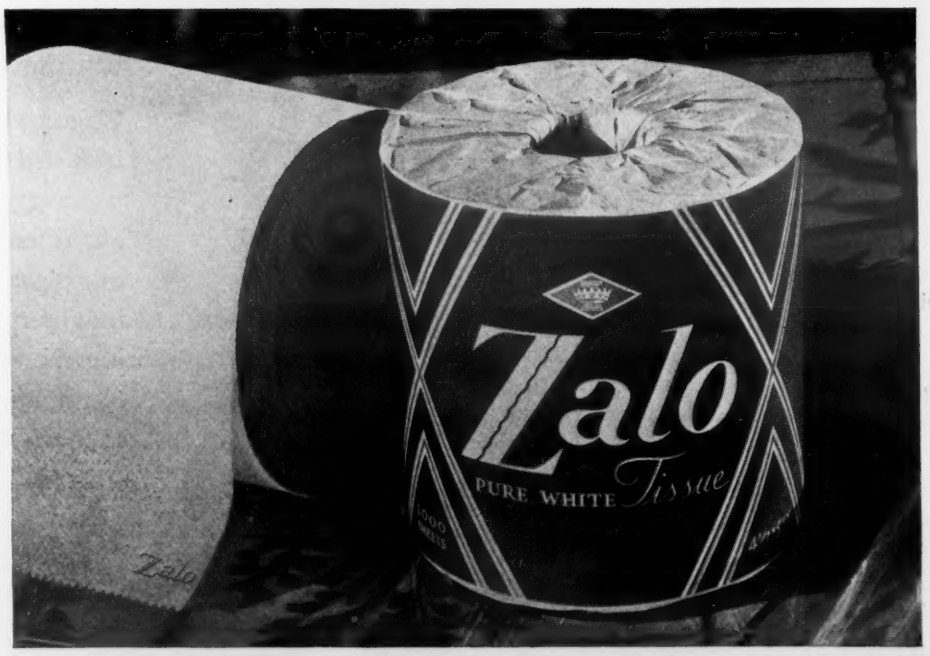

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Clorox is at your grocer's—a generous bottle at a very small price. Order today! If your grocer does not have Clorox, send us his name and address—and we will see that he is supplied. Clorox Chemical Co., Department A, Oakland, California.

The House That Jill Built

By J. HAROLD HAWKINS

WHEN the Pringles decided actually to start building their home, they had more than the usual assortment of ideas. Now ideas are all right, fine, if they are attached to something tangible—say a concrete foundation—to haul the vague wisps from out the blue and tie them down to earth. An idea, to be good, should be practical.

But Betty Pringle—a paragraph at the very beginning about Betty, you will agree with me after reading what happened, is at once quite necessary as well as entirely inadequate—but Jill, I mean Betty Pringle, had a change of heart. The house, as yet being more of a vague idea than a reality, concrete or otherwise, would readily stand changes. She certainly proceeded to change. Well, it was all right to switch from white clapboarding to hollow tile and stucco, as long as the plans weren't okayed and the material on the job. Nor was there any complaint—except perhaps concerning the demoralization of the Pringle budget—when solid-oak timbers replaced two-by-four studding.

"Chimney-Smoke" rests easily on its suburban plot of ground.

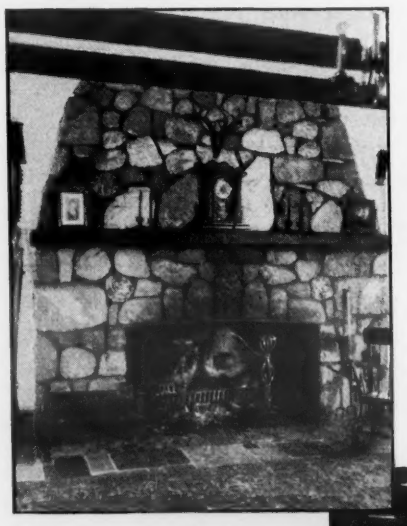
An overhang, supported by rough-hewn timbers, is typically Early English.

Dazzling beauty in a black bathroom of glazed tiles.

Anyway, to be explicit, the house was to be, first, a frame affair with a comfy fireplace, lackadaisical front porch, and colorful window boxes. Such would have been entirely satisfactory—had Betty Pringle's changed heart not had a new desire. Because of this desire, the clapboards gave way to masonry, the two-by-four frame to oak timbers. Perhaps because the building plot lay under the Canadian flag, the architecture evolved into—through Betty's mind-changing moods—Early English.

It was only after the foundation had been built for the original dream house with the colorful boxes that the English exterior was decided definitely upon. There had been several considerations of English house plans but none had passed muster with Betty. The result was that this modern Jill built her house using all of them, or nearer the truth, with none of them! Indeed, the blue print of the floor plan I managed to get for resketching was made when the house was almost completed.

The old and the new: Oak-timber construction—automatic furnace regulator; solid-oak door frame and door—electric sconce and toggle switch!



The hearth of field stones harmonizes with the log-size opening of the fireplace.

Betty Pringle—Builder

AT THAT, the blue-print plans looked about as much like my own sketch—the latter including also the changes Betty insisted upon making until the last nail was put in place—as Queen Elizabeth's waist looked like the present beltline. Tom Pringle was engrossed in business the entire day. The house was being built ten miles and a ferry from where he and Betty lived awaiting its completion. Only on week-ends, therefore, was Tom able to inspect the progress of the new rooftree. During the week, however, he listened to overseer Betty's reports, her recounting of some satisfactions, and more delays, difficulties and disappointments. For it was Betty, herself, mind you, who let all the contracts, big and little, and who supervised, inspected, and finally okayed or reordered the actual work. She even bought all the material. She made it a point to know the good from the bad, too, and she rejected the latter like a veteran contractor burdened with a conscience.

The more Betty Pringle went into the details of construction of a house, the more she insisted upon the best. Many are the disgusted building contractors I've heard say, "Yuh can't explain nothin' to a woman; they either know it all, or they don't know nothin'!" Betty surprised the workmen who built her house. She was "something different again." Even the stonemason who built the big chimney listened intently to this woman's sound logic. Here was one female who knew what she wanted—after the major mind-changing stages were passed—and she knew why she wanted what she wanted. It was this that kept the respectful attention of the craftsman she directed.

After the decision to have an English house was arrived at, Mrs. Pringle decided that it must be substantial in structure, and quietly sincere in design—nothing imitated, nothing merely for show. From a waterproof membrane under the cellar floor, to a ridge of fitted slate, the Pringle home is void of anything make-believe.

Chimney-Smoke—a name I am giving the Pringle home, without either permission or commission, and chiefly because Tom Pringle says his eyes automatically seek wreathing smoke, the smoke of his own fireside, across the evening sky, as he drives his curving way homeward—Chimney-Smoke is actually constructed, in its main portions, like the timber houses of early England. Solid-oak timbers stand up on their ends along the sides and ends of the house; solid-oak timbers span the distances atop these up-ended pillars of ruggedness; and solid-oak beams, stretching from timber to timber, honestly carry the weight of the upper floor and all that rests thereon. These beams, of course, have been left exposed for the admiration of those who appreciate.

Yet, despite the regard for older methods of construction, all of their fallacies were politely left out. Sensible Betty Pringle saw to that. As a result, the finished product is as modern as the newest skyscraper. One of the pictures I took, for example, shows how well may be mingled the old with the new. It shows an eight-by-twelve timber overhead, resting on upright oak pillars measuring eight-by-eight.

Real Timberwork

THE bracket, mortised into both the upright and the timber above, is six-by-six. The wooden pins are driven through holes drilled through both the male and female parts of the mortise, assuring rigid permanency. On the oak pillar, however, hangs a wall sconce with electric candles! Close beside it, on the wall, is an automatic furnace regulator! The frame of the door consists of three pieces of solid oak; one at each side where usually goes a board called a jamb, and one timber overhead, mortised to the two side ones. And the door, too, is of solid-oak boards, double in thickness, and all blind-screwed together—that is, wooden pegs are driven in on top of all screw heads, hiding them and assuring Betty's particular viewpoint that they will never rust. Yet, alongside the solid door frame

(Continued on Page 171)

Exposed oak timbers and colorful slate are continuous through the hall into the dining room.

You'll pay $30 to $60 more to equal the beauty . . . speed . . . efficiency of this Thor Agitator Washer

[New! Jumbo Wringer Rolls—No Increase in Price]

Price Only $99.75*

**Slightly higher in Canada, the Rocky Mountain area and the West*

LOOK at this remarkable new Thor now offered at only $99.75. It's an unheard of low price for a washer of world-famous Thor quality. A price you must consider, in justice to yourself, before you decide to buy any washer. You'll pay $30 to $60 more to equal its beauty, speed and quality.

The ripple-green tub is baked porcelain enamel inside and out—a feature originated by Thor. It's as easy to clean as a china dish. Note the trim, stream-line design of the entire machine. In every respect, here is a washer that has never been matched for sheer beauty—a washer any woman may be proud to own.

A marvel of speed and efficiency

Beneath its modern beauty is the lifetime quality and battleship type construction for which all Thor washers are famous. A washer of greater durability cannot be obtained at any price.

But the beauty and durability of this Thor washer are by no means the only reasons why thousands upon thousands of women have chosen it in preference to all others. Its agitator principle of washing makes it a marvel for speed and thoroughness. In from 5 to 7 minutes a tubful of clothes is washed to sparkling whiteness —with shirt cuffs and collars completely clean. Yet it washes with gentle kindness to clothes. New jumbo wringer rolls prevent damage to buttons.

See it in action!

Thor dealers everywhere are now demonstrating this remarkable washer. See it in action. Compare it with any other washer at any price. Learn why it is the sensation of the washer industry—why at $99.75 it is the greatest washer value ever offered to the women of America—*why it will soon pay for itself*. See your Thor dealer at once. Or send the coupon below for beautifully illustrated booklets. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto.

*Attachment Rotary Ironer, Only $49.50**

The Thor attachment Rotary Iron, as illustrated, to fit any Thor washer, enables you to convert your Thor washer to a speed ironer in 30 seconds—simply slip off the wringer, slip the ironer in place. It is as easy as changing a phonograph record and it enables you to do 8 hours' ironing in 2 hours. Only $49.50.* With the Thor Agitator Washer as illustrated, $149.25.* Agitator Washer with Monel metal tub, $129.50.* Gasoline Engine Washer, for homes without electricity, at slightly higher cost. Thor Cylinder Washer for larger families, $175.*

Thor

From Washer to Ironer in 30 Seconds

A 6

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY
22nd Street and 54th Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me free descriptive literature on ☐ Thor Washers ☐ Thor Rotary Speed Irons

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF ELECTRIC HOME LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 169)

of other days, is a toggle electric switch that may be seen in the dark! The old and the new—the best of any period, style or age—may, with few exceptions, and by a knowing hand, be companioned with the best of any other time.

The building of Chimney-Smoke turned out to be a rather long procedure. Unlike many "up-to-date" dwellings, this home of the Pringles' was not built in twenty-four and three-quarter days, with penalty for every extra hour consumed. No, Chimney-Smoke was methodically and painstakingly constructed during the better part of two years. Two years!

This explains why the whole framework of timbers was enabled to stand exposed to the weather for an entire season. Consequently what plaster-cracking settling there might be, was done before the plaster was put on. Floor joists the same. Especially the floor joists, for they were to support a concrete floor upon the top of which was to be, and now is, a finished floor of slate. For living room, sun room, dining room and front porch are all floored with slate, in a bed of concrete on top of floor joists.

The roof was made water and weather proof, even before its outer layer of slate was laid. An entire winter's attack was permitted to prove it so, before the slate was put on with copper nails and screws. The following summer, after the interior framework of the house was thoroughly dry it was lathed and plastered. "Try and find a crack!" the Pringles challenged. I couldn't—even after a full eighteen months of completion.

We got around to floors.

"This slate floor certainly looks keen; and the colors—how about its care?" I demanded practically.

"Live and learn," advised this clever Jill knowingly. "A damp cloth once in a while. That's all. No wax, oil, varnish—nothing! Just damp cloth—no matter what they tell you. This floor stands anything. Tom slings his soaked bathing suit down the front stairway [the Pringle garden runs down to a sizable lake] and it sloshes where it lands. It could lie there for days and harm nothing but my feelings. Slate's that practical."

The Bathrooms

"HOW about the baseboard?" I demanded, thinking of what a soaked bathing suit, inaccurately hurled, would do to that strip of wood.

"Take a good look at it," Betty advised.

I did. Hang me, if that wasn't slate too!

But the floor-plan layout of Chimney-Smoke excited my admiration as much as its details of permanency. The long living room—which really includes the just slightly partitioned sun room at one end—with its huge fireplace creates in a guest the unmistakable glow of the hospitality which both Pringles radiate so warmly.

The passageway from the living room, past the steps down to the rear grade door and cellar, past the downstairs bathroom, and ending at the kitchen, is a most convenient feature. This passageway, as well as the kitchen, is floored with heavy, embossed linoleum that harmonizes with the living-room tile which it adjoins.

Wise Betty Pringle, having taken advantage of the ever-wearing qualities of slate and "battleship" linoleum, however, did not forget the running mate of these two materials—tile. The kitchen, from baseboard to ceiling, is tile. The tint is cool green, the surface is glazed, so that it is easily cleaned with a damp cloth. Ideal.

Of course, the two bathrooms are done in tile. Downstairs, according to my taste, is the best-looking bathroom I have ever been in. Black glazed tile, trimmed in white. It's simply beautiful! Here is no tub, but the shower is tiled in a creamy white, has a ceiling light of its own, and affects its very own plate-glass front door! The medicine cabinet door and "wings" swing so as to form a three-sided mirror. On the two wings are lights, swinging with their mounts like a polo player with his pony. Good-looking and useful.

Closets and Floors

NOR does the upstairs bathroom suffer by comparison. Ceiling and wall curve down with the slant of the roof over the bathtub, forming a gleaming arc of glazed tiles. There is also a lighted shower niche up here, with a curtain instead of a glass door.

The upstairs of Chimney-Smoke has four bedrooms. Besides, there is a storage space off one bedroom in which there is plenty of room for a single bed; this makes an auxiliary roost for the extra guest, or for the children of visiting parents who occupy the adjoining bedroom.

All bedrooms have closets, finished in cedar. The hall linen closet is also cedar. Betty Pringle said it cost her not one cent more for a cedar-lined closet than it would have cost for the regulation type. By using cedar, there is eliminated lathing, plastering, interior finishing and painting. The cedar is merely nailed all over the inside, and left there as-is—no finishing, painting or future upkeep. And so it goes, all over the house; unusual things, all accomplished by a wise Jill whose Jack was too busy making money to see to the building of a house himself.

Directly on top of the downstairs ceiling beams, forming the upstairs floor, are, first, two-inch-thick boards, tongue and groove. Next, a rosin building paper of extra heavy manufacture—Betty said it cost, for the amount she needed, only a few cents more for the best—was laid over the two-inch flooring. Then came the finish floor, an extra thick—five-fourths inch—layer of quarter-sawed oak, in random widths and random lengths. It is fastened to the subfloor with screws, and the screw holes are plugged with wood—blind screwed. It is a beautiful floor, and ever-bearing—if you get what I mean.

The Pringles have no regrets. Their house suits them. They are satisfied—a sure sign that time and study proved worth while. Be it a three-room cottage or a manor house grand, do it right! If the exchequer dictates leaving out some best materials for ones of less worth, don't do it! Instead, make the house one room smaller. What Betty Pringle did, other women can duplicate. Chimney-Smoke is a dwelling, woman-conceived and supervised, that need dip its flag to no house of man's rearing—no, not one!

Norman Rockwell

America's Favorite Romantic Artist

has been in Hollywood for the

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Painting the Most Fascinating Incidents of Moviedom

His first picture in full color will appear in

The July Issue

Stifling Nights!

Avoid them this summer—make your whole house cooler..this easy, inexpensive way

THIS summer—when the sun beats down upon your roof all day. . .

Will your upstairs bedrooms be unbearable? Will your family and yourself endure the real discomfort of stifling, sleepless nights?

You can avoid it all, so simply—by an easy little precaution you can take *right now!*

Thousands find relief

Thousands of families have found relief from stifling nights by lining their attic floors or roofs with Balsam-Wool.

It is done so quickly, without muss or fuss, and at such low cost!

Thick strips of Balsam-Wool, fitted snugly between the rafters of your attic floor or roof, *keep out* the sun's heat during the day, make your bedrooms and your whole house cooler, comfortable.

"WOOL" FROM WOOD! *This photograph shows how much Balsam-Wool looks like sheep's wool—a full inch of fleecy warmth in the walls of your home. It adds so much in healthful comfort—and costs so little!*

A guaranteed Weyerhaeuser product

Similarly, in winter, Balsam-Wool insulation prevents the *escape* of heat through your roof. It tucks into cracks and crevices—makes your attic really heat-tight.

For new houses

In new houses, Balsam-Wool is placed within the walls as well as the roof. Thus *everywhere* that cold and wind might enter, Balsam-Wool blocks the way, keeps your house comfortable and healthful the year around.

And, best of all, Balsam-Wool really costs you nothing. It quickly pays for itself in fuel savings during the winter. Then it actually *saves you money* year after year!

Send for free sample and booklet

See Balsam-Wool for yourself. Send for free sample and instructive booklet that tells you all about house insulation and Balsam-Wool.

Sold only by retail lumber dealers

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CLOQUET, MINNESOTA

Also makers of Nu-Wood—the All Wood Insulating Wall Board and Lath

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Please send me sample of Balsam-Wool and Free Booklet. I am interested in insulation for

☐ A new house ☐ Attic of present house

Name.....

Address.....

Balsam-Wool *Blanket*

THICK... FLEXIBLE INSULATION... EFFICIENT

A new Powerful Non-poisonous Antiseptic for mouth and throat

● Its active ingredient is 70 times stronger than carbolic acid . . . yet if your children should accidentally swallow it, it would do them no harm

● This antiseptic, Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37—powerful, non-poisonous—was discovered after years of research in the laboratories of a great university. It opens a new era in the care of mouth, nose and throat, and all open wounds.

Its active ingredient has seventy times the germ-killing power of carbolic acid. Yet the solution would cause no injury if a child should accidentally drink it.

Twenty-seven mouth washes tested for antiseptic power

Recently, 27 mouth washes were tested in the laboratories of a great university. They . . . "were examined full strength or in the strongest dilution recommended on the label for use in the mouth.

"None of the twenty-seven mouth washes examined were found to be capable of destroying the test organisms under these conditions even on five minutes' exposure, whereas all the three dilutions of Solution S. T. 37 were found to be completely germicidal in fifteen seconds, one-twentieth part of this time." Quoted from Dental Cosmos, Sept., 1927. (Every mouth contains organic matter. These tests were carried out in the presence of organic matter to simulate conditions in the mouth.)

To give your mouth and throat *intelligent* care, Solution S. T. 37 should be used twice daily as a mouth rinse and gargle. It is odorless, it does not stain, and it has a sweet, pleasant taste. You should make it a practice to use it after exposure or the minute you feel any irritation in nose or throat.

It may be poured, also, full strength on cuts and abrasions—Solution S. T. 37 will not sting or burn. It is actually soothing. Ask your doctor and dentist about it. Exclusively prepared by Sharp & Dohme who have served the medical profession since 1845. Get a bottle today from your druggist. 50¢ and $1.25.

This product and advertisement accepted by the American Medical Association

HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S.T.37

THE POKE BONNET

Designs by
Josephine P. R. Walton

Directions by
Clare M. Bashore

THE SCALLOPED HAT

Little Hats to Make at Home

General Directions

MATERIALS NEEDED FOR ANY OF THE MODELS

1 "Farmer's" hat—the best ones are marked "genuine curaçao"—approximate size 6¼.
¾ Yard calico, percale, gingham or handkerchief linen for the poke bonnet or the scalloped hat.
1½ Yards of ⅞-inch grosgrain ribbon for the close-fitting hat.
1 White silk hat lining.

APPROXIMATE COST

Hat	$1.00
Trimming, the poke bonnet or the scalloped hat	$.25 to $1.25
Trimming, the close-fitting hat	.50
1 White lining	.75

TO SECURE the best results, select the smoothest and whitest hat. Remove trimming and brow band. If a slight ridge runs across the crown, wet the crown and rub down until smooth.

Use the same tape measure throughout the construction of the hat. Be very careful of measurements.

The head sizes of these model hats are 21¼ inches, but the size can be adjusted by drawing the thread, which you will sew around the crown, tighter, to make smaller, and by wetting and stretching with the hands, to make larger.

First, sew a thread, using very heavy cotton, around the base of the crown—which we will speak of as "head size"—to keep the shape firm. Next, take the head size by placing the tape measure around the child's head ¾ of an inch above the eyebrows. Do not draw the tape tight, as you must allow for lining.

Measurements to be taken are for the brim:

Head size.
Edge of brim.
Width of brim, taken from the head size to edge of brim at: Front, back, sides, sidefronts, and sidebacks.

Measurements to be taken for the crown:

Head size.
Height.
Distance cross crown—from the head size in front to head size in back; and from side to side.

When finished, if the straws seem warped or rough, stuff the crown tight with bath towels and press with a warm iron. The brim can be pressed on the edge of the ironing board.

For width of brim all measurements are taken from head size to edge of brim.

The Scalloped Hat

MEASUREMENTS

Brim

Head size (Model is 21¼ inches).
Edge of brim, 33 inches.

Width:
Front, 2¾ inches.
Back, 1¾ inches.
Sides, 2¼ inches.
Sidefronts, 2½ inches.
Sidebacks, 2 inches.
Scallops are 2¾ inches.

Crown

Head size, 21½ inches.
Height, 4½ inches.
Front to back, 15 inches.
Side to side, 14½ inches.

AS EACH measurement is taken mark a dot with a lead pencil on brim and connect each dot with a line. Take a glass 5½ inches in circumference, place on hat at edge of line and draw scallops around hat. This will make 12 scallops, each measuring 2¾ inches. Cut scallops out.

From the material to be used as trimming cut a bias piece 1 inch wide and 34 inches long. Bind the scallops by first sewing on top of brim, then turn and slip-stitch. Press with warm iron.

From the middle of the back of the crown, at head size, measure 5¼ inches to side; mark with dot. Measure 1 inch up on crown at center back, mark with dot, draw a line to each dot at sides, and cut. Place crown over head size of brim and sew. Cut a piece of material 1⅓ yards long and 3½ inches wide. Have this hemstitched and cut to make a picot edge. Press and then place around crown and tie in knot at left side. Line with white silk lining.

The Poke Bonnet

MEASUREMENTS

Brim

Head size, 21¼ inches.
Edge, 28¼ inches.

Width:
Front, 3⅜ inches.
Back, ⅞ inch.
Sides, 2¾ inches.
Sidefronts, 3 inches.
Sidebacks, 1⅞ inches.

THE CLOSE-FITTING HAT

Crown

Head size, 21½ inches.
Height, 4½ inches.
Front to back, 15 inches.
Side to side, 15 inches.

AS EACH measurement is taken on the brim mark a dot with lead pencil, draw a line from dot to dot and cut to shape. *To bind brim:* Cut a bias piece of material 28¾ inches long and 1 inch wide. Hold very taut while sewing; this gives the desired droop. Sew first on top edge of brim, turn and slip-stitch. Press.

Measure 5½ inches from center back of crown at head size and mark. Measure 1 inch up on crown from head size at center back, draw a line to each dot and cut from dot to dot. Next place the crown over the cut part of the brim and sew. It is now ready for the trimming.

Cut a piece of material 1⅛ yards long and 3⅜ inches wide. Have edge hemstitched and cut to form picot edge. Press place around crown and tie in bow at left side of hat.

Line with white silk lining.

The Close-Fitting Hat

MEASUREMENTS

Brim

Head size, 21¼ inches.
Edge, 26 inches.

Width:
Front, 2 inches.
Back, ⅝ inch.
Sides, 1⅜ inches.
Sidefronts, 1¾ inches.
Sidebacks, 1 inch.

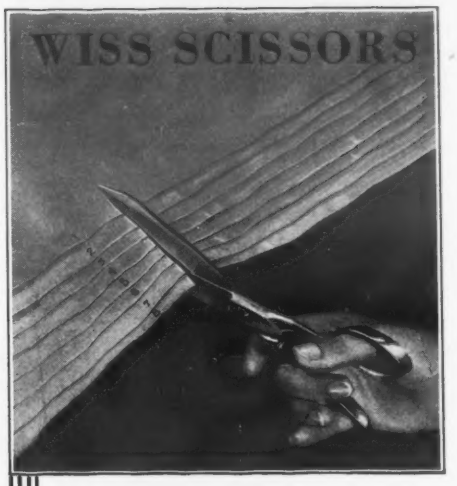
Crown

Head size, 21¼ inches.
Height, 4½ inches.
Front to back, 15 inches.
Side to side, 15 inches.

AS EACH measurement is taken on brim mark with a dot. Draw line from dot to dot. Cut to shape. Draw line around crown 1 inch above head size of brim and cut off. You now have a two-piece hat. Mark center front of brim and center front of crown.

Take up your brim and in center back cut straight through. Lap ends over each other enough to make a head size of 21½ inches. Edge of brim should measure 26 inches. Sew. Place crown over brim, matching center fronts. Sew together. Bind edge of brim with grosgrain ribbon ⅞ inch wide. Press. Turn, or roll, brim up in front. On each side of brim where the roll begins, cut a slit through brim 1 inch from edge of brim, 1 inch long, and parallel to edge of brim. Tack the turned-back brim to crown to hold in place.

To trim: Take ⅔ yard of grosgrain ribbon and place around back of crown and through slits. Sew ends underneath crown. This will make the loops. Tack ribbon to hold in place around crown. Line.



. . easily cut 8 thicknesses of muslin . .

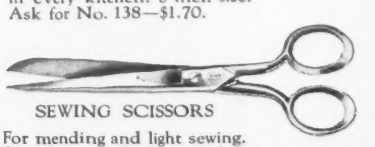
Comparative tests prove the quality of Wiss Scissors. Their sharp blades slice through, easier than you thought. More important, you find the blades have not lost their perfect adjustment.

They are built for harder work than you require... They keep sharp and in adjustment longer than you ever dreamed they could. Those shown here should be in every home.

Write for booklet "A".

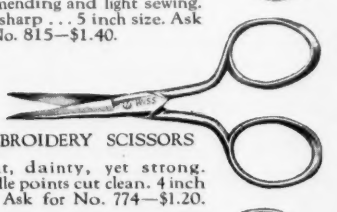
HOUSEHOLD SHEARS

For dressmaking or heavy sewing. A second pair should be in every kitchen. 8 inch size. Ask for No. 138—$1.70.



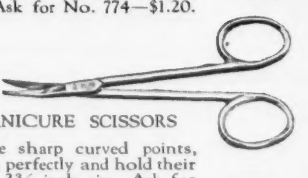
SEWING SCISSORS

For mending and light sewing. Stay sharp . . . 5 inch size. Ask for No. 815—$1.40.



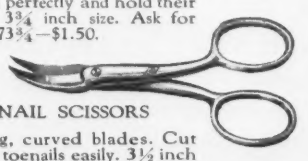
EMBROIDERY SCISSORS

Light, dainty, yet strong. Needle points cut clean. 4 inch size. Ask for No. 774—$1.20.



MANICURE SCISSORS

Needle sharp curved points, match perfectly and hold their edge. 3¾ inch size. Ask for No. 573¾—$1.50.



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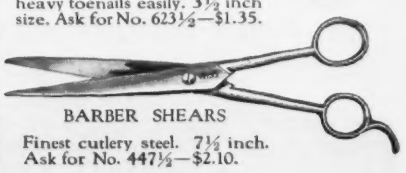
Strong, curved blades. Cut heavy toenails easily. 3½ inch size. Ask for No. 623½—$1.35.



BARBER SHEARS

Finest cutlery steel. 7½ inch. Ask for No. 447½—$2.10.

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Wonderful Cutters

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ESTABLISHED 1848

She's replacing her *"relics"* with lovely new

MIRRO
ALUMINUM

Rid at last of the battered pots and pans that were such a burden to the spirit! Now, shining Mirro, catching every gleam of sunlight, seems to make her kitchen new all over.

Proud of Mirro?—proud of her kitchen? Of course she is. So will *you* be, when the glint of Mirro tells friends visiting your kitchen how *completely* modern you have made it.

For a thrilling beginning

Why *not* replace your old utensils with Mirro? You don't have to do it all at once. You can make a thrilling beginning just by buying the sauce pan in the picture.

There's a typical Mirro utensil, wonderfully made of *super-thick* aluminum. Not just for heirloom-durability, but also for better cooking—because *mass of metal* stores heat evenly and lessens the danger of burning the food.

And see, this pan has a deep-grooved rim and close-fitting *Vapo-Seal* cover—to seal in flavor and nutritious food elements. Thanks to this scientific design *all* Mirro *Vapo-Seal* utensils do healthful *waterless* cooking as well as other cooking.

The fittings, of course, are extra fine. The knob is non-burning Thermoplax, smartly colored in green, blue, or black. And the handle, colored to match, has a most ingenious interlocking insulator which prevents dangerous turning.

A Mirro Masterpiece—the Vapo-Seal Covered Pan

Quite inexpensive, really

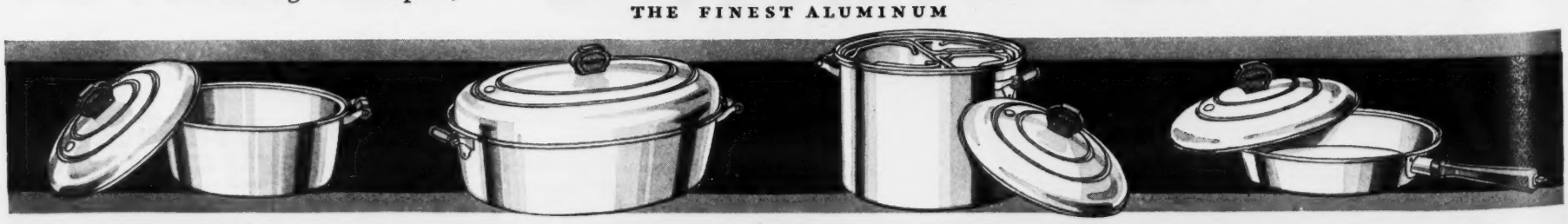
To have the finest *set* of sauce pans ever offered to the housewives of America, we duplicate this pan in three most useful sizes, priced *very* reasonably for such splendid heavy ware—$2.50 for the 2-quart size, $2.95 for the 3-quart, $3.50 for the 4-quart (all prices a little more in the far West and South). So, you see, Mirro is not costly, even to start with—and it lasts so long that the cost *per year* is almost nothing.

You can buy these pans at your favorite department, hardware, or housefurnishing store, together with super-thick *Vapo-Seal* roasters, skillets, cookers, Dutch ovens, and triplicate pans—and other fine Mirro utensils for every purpose.

Begin *now* to replace your old utensils with lovely new Mirro. And write for "What's New in Cookery," the Mirro Test Kitchen's delightful recipe book.

MIRRO
THE FINEST ALUMINUM

ALUMINUM GOODS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Manitowoc , , , , Wisconsin



DUTCH OVEN $4.50 — ROASTER $9.95 — COOKERS $5.50 to $9.95 — SKILLETS $3.95 and $4.95

Lucky Tiger

For Hair and Scalp!

Trade Mark Registered

Used By Millions

A SINGLE APPLICATION stops that unpleasant itching—a single bottle often corrects the most annoying scalp irritations.

—A real corrective, PLUS a most delightful hair dressing, delicately perfumed to please the most fastidious.

A PROVEN GERMICIDE

PRODUCTS of national reputation are not without rhyme or reason. Exhaustive bacteriological tests have proven both the safety and germicidal efficiency of **Lucky Tiger.** For more than 15 years good people everywhere have been buying it and telling their friends about it. Ask your druggist, barber or beauty parlor.

LUCKY TIGER REMEDY CO.
Kansas City, Mo.

What will you give her for Graduation?

A Beautiful Answer is found in

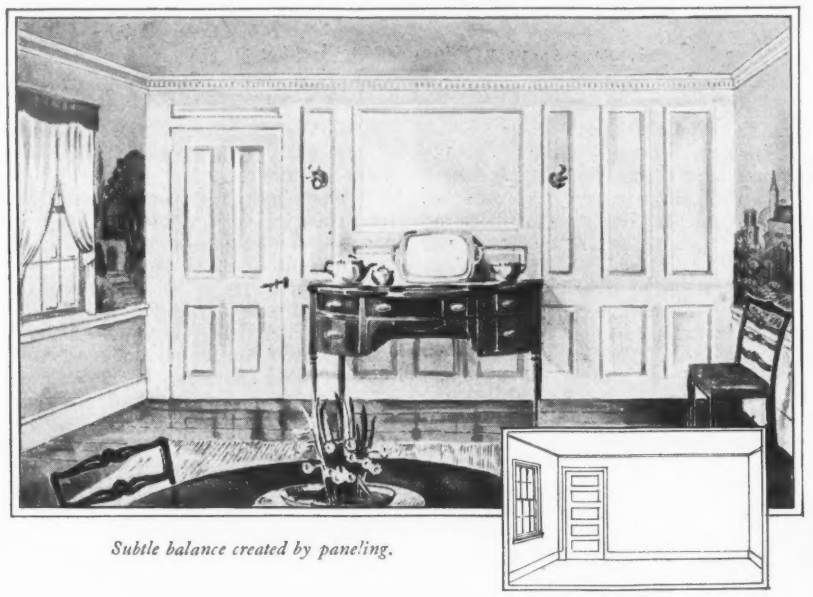
MEEKER MADE

FINE LEATHER HANDBAGS AND UNDERARMS.....

PURSE PERSONALITY

A graduation gift of utility as well as beauty proves a gratifying one. A Meeker-made handbag or underarm smartly fashioned from beautiful imported leathers not only expresses parental sentiment but permits a continuous reminder of that sentiment for years as a result of the remarkable wearing qualities. For sale at your jeweler's, better drug and department stores, and at leading leather goods dealers.

THE MEEKER CO., INC., JOPLIN, MO.
LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF STEER-HIDE PRODUCTS IN THE UNITED STATES



Subtle balance created by paneling.

Paneling the Existing Room

A MINOR architectural alteration with a major decorative effect is the application of paneling to an otherwise uninteresting room.

In the medium-priced house any elaboration that is possible is usually, rightly, expended on the stairway and living-room fireplace. Other rooms receive a uniform finish of plaster and trim. It is, however, quite feasible to enrich any of these rooms in a modest manner in another way, and without a great deal more trouble. This may be done by the application of a panel veneer over the existing plaster wall.

In Colonial homes the use of paneling was confined usually to the fireplace end of the room; the other three sides were of plaster. Cupboards and doors to other rooms nearly always took up a part of this paneled area. Seldom in this early work do we find, in the smaller dwellings, a symmetrical arrangement of the design about the center of the wall, but rather an attractive, homelike informality.

As the dining room may be considered the next in importance in the home, let us see the possibility of adapting the old paneling to one of its walls; the one toward the kitchen is most suitable. There is, in all probability, no fireplace, and we shall substitute as the center of interest a sideboard. The wall directly behind the area occupied by this piece of furniture will be designed as a symmetrical background to it. On one side of this centerpiece, the present door to the kitchen or pantry should be one of harmonizing pattern, while the space opposite is filled with panels, balancing but not strictly matching. If, however, space may be borrowed from the other side of the wall, a china cupboard may be introduced, either closely following the lines of the existing door, or of an entirely different form. To complete the picture, a cornice and chair rail may be well applied to the other walls of the room.

A wood veneer may be advantageously and correctly employed to retrieve an undesirable wall area, as, for instance, where doors required in the plan do not look well in elevation. A form of paneling, common in the old New England work, readily adapts itself to this purpose. It consists of vertical boards with molded edges and a capping at the ceiling. The necessary doors are made by cutting out several pieces, fixing them together and hinging. They are visible in the finished wall only by the top and bottom edges and the hardware. With a little ingenuity they can be made, to all casual observance, entirely invisible.

The accompanying photograph illustrates such paneling, wherein two doors lead to closets and a third to a rear hallway.

—LLEWELLYN PRICE.

Planning a Vegetable Cellar

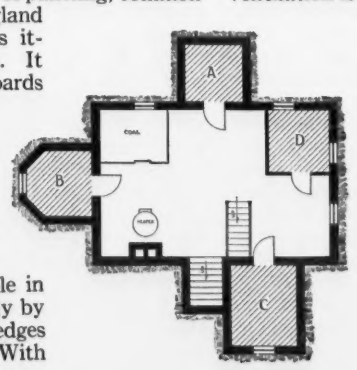
THERE are times when most of us wish that we had a cool dark room in the cellar. Anyone planning a home should give careful thought to the value of a cold-storage room. Even after the house is built part of the cellar may be partitioned off to provide a cold room.

The space under a masonry porch (see A in accompanying sketch) or under a sun room (B) or kitchen ell (C), or some other projecting parts of the cellar provide excellent spaces to partition off because of the large amount of outside wall surface and their isolation from the warm cellar.

If such space is not available one corner of the cellar may be partitioned off, as shown at D in the sketch. If several spaces are available for the vegetable room it is advisable to utilize the portion farthest from the heater, as this is probably the coolest. If the choice lies between the north and south sides, the north side of the cellar is usually preferable, as this side is cooler and darker, and the direct sunlight does not enter through the windows or ventilators.

Partitions may be constructed of brick, hollow tile, cement blocks, or of the same material as the foundation wall. A cheaper partition may be built of studding and matched boards, possibly covered with building paper or heavier insulation further to separate the cold room from the warmer parts of the cellar.

A vegetable storage room is better without light, although a small amount of ventilation is essential. Speaking of ventilation, racks of open slats are far better than barrels or boxes for storing vegetables, because the slats permit greater circulation of air, which lessens the likelihood of vegetables rotting.



A cool vegetable room also provides an excellent place to keep preserves and jellies. With this fact in mind shelves should be provided on the walls or hung from the ceiling.

—MILTON TUCKER.

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Don't be Afraid to Drink Milk--If it's Safe

(Continued from Page 29)

Don't fool yourself about there not being thousands of cases. There are people who want it to be rare who say it is rare. In 1925 it seemed rare. Only twenty-four cases were officially reported to health departments in all of the United States, and undulant fever was called a medical curiosity. But then it got less rare by leaps and bounds. Year by year, from 1925, undulant fever cases were officially reported like this: 24, 46, 217, 649; and in 1929 1301 cases.

That isn't so very rare. Especially when you realize that only part of all the cases get officially into state records, while the rest stay in files of laboratories, in records of private hospitals, in private laboratories and in the files of private practitioners. Which makes it a lot less rare. And it's even less rare than that. It's a disturbing story. It is very arresting to listen to Doctor Hardy; even people who don't want to believe the Bang bug in raw milk has anything to do with undulant fever quote Doctor Hardy:

"I believe that at the present time the apparent incidence is partly relative to the active, casual, or indifferent interest displayed in the respective states. This impression is borne out by the experience of Simpson, Carpenter, Giordano, and others who have taken an active interest in obtaining accurate recognition of the disease in relatively restricted areas. The number of cases found by these investigators gives reason for suspecting that at the present time a major portion of the infections are passing unrecognized," Hardy says.

You bet undulant fever has been looked for by relatively few searchers—hardly more than a dozen, systematically looking in mighty limited parts of six or seven states. Maybe more are searching in other states, but they haven't yet published what they've found. Nobody has published a systematic search in which he didn't find undulant fever.

Sources of Infection

THOSE people who for some reason insist undulant fever is rare are always saying: "Millions of people drink raw milk. Why are there not more cases?"

Dr. Edward Francis, of the United States Public Health Service, will answer that one.

"Why aren't there more cases?" Francis asks. "The answer is there are more cases," Francis says.

Of course there are more cases, many times more than the number yet officially reported. Alert physicians find them; others call them walking typhoid, bone-breaking flu, incipient tuberculosis, the ague. And of course, many people who drink raw milk won't get undulant fever, just as many in contact with typhoid and tuberculosis don't get those diseases—because of natural immunity.

A few other people, who want to believe that the Bang bug in raw milk has nothing to do with undulant fever, bring up that business of pigs. They are right about the danger of some pigs and in some parts of the country—particularly in Midwest states like Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana—it is certainly an excellent thing to warn readers of this magazine to be careful when they are killing their pigs.

In Iowa, Doctor Hardy has shown that a lot more men than women have suffered with undulant fever, and that a lot of these men have worked in packing houses, or have chaperoned pigs on Iowa farms. But Hardy is an impartial scientist and you'd never find him maintaining that because people catch the Bang bug while they kill pigs they won't catch it from drinking raw milk.

"It is true there is a certain proportion of the cases, about a third in number, in which the only source for the infection that we know at present is through the use of raw milk," Hardy says, telling of his Iowa experiences.

"Where goats are raised it is recognized that these animals, if infected, are a common source of human disease," Hardy says.

"In some districts, cattle may be the only important reservoir," Hardy says.

The real facts certainly bear Hardy out. In New York State there have been 213 cases of undulant fever recorded so far, but in the whole history of the veterinary science of that state, only one culture of the pig-abortion Bang germ has been isolated from one solitary pig. Theobald Smith himself has discovered only one limited epidemic of pig abortion in New Jersey.

But undulant fever is all over the country.

There is a scientific mix-up about how to tell the Bang germ from pigs apart from the Bang germ from cows. But Doctor Fitch, of the University of Minnesota, says:

"It doesn't make any difference, as far as it relates to public health, whether the public get the porcine" [that means pig] "type of organism from the hog or from the cow. The point is that human beings are affected with *Brucella abortus*."

A Dangerous Disease

MILK is undoubtedly our most nearly perfect food. Everybody should drink lots of milk—if it's clean.

But there are plenty of cases of undulant fever that can be traced only to raw milk. Doctor Carpenter three years ago, when he had found only fifty-two cases, traced every one of them to raw milk, except one, who caught it in the laboratory, and he found the Bang bugs in that raw milk in all excepting six instances.

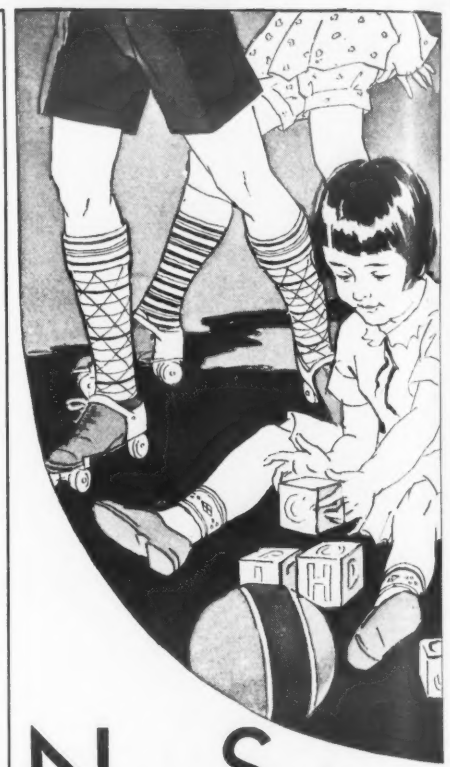
Doctor King, of the Massachusetts General Hospital, found eight of the patients at the Metropolitan Life Insurance Sanatorium at Mount McGregor with undulant fever. There were many more patients there—in fact, 13 per cent of them—who had positive blood tests for Bang germs and had symptoms of mild undulant fever.

The Metropolitan Life had a fine herd of 150 cows at Mount McGregor. It was a certified herd. It gave certified milk and that was all the milk those people got, and not a single one of them associated in any way with pigs. Eighty-two cows in that herd were affected with abortion. Twenty-four of those cows were shedding virulent Bang bugs in their milk. The Metropolitan Life began Pasteurizing right away—and not another case of undulant fever appeared.

Of all of the ninety cases of undulant fever in Dayton last year there was not a single pig contact, and only fourteen were farmers or dairymen while the rest were factory or office workers. But every single one of the ninety drank raw milk—raw milk infected with Bang germs. Not one drank Pasteurized milk.

It was the same way in South Bend, where Doctor Sensenich and Doctor Giordano found thirty-seven real cases of undulant fever—all drinkers of infected raw milk. It is the same in Richmond, Indiana, where Dr. Marian Farbar spotted an epidemic among Earlham College students, all drinkers of raw milk infected with Bang germs. Now all the milk in South Bend and Richmond is Pasteurized.

Be very careful when you kill a pig, but please remember what famous old Doctor Bang himself has just written, from Denmark, about it. There has been only one eruption of pig abortion in Denmark, and that was in Jutland, last July. No human cases of undulant fever were found in connection with it. Doctor Thompsen has made many blood tests on sows in the Danish Islands, but so far he has found only one positive one and that was from



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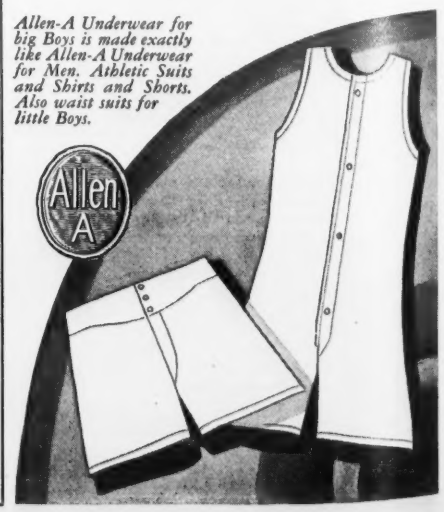
You will find most attractive patterns. Dressy enough for "best," yet so cleverly reinforced at all points of wear that they seem to last "forever."

In silk and rayon, lisle and rayon—three-quarter length, five-eighth length and ankle socks. From 25c to 75c. Try this famous, long-wearing hosiery—and save yourself much darning. The Allen-A Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

Allen-A Underwear for big Boys is made exactly like Allen-A Underwear for Men. Athletic Suits and Shirts and Shorts. Also waist suits for little Boys.



Jutland. But undulant fever in people "is very common in Denmark—about five hundred cases yearly," Bang says.

"This fact does not make it probable that porcine abortion plays a prominent part in undulant fever," Doctor Bang says. But that is in Denmark—not Iowa.

Can we afford to neglect undulant fever? Is this disease "as far as its transmission through raw milk is concerned, of very slight sanitary importance," as one professor of agricultural bacteriology protests to me? Isn't there any danger?

Let's see what Doctor Hardy says. A stockman came to him and said: "If they do occur, the infections are no more important than a severe cold."

"No statement could be further from the truth," Hardy said. "It is true the mortality is not high, though four of the one hundred and fifty cases have ended fatally.

"The duration of the cases in Iowa which have apparently terminated has been about three and one-half months, some lasting over ten months," Hardy went on. "As a matter of fact, there are two cases that have been sick for ten months and are still sick. I will assure you that no one needs to see very many of these cases to appreciate not alone the physical discomfort involved but the utter disappointment and despair with this seemingly never-ending disease, and to appreciate that it is urgent that every means be taken to prevent its occurrence."

Hardy has since reported another death from Iowa, which makes five in that state. Five deaths were officially recorded in Kansas last year. Five have been officially recorded in Ohio.

Children

"BUT children are raw-milk drinkers; why don't children get it?" ask the few people who still want to believe that the Bang bug in raw milk has nothing to do with undulant fever. But children do get it. Doctors are just at the beginning of finding it in children. Simpson had ninety cases in Dayton. Nine of those cases were in children between six and ten years old. From the Pacific Coast come reports of two cases, one in a wee baby four weeks old and another in a child of six months. Doctor King, of Boston, reports a baby two years old who turned out to have a bad case of undulant fever after they'd thought she was suffering from rheumatic fever. Doctor Kohlbry, of Duluth, has just told of a baby one year old who has undulant fever, and Doctor Carpenter, in Albany, a few days ago received news of a four-year-old child in Northern Pennsylvania who got undulant fever that was worse than a bad cold.

This four-year-old child has just died of undulant fever—from Bang germs from raw milk that settled in the child's heart.

But we must be fair. Children do seem to be much less susceptible to Bang germs in raw milk—a whole lot less susceptible than grown-ups. Children are like calves that way. But what alert doctor and what mother doesn't know that there are now thousands of cases of unexplained fevers in children? Perhaps that's why some of the most advanced pediatricians are today recommending powdered milk or evaporated milk for infant feeding because it has even a lower bacterial count than the finest certified milk.

Surely children are much less susceptible, but do you know that it's your child who isn't susceptible?

Making Milk Safe

THE last thing in the world I want to be is unfair. The thing I honestly want to avoid is leaving any false impression about dairymen. Many high-grade dairymen are at this moment doing their very best to root out the Bang germ at its source, clean it out of their herds of cattle. The Certified Milk Producers' Association has sent out word to its members to get every cow whose blood shows positive for the Bang germ out of their herds. They've made a fine start. In California all the certified herds are composed of cows whose blood tests negative for the Bang germ. That's great work. Does that mean that there are no cows in those herds who are shedding Bang germs in their milk?

Ask any competent professor of veterinary medicine. And ask any reputable dairyman whether it's not sense to Pasteurize milk till the dealers can *guarantee* that milk is no longer dangerous with Bang germs.

Abortion disease in this country is not under control. Dr. Ward Giltner, dean of the Division of Veterinary Medicine of the Michigan State College, says:

"It cannot be said bovine infectious abortion is under control, or that it is being subjected to intelligent and effective attempts at control, except in a few isolated herds."

Doctor Burch, of Cornell, and other distinguished veterinarians have stated abortion is controllable. But none of them has stated in how many years or when it will be controlled.

Meantime we can do what the city of Cincinnati has just sensibly done. We can do what Dr. William Peters and the medical commissioners of the Cincinnati Academy of Medicine and the enlightened certified milk producers of Cincinnati agreed to do. They are now Pasteurizing all their milk there, even certified.

In Dayton the Dairy Products Company is now selling Pasteurized certified milk. And they're selling as much as ever.

I suppose I'm partial. I admit I don't want to see poor men and women thrown out of work for weeks, for months, desperately sick with Bang germs. But Dr. John R. Mohler, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture, isn't partial. He can't afford to be partial. Mohler says:

"Infectious abortion is so widespread and the milk of so many animals is infected that the main dependence for protection against whatever danger there may be from *Bact. abortus* in milk must be placed in Pasteurization, which, if properly done, will make the milk safe until the dairymen can eradicate the disease from their herds."

Do You Know the Birds in Your Garden?

You will if you read

Singing Gardens

In the July LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

in which

Alexander Sprunt, Jr.

describes their habits and their songs, and

Charles Livingston Bull

has painted them for you in the most delightful full color

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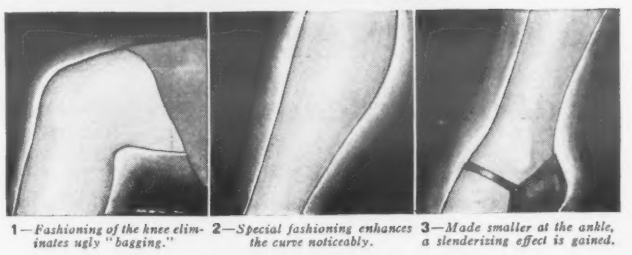

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The secret of shapely legs is no longer a secret. As you will quickly learn the first time you wear this newly improved Allen-A hosiery that has won the favor of Hollywood's most brilliant Stars . . . Three unique improvements (illustrated above) account for the startling difference. First, this hosiery molds *creaselessly* to the knee. Second, it *accentuates* the natural curve of the leg. Third, it gives new *slenderness* to the ankle . . . Allen-A is now presenting this improved hosiery in the new "4000" series. Including an extra-fine gauge, all-silk chiffon with Panelcurve Heel; and a glorious Service Sheer with Panelcurve Heel. All with double Picot Tops in two-toned effect and smartest Parisian-sponsored shades. $1.95 the pair. Other Allen-A styles $1.25 to $2.50. THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.*

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But *try* Old Witch. You won't go back for your money. You'll *never* go back to old-fashioned cleansers. For Old Witch ends cleaning drudgery, saves time and strength.

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You're almost certain to find Old Witch at your regular grocer's. But it's *new*, so please try one or two others. Look for the milky-white fluid in the handy-grip bottle with the orange label. If you *can't* find it in your neighborhood, write The Old Witch Co., Inc., Dept. L-3, Chanin Building, New York City.

Old Witch
MILKY-WHITE AMMONIA DISCOVERY

Blood of Our Blood

(Continued from Page 11)

blood and brutality. He had been a warrior in the business of wholesale human slaughter for twenty years. In general, physical suffering meant nothing to him. But he was a man of natural humanity and for the ten years of his reign he had been in contact with men who lived and taught the religion of tenderness. As he stared at the dead baby he was thinking thoughts that never before had occurred to him. It was as if a voice in his soul whispered softly:

"Make it impossible, O Constantine, for such a thing as this to happen! Look at the soft auburn hair no mother ever curled. Look at the bruised lips you often thought some lover would praise. But he never will. Think, think what she endured before her light was quenched! Constantine, is it the part of a great emperor to permit the least of his citizens to come to such an end?"

"This, sire," said Lactantius quietly, "is where one chief leak in the empire's best treasures takes place."

Constantine did not heed him, for the voice still was speaking.

"As you love your son, having made yourself his father, so you should love your people, having forced yourself upon them as ruler. Father love is the purest, the noblest passion human beings can feel. If you would do your utmost for your people, feel toward them as you feel toward Crispus."

THE emperor smoothed his hand across his eyes and spoke aloud: "All the laws in the world won't stop infanticide. When people don't want their children they're going to get rid of them."

"But child murder is as much a crime as any other killing!" urged Lactantius.

"Not necessarily," replied Constantine. "A father doesn't commit a crime when he kills his child."

"Thou shalt not kill is the command of God." The tutor looked fearlessly into the tawny eyes.

"It's a command impossible to obey," declared the emperor. "But I'll try to give men a motive for saving their offspring. Write this: Let a law be passed at once in all my empire that if a father take his child to those in authority and says he cannot support it, he must be supplied at once with food and clothing. Let our revenue and our treasure aid in this expense."

Lactantius took down the order, then looked up to plead, "It would be God's own law to forbid exposure."

"Not the God I strive to obey," grunted Constantine.

The tutor shook his head and turned to put up the shutters. Constantine stooped and kissed little Sostrata on the forehead, then followed Lactantius out of the shop.

Constantine's decree offering state aid to parents was published forthwith, but although provincial governors reported many children as aided from month to month, it was impossible to observe that the number of exposures was lessened. The church fathers preached steadily against the custom not only of exposure but of abortion, insisting that a child has a soul from the moment of conception. It was fairly certain that no sincere Christian would kill his child. And so Lactantius insisted to the emperor, but the emperor laughed at him.

AND he laughed, too, at another theory Lactantius continually advanced—namely, that at the very base of infanticide was that heritage of every Roman, the father power.

"Do away with father power and you've scotched infanticide, O Constantine," urged the tutor.

"Father power, my good tutor, is the very life fiber of Rome. Do you think that anything short of death fear can control these young stallions Rome breeds? Father power, Lactantius, is the power of the empire. Why, we have authority from above. Doesn't our Heavenly Father hold life and death in His hand?"

Lactantius shook his head in despair.

And so, although the organization of the church interested and concerned Constantine deeply, although he gave his weight to its establishment on a firm financial and political basis and even interfered in matters of creed, he for many years continued to worship in the temples, where, as emperor, he was chief priest, and he secured his political advancement by political murder. Those were years of mighty bloodshed, during which Constantine made himself emperor of east as well as west and Crispus won laurels as a most youthful warrior. And Fausta bore three sons. With the advent of her children, her whole nature seemed to change. She gave up her flirtations and her idle spendthrift ways and devoted herself to her children and to her husband.

THE capital of the consolidated empire was nominally at Rome but Constantine made Nicomedia, near the Bosporus, his actual headquarters, visiting Rome only as business forced him to do so. To Crispus, who at twenty-two was a military leader of universally acknowledged brilliancy, he intrusted the legions of Britain, Gaul and the Rhine. No appointment could have been more popular, east and west, and Crispus had held his position for two years before his father had any reason to regret this early elevation of the boy.

But late in the second year Constantine heard rumors that made him uneasy. It had been a year of great unease, with constant discovery of plots against him, originating usually with those whom he had thrust from power when he took the Eastern Empire. Constantine finally showed his bad state of nerves by issuing a public invitation to anyone to come forward and tell what he knew of intrigues or hints of intrigues.

Among those who responded to this unwise invitation was the chief of the secret police of the palace at Nicomedia. To Constantine's shocked surprise, he reported that Crispus had levied a special tax on his provinces and had used the funds to treble the mercenary troops. He added that the emperor's eldest son had been heard to deplore the consolidating of the empire, saying that it was bound to break in the middle, of its own weight.

FURY in his voice, Constantine ordered the chief from the room. Then for a long hour he strode up and down, kicking aside chairs and rugs and gnawing at his finger nails. He loved Crispus dearly and was inordinately proud of him. But this did not change the hard fact that a Roman emperor must always be suspicious of anyone, be it his own son, who deliberately built a great personal following in the army.

It was Fausta who broke in on his desperate brooding. She strolled into the great silk-hung room, leading little Constans by the hand. Motherhood had given Fausta a dignity that long since had quenched the many evil insinuations against her.

Constantine paused in his stride and told her somberly of Crispus. She interrupted before the tale was finished.

"I'll not listen to such slander! In the old days, before I understood children, I might have gloated over such stuff. But now I know that whatever our Crispus may have done has been with the idea of supporting and strengthening you, my dear husband. Look here! Send Lactantius to Pola to talk to Crispus. Perhaps

(Continued on Page 180)

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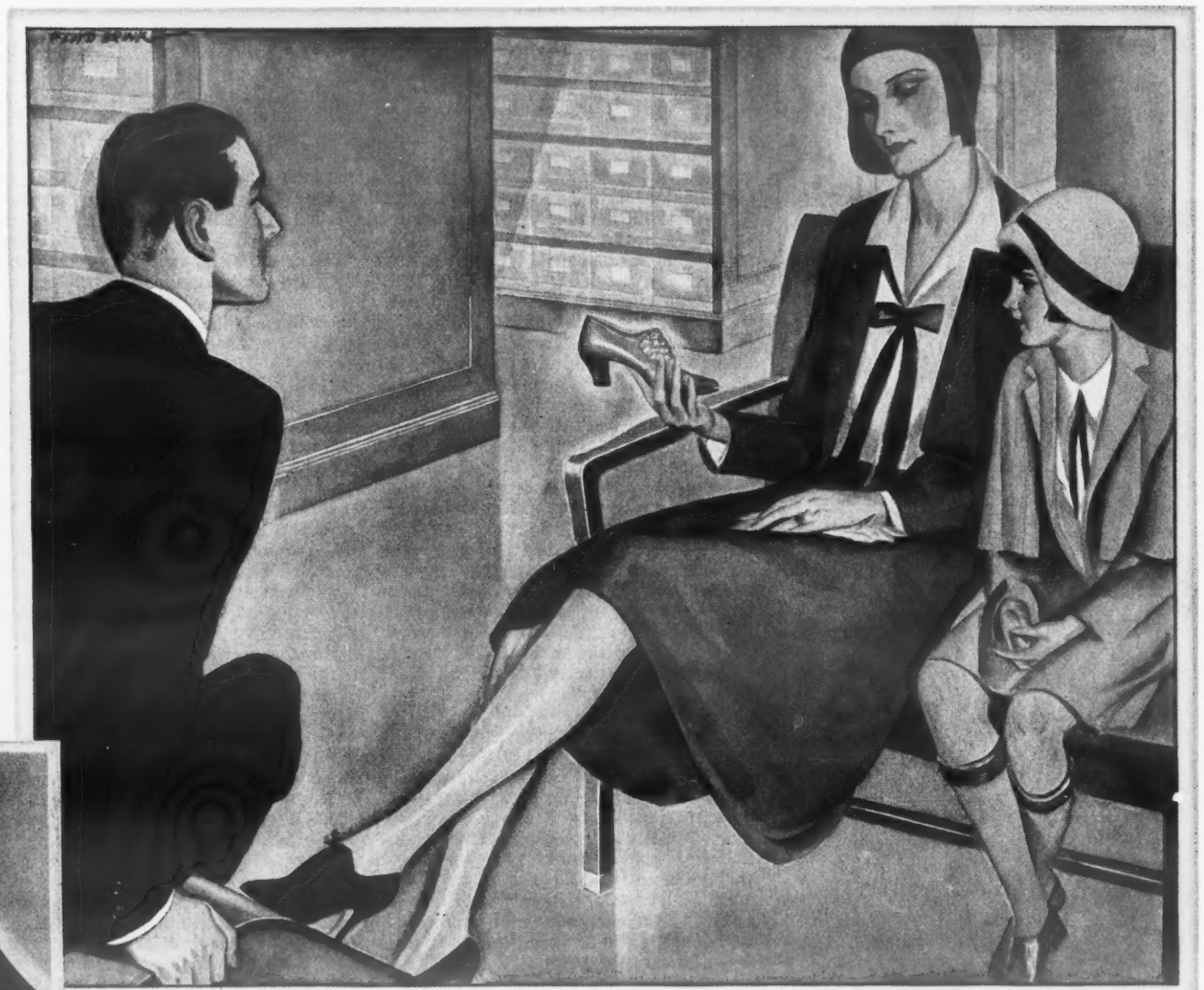

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(Continued from Page 178)

to bring him back here for you to interrogate."

Constantine brightened. "I'm going to Rome, you know, shortly, for the celebrations of the anniversary of my accession. But Lactantius could bring Crispus there."

"Withhold judgment till you see him," urged Fausta.

"I'll try," replied the emperor with unwonted meekness.

Lactantius started at once for Pola in Istria, and Constantine with Fausta and their vast retinue embarked for Rome. The emperor's journey was broken by many visits of inspection, and all along the route, and in spite of Fausta's efforts to counteract their effect, reports from secret agents continued to inflame Constantine's suspicions against Crispus. By the time the emperor was settled in the familiar palace in Rome he was practically convinced that Crispus was a traitor.

It was a lovely spring afternoon when Crispus entered the inner court where long ago he had wept for Sostrata. He was as tall now as his father, slender but powerful, his face bronzed, but still the eager, wistful face of the little boy. He came to pause by the fountain, facing his father on the marble bench.

IN A VOICE that was as impersonal as a stranger's Constantine listed the accusations.

Crispus' full-curved lips grew slowly pale. When the emperor ceased to speak he lifted his head and tawny eye met tawny eye.

"Sire," he said clearly, "I deny each and all of the accusations. I have no desire to hasten by a single breath the time when I must take over your insupportable burden."

"Is that all you have to say?" demanded the emperor. "Where are your proofs, your witnesses?"

"My word has always been sufficient with you, sire! I refuse to insult myself by producing proof or witnesses."

Constantine eyed him grimly: "I'll give you a week to produce an adequate defense, Crispus. Keep to the palace in the meantime."

Crispus choked and saluted, then fled to find Fausta and pour out his troubles.

Late in the evening of the fifth day Constantine sat in unhappy audience with the chief of Rome's secret agents, learning of Crispus' disobedient visits outside the palace and of the extraordinary affection with which the young officer had been greeted by the men of the emperor's own guard. It was nearing midnight when they heard a woman scream.

A moment later Fausta burst into the room—Fausta with her clothing torn, her hair streaming, her cheeks scratched. She flung herself into Constantine's arms.

"Crispus!" she sobbed. "Crispus tried to ravish me!"

But not the emperor, nor the emperor's personal guard, nor the secret agents could find Crispus that night. At dawn, however, a messenger brought word from Crispus that, receiving sudden news of trouble among his troops, he had left at midnight for Pola; that he rode with the postal relays on the great east road and would return as soon as possible to await his father's pleasure.

CONSTANTINE was beside himself. He dashed his diadem to the floor, tore his hair and chewed his knuckles, then ordered everyone from the room while he reached a decision.

For a Roman father he had been unutterably patient. As an emperor he had allowed his affections to endanger his very throne. This was the end. Crispus must die!

At dawn he sent a messenger to Istria, to the chief-in-command under Crispus, ordering him to execute Crispus in the presence of the armies as a traitor and would-be patricide.

Then for two days he shut himself in his apartments. At the end of that time he returned to his duties. But he was in so black a temper that the mood of all Rome was darkened.

And then there came to him his mother, Helena, white of hair, her old eyes stained with weeping. She told him a dreadful story. On the night Crispus had left, Fausta's maid had crawled into Helena's apartment with a stab wound in her back, begging to be hidden. Helena had thought her dying, but had nursed her secretly, and now the maid had recovered consciousness and had whispered the story.

FAUSTA had stabbed the slave girl and, thinking her dead, had herself torn her garments, undone her own hair, scratched her own cheeks and then had fled screaming to the emperor. Crispus, declared the maid, never had been alone with Fausta, had himself imposed the rule, saying that his stepmother was too beautiful. Constantine listened to his mother in horror. When she had finished he bade her lead him to the bedside of the slave and to send word to Fausta to join them there.

A fearful hour ensued, but finally Fausta confessed to a plot that had begun with her bribing the secret agents to make false reports and had ended with her inciting Constantine to kill his first-born. The scheme had been maturing in her head ever since the birth of her first son. And she had trusted to her hold on Constantine's passions to win forgiveness.

Constantine, as he listened without speech to the detailed confession, felt the nightmare of confused suspicions that so long had tortured him lift from his mind to make way for an agony of remorse that was like a physical illness. His grief could find no words. He merely ordered Fausta to her apartments; then he betook himself to his own and fell to pacing the floor again. . . . The next morning it was whispered around Rome that Fausta had been suffocated in her bath.

Rome was distressed by the death of Crispus, but it was shocked by neither his murder nor his stepmother's. And the Christian fathers, fast acquiring skill in the use of political expediency, were silent—that is, all save Lactantius.

THE old man had followed Crispus to Pola and then had journeyed on to Nicomedia, which he reached shortly after Constantine's return. His first act was to seek the emperor and to stand before him in bitter judgment.

"A slave stabbed your son as he was addressing his army, passionately adjuring them to keep their loyalty to you, sire. I myself saw him lying in his tomb, chaste as an angel. Constantine, what will you say to God when he asks you why your soul should not be forfeit for Crispus' soul?"

Constantine's tawny eyes were the eyes of the damned.

"How do you know God will ask any such question?" he snarled. "He is the Lord of the fruitfulness of the earth, you tell me. Yet He constantly brings forth thousands where only ten can find food. For years I have endeavored to counteract His prodigality. Oughtn't He to be grateful and overlook a single death? And consider! The Jews are his peculiar people, you tell me, yet we know that they destroyed their babes for countless ages, calling them offerings to the Most High."

"Abraham condemned child sacrifice for all time," said Lactantius.

"Nonsense, my father! I myself crucified the priests of Molech in Carthage for that very rite. No! God is a God of blood. He can't ask less of His children."

"God is a God of love, as He showed in His son," protested Lactantius.

"And He let that son be nailed to a cross!"—in a note of terrible triumph.

"Only that His death might save the world, sire"—steadily from Lactantius. "Of what avail was Crispus' death? Oh, Constantine, did I not warn you long of

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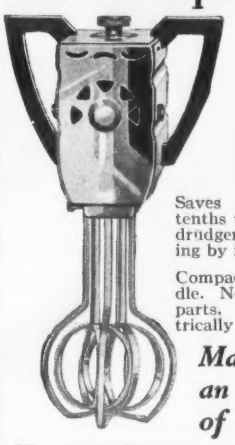

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the evils of father power? And here are you yourself the victim of your own blindness!"

Constantine's great head sunk to his breast. After a moment he looked up to whisper, "Lactantius, I'm in Hades!"

"For what reason?" The tutor's voice suddenly was cold. "You are a Roman father! Why these regrets for exercising your power? Only Christians criticize your act as wicked. And you say our tenderness is womanish. But this I tell you, Constantine," his voice deep with courage; "your desire to go down the ages as the first Christian emperor will never be recognized as valid by future Christians so long as you do not truly repent of the murder of your son." He leaned toward the emperor, a thin hand extended, deep-sunk eyes ablaze. "Father power! Father power! Devil power, rather. Sin power!"

CONSTANTINE gazed beyond the tutor, beyond the silk-hung wall, beyond the marble palace, beyond the hills and plains and desert lands to the east, and for the first time in all the years of his listening he heard the voice that said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

The emperor knew very well what the commandments were. And he knew that the time had come when, if he would know peace he must embrace this doctrine of love and tenderness. No other creed, no other cult had anything to offer to his anguished soul. And if a man loved Christ, father power, with all the rest of Rome's blood and iron, must be obnoxious to him.

With a mighty groan he turned to Lactantius. "In Christ's name and for Crispus' sake, I shall decree at once that a Roman father no longer has the right to put his child to death. For Crispus' memory!" His lips were quivering.

The tutor stared. Then, as the stupendous significance of the emperor's words sunk home, he dropped to his knees.

"O God! O Father enlightening earth! O Father, of life the giver, let Thy mandate be exalted! O Supreme Ruler! I thank Thee that no longer Thy servants here may usurp Thy peculiar prerogatives. I thank Thee that the torment of the infants will now begin to wane ——"

Constantine joined in the amen and then sat in a brooding silence which Lactantius dared not break. He stole away, leaving the emperor with his dead.

II.

LACTANTIUS and the other early Christian teachers were right when they claimed that the destruction of father power would mean the eventual destruction of infanticide. Constantine's decree substantiated this claim, and when he combined it with one against exposure, the effect was apparent in the slowly lessening number of babies in the highway gutters.

As long as Constantine lived, his championship of infancy was a living force in the world. If he, on dying, could have left the empire to Crispus, the history of children for the next three hundred years might have been a very different one. But when Constantine destroyed his son he destroyed an heir to whom the teachings of Christ were living truth. The sons of Fausta were moral weaklings. They left the empire which their father had divided among them bankrupt morally and physically. Among the barbarian hordes which took the world from their inadequate hands, infanticide was the common custom. The dark ages absorbed Constantine's world and childhood suffered perpetual murder. Strive as Christian emperors and a more and more autocratic and powerful church could and did, they could not force or inveigle the great mass of humanity to maintain large families against the pressure of bankruptcy.

Without ceasing, the church insisted that to destroy a child was to destroy an immortal soul, and that if the murdered child were unbaptized it was doomed to eternal hell. There was something in this idea that caught people's imagination as no law ever had, and when the church fathers placed a marble receptacle outside their churches to receive the unwanted baby, it was seldom empty. The children thus abandoned the church permitted its parishioners to rear as slaves, and gradually the church grew to look on this traffic as one of its legitimate assets.

There were uncounted numbers of children saved in this way and yet the great mass of the people retained their old barbarous attitude. When the Norsemen of Iceland in the year 1000 were converted wholesale to Christianity, they stipulated that their right to expose their children should not be taken from them. It was a common sight then and for hundreds of years after to see children sold publicly into slavery. The traffic became organized, with middlemen who resold the children at a profit. And holy men went about purchasing such of these children as they could and setting them free.

In the twelfth century certain cities took note of what they interpreted as a tendency to overfertility and passed laws postponing marriage, forbidding the poverty-stricken to marry at all, and when this at once increased the number of abandoned children, the framers of the civic laws tried to make the nobles responsible for the support of exposed children in their fiefs.

WHILE the lawmakers' efforts were vainly toward lessening the birth rate, the church with its growing understanding of human nature was facing facts and beginning to establish asylums for babies in the larger of the medieval cities. Milan, Venice and Florence led the way. In the eleventh century the Pope initiated a new idea. He was moved, by the fact that fishermen in the Tiber constantly drew up dead babies in their nets, to dedicate a part of the Roman hospital to abandoned children. And in the thirteenth century, in the name of the Order of the Holy Ghost, a citizen of Nuremburg founded the first hospital in which without regard to creed or wedlock, women could bear their babies.

The city of Paris lagged behind the Italican cities and even behind her own provinces in attempts to care for the young. It was not until the sixteenth century that the church and the lords of Paris coöperated in drafting a scheme by which moneys were to be paid to three widows to provide and supervise an asylum for foundlings. The asylum was called the Cradle.

But there was no widespread humanitarian movement. From the time of Constantine to that of Louis XIII of France, Europe was torn by war, mainly of religious origin. Children were the least of the world's concern. Misery and disease inevitably accompanied the wars. And abortion, infanticide and exposure followed misery in an ever-rising wave.

During these long black years, however, the church and the law had been able to establish the ethical standard that Constantine had created. No one was so ignorant by the time of Louis XIII that he did not know that infanticide was wrong.

THE world was ready to enter the modern phase of the child's struggle. It must learn to look on the exposed child or the bastard not as unclean or as abhorrent, but must see no difference between the rights of the foundling and those of the child with parents.

No one shows so clearly this tremendous advance in the aims of the church as St. Vincent de Paul, the first great humanitarian. The story of this abbé of the Paris of Louis XIII is the story of the exposed child's promotion from the gutter to the foundling asylum. It is the story of a bitter struggle to wipe the stigma of ritual and legal uncleanliness from the exposed baby's name.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the third of a series of articles by Mrs. Morrow telling the story of the child's struggle for existence. The fourth will appear in the July Journal.

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	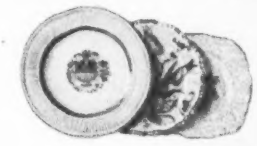
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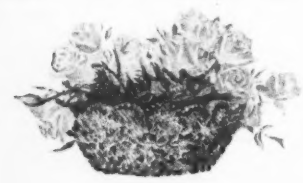	

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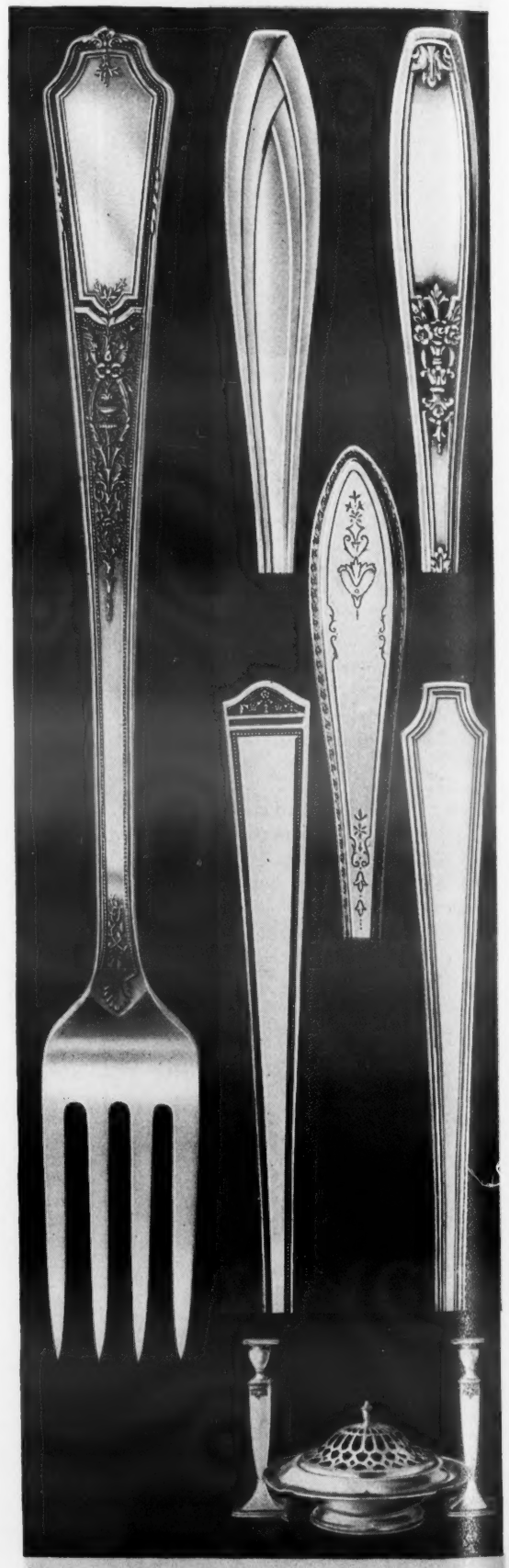

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SILVER PLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

The Hostess

Conducted by NANCY OAKLEY

PHOTOS. BY NICKOLAS MURAY

Summer dinner table with a charmingly modern note; shown here at the soup course to give contrasting effect of black-and-gold service plates and the brighter colors of cream soup design. Courtesy The American Chinaware Corporation. Black-stemmed glasses and candlesticks. Courtesy Morgantown Glass Works. Silver in the new Orchid pattern. Courtesy International Silver Company. Modern teakwood table and Galenga cloth of hand-embroidered Italian organdie. Courtesy Lord and Taylor, New York City.

JUNE has always been a month highly popular with poets, lovers and hostesses. Particularly in the last case—which is the only one that directly concerns us on this page—the reasons are quite obvious.

This first month of summer, with its almost unfailingly fine weather, sunshine and balmy air, literally doubles the average hostess' entertaining space by throwing open to her all outdoors. You can start a party with luncheon in your dining room, if you choose, progress to bridge on the veranda, and wind up delightfully with after-bridge refreshments in your garden—than which there can be no more effective setting for any social occasion. Or you can stage the whole affair in the open—a picnic lunch in the shade of some near-by woods on a hot day; afternoon tea down by the brook where a cool little fern dell prompts the thought of sharing its peaceful charm; or a motoring expedition to view some specially lovely gardens in your neighborhood, and home for tea in your own garden afterward.

Then for evening entertaining, piazzas, lawn and gardens all offer to the clever woman entrancing possibilities for unusual parties, where the cost is practically nil, yet by which the reputation of hostesses is firmly established.

For those of you who have seashore cottages, there are always the beach and the dunes for wonderfully plastic backgrounds. I have seen actual magic worked with such time-honored properties as a sandy beach, high tide, a driftwood fire with its rainbow-colored flames, and a shimmering path of gold on the sea under a gorgeous full moon.

BECAUSE June is preëminently the month of weddings is another reason for the lead it enjoys over all the other eleven in party-giving. Dances in homes and country clubs will be planned for the June bride this month; luncheons indoors and out; bridge teas; showers of many ingenious varieties, and dinners both formal and informal. And for all these occasions hostesses all over the country are worrying their charming heads to find new and interesting ideas for the entertainment of their guests.

COURTESY HAVILAND CHINA CO., INC.

Right-hand plate—Interesting Jungle design in Parisian Art Center china.

The vogue for black-and-white glass, which I referred to a few months ago, has been steadily growing in popularity, as well as in the undeniable charm of the new pieces makers of glassware are now putting on the market.

One of the most recent of these is shown in the illustration of a modern summer dinner table above. You will notice that a fine thread of black runs up through the crystal stem of each goblet and of the very original matching candlesticks, which resemble wine glasses with deep inside cups to hold the candles firmly in place.

These glasses are especially beautiful with the striking black-rimmed, gold-centered service plates with which the table is set; a warmly contrasting note of vivid color being achieved in the rest of the china used, which is in the Victoria pattern, showing touches of orange, red and green.

The tablecloth is of white Italian organdie embroidered by hand in a wide pattern that bands the table edges all around. By the way, though this particular Galenga cloth *is* expensive, the summer promises us a lovely new fad for domestic organdie cloths with drawnwork designs, which will be within the reach of most pocketbooks.

The centerpiece is a glass bowl with flattened edges, deepening from a white base through smoky gray to black. In this the pink-hearted yellow roses and pale orchid sweet peas are so exquisite they all but take your breath away. The candles are a warm orange, and this note, together with a touch or two of green, is carried out in the cream candies and tiny gumdrops in the tall silver compotes. The flat silver is the new, sophisticated but utterly charming pattern named by its makers, the Orchid.

If you happen to be one of those people who do not wax enthusiastic over black-and-white glass and china, an equally lovely substitute setting would be dark-blue-banded service plates with gold outer rims, dark blue glass goblets, a blue glass centerpiece with deeper pink roses and larkspur, and pink or white candles in low silver candlesticks. Blue is such a cool and satisfying color for summer entertaining. Try it and see!

There is always the very insistent question in a hostess' mind, after even the most informal of dinners—unless she has planned bridge or dancing to follow—as to how to keep her guests amused. You can't rely on them to furnish their own entertainment without direction.

Borrow the old charade idea and give it a decidedly modern adaptation. This is called Living Ads.

From a pile of old magazines cut a variety of full-page advertisements of fairly familiar products; lay these face down on a table and make each guest choose blindly. I forgot to add that all the chairs in the room are, of course, arranged in rows across one end and at least one-third of the floor space left bare for a stage. Curtains may be improvised, or the lights simply lowered to give the actors opportunity to walk on and off at the opening and closing of their acts.

Dressing rooms should be set aside, either upstairs or down as happens to be more convenient, for the impromptu actors; and a miscellaneous collection of clothing and aids to general make-up placed in each room. The hostess who has chosen the advertisements with an eye to their being reproduced in living pictures by her guests will, of course, have been careful to see that the proper wardrobes and accessories are provided.

Each guest in turn is responsible for the staging of his or her Living Ad, being allowed to recruit from the assembled company as many actors as the assignment calls for.

GUESSES are in order at the end of each picture as to the identity of the product or company represented, and first and second prizes awarded to the two having the greatest number of correct names on their list.

Everyone, in his heart, cherishes a profound belief in his own dramatic and stage-managing talents. Give your guests a chance to prove what they can do in these lines, and your party will thereupon take care of itself for the rest of the evening.

Instead of offering you our usual new booklet on the page this month, I want to call to your special attention a related group of six recently offered booklets, which were all planned with the idea of being helpful in your summer entertaining problems.

Although each was directly tied up with some particular suggestion or party, described in the month when it was originally announced, I definitely tried to arrange them, in subject matter and sequence, so they would form a small, convenient hostess' library for the coming summer months.

If you have not already secured all six, they are still available if you will write to The Hostess, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, inclosing a two-cent stamp for each booklet desired.

First, there are the three closely related booklets: Smart Table Settings for all Sorts of Occasions, Your Table in Color, and Ensemble Bridge Tables. You will find that they supplement one another very interestingly, offering brand-new suggestions of real charm for your table, your menus and your color harmonies which play such an important part today in the program of the experienced and successful hostess.

In the second group, which deals more directly with those novel and temptingly different dishes and beverages we all long to offer our guests when the bridge club meets at our house, or a group of friends drop in unexpectedly in the pleasant, casual fashion that belongs to summer, are: After-Bridge Surprises, Afternoon-Tea Accessories—which really belongs equally to the after-bridge category—and Color Touches in Your Party Menus.

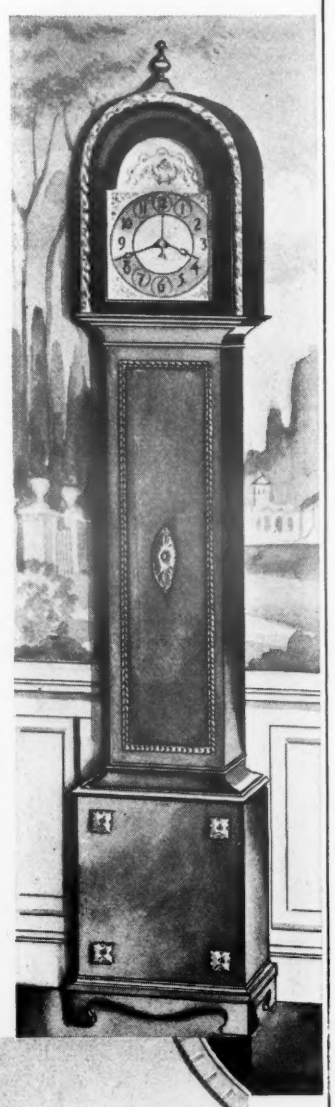
★

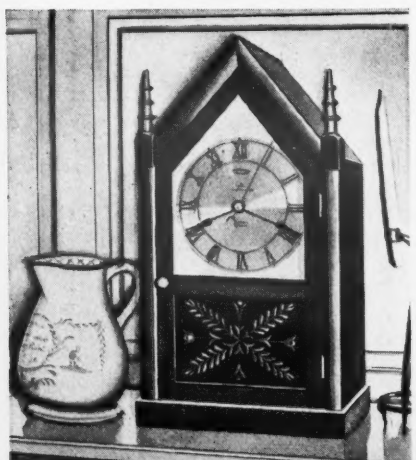
Distinguished chiming clocks that bring you the accuracy of Telechron electric time

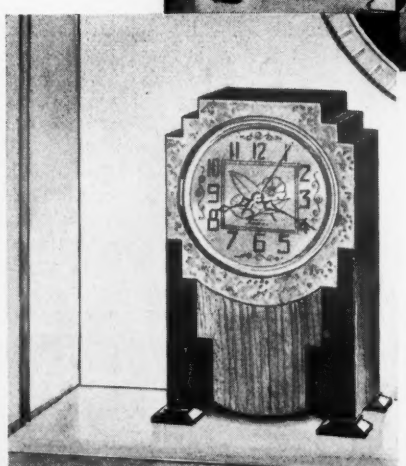
THERE'S PLEASURE in the possession of fine cabinetwork . . . delight in the music of mellow chimes . . . and efficiency in the assurance of accurate time. Revere offers you all three, in a series of distinguished clocks equipped with Telechron motors. ● Revere Clocks are designed by artists — wrought of rich woods by craftsmen. They may be had with Westminster, Canterbury or Whittington chimes — or with a ship's bell strike. In every one is a tiny, self-starting Telechron motor which takes alternating current from the electric outlet and translates it into time you can trust. The worry of winding and regulating is ended. Life moves on schedule and much more serenely! ● Three of the many Revere models are illustrated here. At the right is Plymouth, a Colonial design in Honduras mahogany. 69″ high, with Westminster chimes, it is priced at $125. Below, at left, is R-632, of the same period, in the same wood. It stands 18″ high and sells for $68 with Westminster chimes. Below, right, is R-628, a novel modern design in walnut, bird's-eye maple, ebony and zebra wood. It is 12½″ high and priced, with Westminster chimes, at $66. ● Write for our free booklet, "Observatory Time," which illustrates these clocks and many more, ranging in price from $40 to $1200.★

Revere Clock Company, 425 McMillan Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

★*The Warren Telechron Company, of Ashland, Mass., manufactures a full line of non-striking clocks at prices up to $55.*







Revere Clocks

with Telechron electric motors

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

The No-Wringer EASY Washer

Saves Labor

—beyond any wringer-type washer

Personal Safety. No exposed wringer rolls to menace busy mother or unwary child. EASY'S Damp-Dryer takes a whole tubful of clothes at one time and automatically whirls the water out of them in less than two minutes—without risk to operator or clothes.

Saves Washing and Drying Time as well as labor by doing two things at once *without attention.* You can be washing the second load while the first load is damp-dried. Eliminates hand-feeding into a wringer slowly, piece-by-piece.

Dryer Rinse. You can blue in EASY wash tub and rinse in Damp-Dryer. Washing, bluing and rinsing can be done in kitchen. Rinsing done without handling clothes until ready for line. Saves cost of extra tubs required by old style washers.

Rainy Day Convenience. Clothes are damp-dried evenly. No dripping hems when hung indoors. Damp-Dryer takes out *more* water. Clothes dry faster on the line. You can iron more quickly after washing, completing both operations same day.

Extra EASY Conveniences in addition to those illustrated

Automobile-type Pump handles all water for you. At a turn of lever, it empties all water for you when you are through washing.

Safety Switch guards against overloading. No blown fuses.

Vacuum Cups. Fast and yet the gentlest washing action known. The EASY vacuum cups wash by air pressure and suction.

* * *

In every way the no-wringer EASY comes nearer to eliminating all labor than any other washer.

Saves Mending Time and Labor. No torn clothes. No broken buttons. Ironing time and labor are also saved. No deep, squeezed-in creases. Many pieces need not be ironed at all. EASY is the only washer which saves labor beyond the actual washing.

Washes and Damp-Dries Everything. Easily handles all the bulky things which are so hard to put through a wringer. Blankets, comforters, even feather pillows (without removing feathers) are washed and damp-dried gently and quickly.

See the many EXTRA things the SAFE no-wringer EASY Washer *does for you*

Does safety for you and your children mean anything to you? Are you interested in cutting your washing time in half? Do you want to save mending time after each wash?

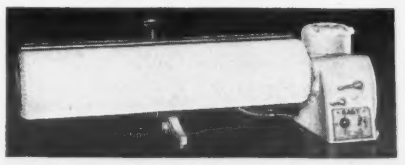
Then see this new no-wringer EASY Washer. See what an amazing improvement its centrifugal Damp-Dryer is over wringing. See how the water is whirled out of a tubful of clothes in less than two minutes. How you can wash and damp-dry at the same time.

You will be amazed at the many extra services the no-wringer EASY Washer renders, in addition to doing everything which any other washer can do. Even the water is emptied for you automatically by the no-wringer EASY. An automobile-type pump performs this back-breaking task for you. The EASY safety switch prevents overloading—saves blown fuses.

Free Trial

See a modern miracle in clothes washing. Have next week's washing done in your own home free. Your EASY dealer will bring a new EASY Washer to your home any day you say. He is listed in your telephone directory. Why not phone him today?

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK



Now you can iron this EASY *automatic way*

2 fingertip controls do everything on the 3 NEW

EASY IRONERS

EASY WASHERS & IRONERS

EASY Washers also supplied with 4-cycle gasoline motor for homes without electricity

Why Risk Typhoid?

20 times more dangerous than lightning!

© 1930 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

WHEN lightning flashes and thunder roars, timid folk are often frankly scared and even the most stout-hearted are awed. They can see the threatening danger against which they are helpless. Yet most of these very people ignore an unseen danger against which they can protect themselves. It is typhoid fever, and it costs twenty times more lives than lightning.

Typhoid kills one out of every ten attacked. Those who recover are left in such a weakened condition that for two or three years following an attack, the deathrate among them is twice the normal rate. Sometimes typhoid leaves after-effects from which the patient never recovers.

Most cases of typhoid are contracted by people away from home—touring, hiking, camping, traveling. The disease is caused by eating or drinking something contaminated by typhoid germs. Water that tastes delicious and looks crystal clear, or raw milk and uncooked foods may carry the disease. If you swallow enough typhoid germs and are not immunized, typhoid fever is almost certain to develop.

But you need never have typhoid fever. It is one of the few preventable diseases.

By means of three simple, painless inoculations—entirely safe and leaving no scar—your doctor can make you immune from typhoid fever for two or more years. The United States Government tests and approves all typhoid vaccine before it reaches physicians.

Before you start on your summer outings in the country, consult your physician as to the advisability of being inoculated. Make sure that typhoid will not claim any member of your family. Metropolitan will mail free its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever." Ask for Booklet 630-J.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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WHEN you receive notice that your subscription has expired renew it at once, using the blank inclosed in your final copy. Please sign your name exactly as it appears on your present address label.

A request for change of address must *reach us* at least 5 weeks before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect—6 weeks before, if you live on the Pacific Coast. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send this advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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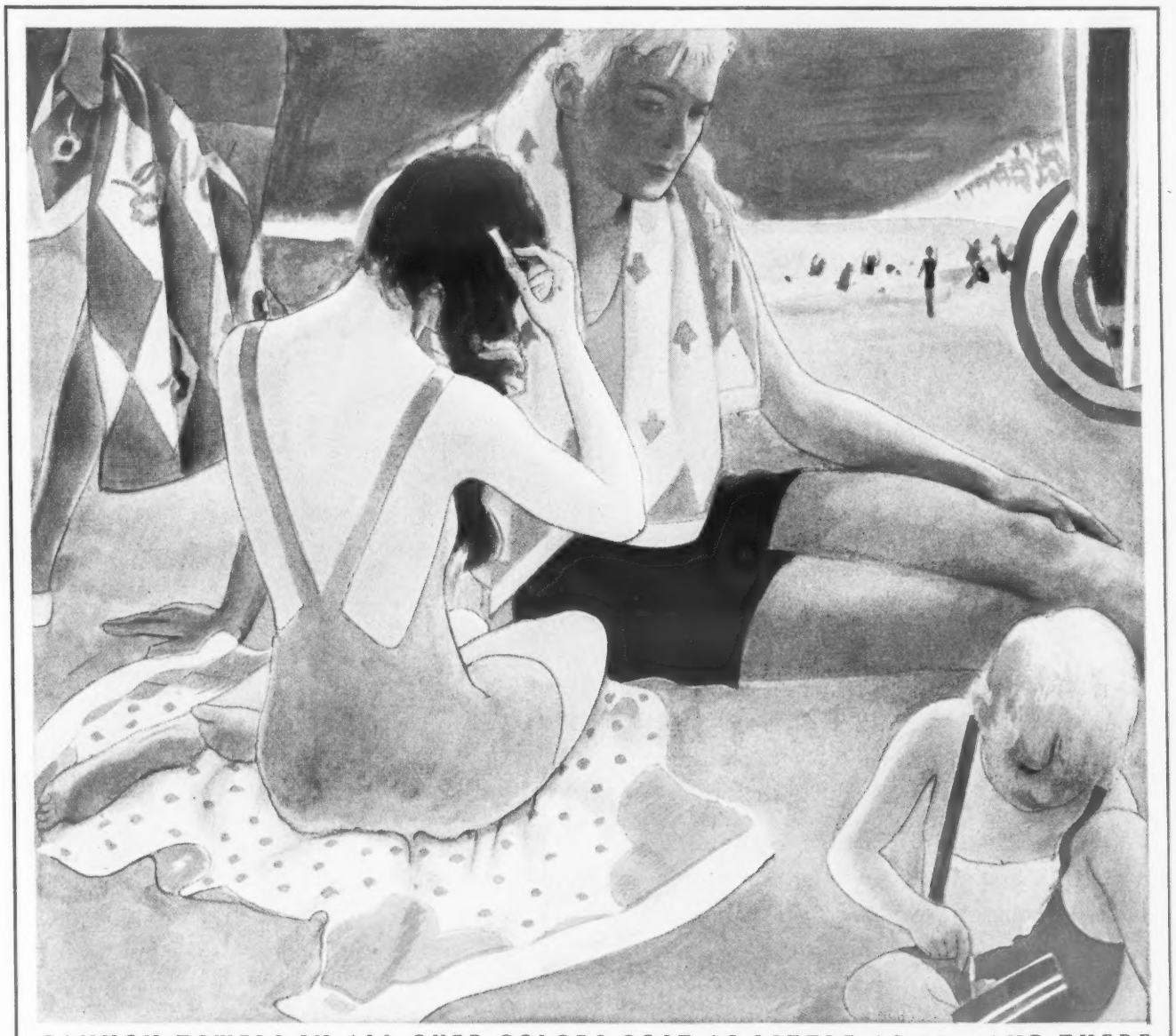


CANNON TOWELS IN ALL-OVER COLORS COST AS LITTLE AS 39c—AND THERE ARE OTHER STYLES TO SUIT ANY TASTE, AT PRICES FROM 25c TO $2.50.

Smiling through this summer's sun baths

▪ laughing at next winter's wash days

WHEN you go to the seashore this year you can take along lovelier, livelier towels that match your holiday mood . . . that classify you with the smartest people there, and anywhere. ▪ Cannon stylists have created towels that are new to the last thread. In soft tones of peach, jade, orchid, maize, rose and turquoise . . . all color . . . all terry . . . reversible . . . with matching wash cloths and bath mats. Full of original ideas and yours at very, very easy prices. ▪ Like others in the large Cannon family, these towels are made for work and wear. They dry the skin gently, thirstily, thrillingly. They stay fresh and young through sand scuffles and bathroom battles, for countless tomorrows. ▪ Long, strong fiber and close, even weave give Cannon towels a finer fabric. Experts can see and feel the difference. Any one can prove it by use. Hotels, clubs, hospitals and other large towel users—good housekeepers on a grand scale—buy more Cannon towels than all other kinds combined. So do most smart and thrifty women. Naturally this brings costs down and pushes quality up. You'll never pay too much for a towel that wears the Cannon label. ▪ At a quarter each or two-fifty—for baby, or daddy, or any one you know—there's always the very thing at the Cannon counter of your usual store. Exactly suiting the person, the purpose *and the purse*. Even the new reversible towels can be found for less than fifty cents each. . . . A good way to buy them is in the smart and practical ensemble sets, wrapped in Cellophane. A good time to do it is now—for chic and charm this vacation and for bathroom luxury the whole year 'round. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

▪

TO TEST ENDURANCE

A great hotel made its own careful test before buying. Typical towels of all the well-known brands were sewed together into a great sheet and laundered a hundred times. Cannon towels showed far less wear than any of the others. On the basis of this strenuous test and on the basis of evident quality—this hotel now uses Cannon towels exclusively. So do the great majority of all hotels, clubs, hospitals, railroads and steamship lines. So do most homes.

CANNON TOWELS

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET

▪ It illustrates in color the new reversible Cannon towels.

CANNON MILLS, Inc., 70 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Please send me your booklet on modern towels. This request places me under no obligation whatever.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____ *City*_____ *State*_____ LHJ-10

What have I done to deserve "pink tooth brush"?

WITH surprise and dismay, many a man still in his thirties, and many a woman younger than that, regards the tell-tale tinge of "pink" upon the tooth brush.

The brain brings up thoughts of pyorrhea, of gingivitis and kindred diseases . . . for gums that bleed, as any dentist will tell you, are often the first outward sign of ailments such as these!

This tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush, however, does not of necessity mean that serious trouble has come to you. *But it does mean that you must watch out. You must give your gums the care they need to keep them firm and healthy!*

* * *

The soft foods so much in use today have robbed our gums of exercise and stimulation. They grow soft and flabby. Frequently they bleed. But an efficient new technique—with Ipana Tooth Paste—quickly restores to the gums the stimulation they so urgently need, and keeps them in sturdy, robust health!

Simply brush your gums when and while you clean your teeth with Ipana. Or massage them with your fingers—lightly at first, then harder. You speed the lagging circulation. You give new life and vigor to the tiny cells. For Ipana contains ziratol, the hemostatic and antiseptic that dentists themselves use in treating gum disorders.

* * *

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-60
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

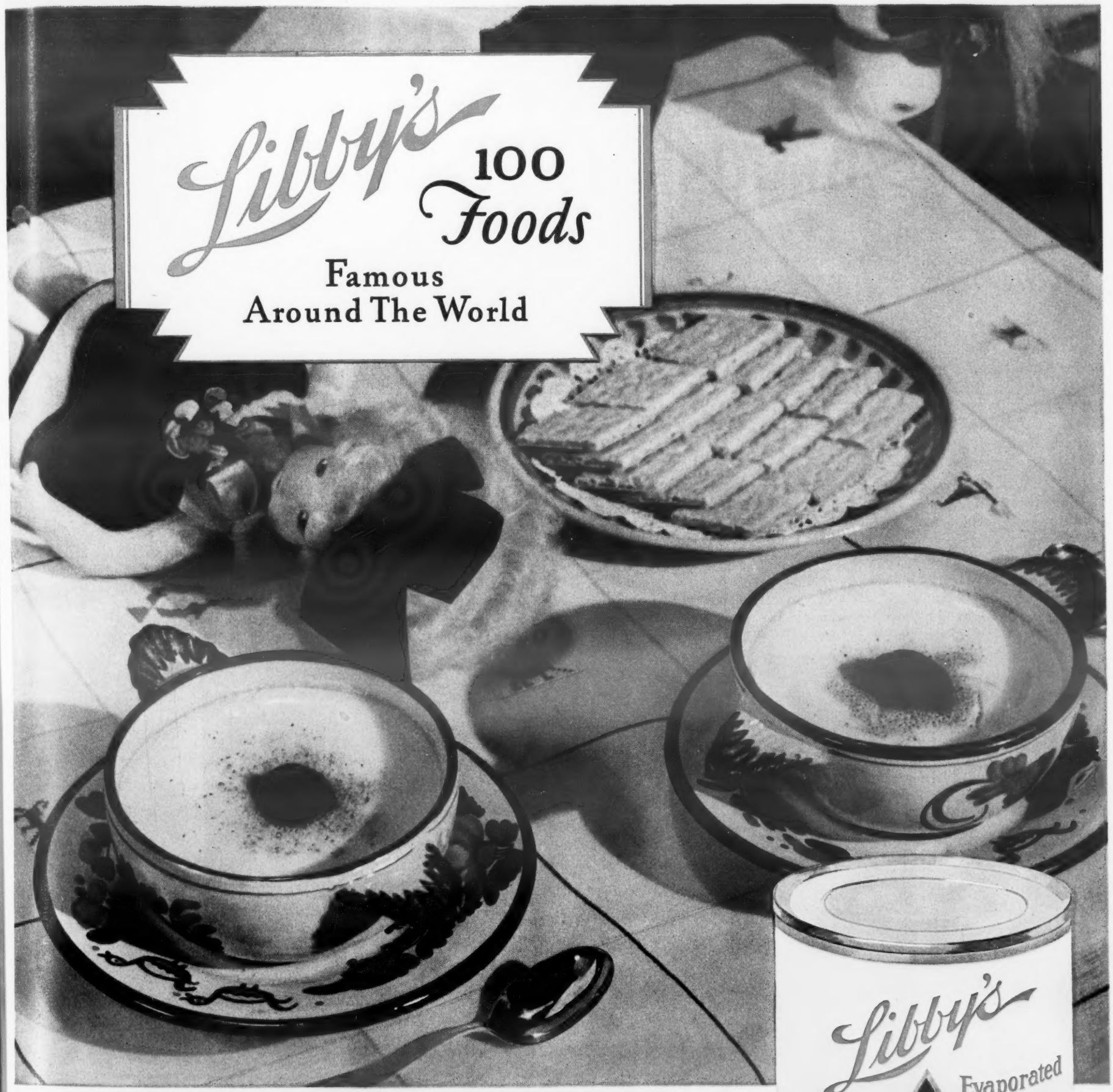
City.....*State*.....

And not only does Ipana keep your gums in sturdy health, but it makes teeth sparkling white. It has an unusually delightful taste. It gives an instant and refreshing sensation of cleanliness to the whole mouth!

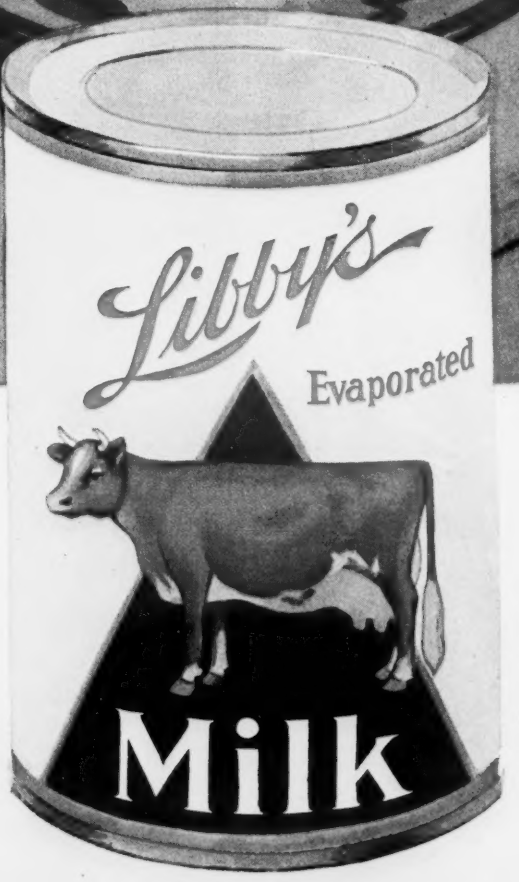
A good dentist and a good tooth paste are not luxuries

If Ipana does cost a few cents more, it's worth it. Its extra protection and its extra benefits are well worth this slight difference. Get a tube today at your nearest drug store. Tonight, start the full month's test! Your gums will be stronger and firmer; your teeth will be whiter and brighter than ever before!

IPANA *Tooth Paste*



Creamy baked custard, made with Libby's Evaporated Milk, is a healthfully delicious children's dessert



To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Evaporated Milk, Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon

Tune in on these programs!

Two Libby programs weekly, one morning and one evening, broadcast over WJZ and a coast-to-coast chain of associated N. B. C. stations.

A safe milk for your baby!

Libby's Evaporated Milk is especially adapted for INFANT FEEDING. It complies with all Pure Food and Health Regulations.

Something new in a recipe file: "What shall we have to eat today?"—72 tested recipes, from appetizers to desserts. Printed on cards, filed in indexed folders, prettily bound in kitchen blue. Extra cards, too, so you can file recipes of your own. And suggestive menus for every meal. To get file case and recipes, send 50c in stamps (60c in Canada), with your name and address plainly printed, to Mary Hale Martin, Dept. A-21, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ont., Canada. Write us for FREE recipe leaflet, "When It's Baby's Hungry Time."

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

Are your hands your maids-of-all-work?

Mine are – but I don't let them tell housecleaning tales!

The last time our bridge club met, Jane L— started talking about hands. *Her* hands—not bridge hands!

Jane is almost a brand-new bride, so she had to tell us all about her first housecleaning. "My woodwork's spotless," she sighed like a lovely martyr, "but look at my poor red hands! I feel like sitting on them to keep them out of sight."

Jane's not the only woman who talks that way after a housecleaning. I did, too, when I thought I *had* to use a strong soap. Of course, that's the trouble with most of us—we got the idea years ago that hard work needs a harsh soap!

Maybe your problem is like Jane's and mine. You're happy to be taking care of a home and a husband and children—but goodness, you still are a *woman*—you want to have nice-looking hands.

Then won't you try this plan? For a week or two do all your work—yes, even your Monday wash!—with the purest soap and the mildest soap that you know. (Of course, that's Ivory.) And then watch the improvement in your hands!

A cake of Ivory or a box of Ivory Flakes goes right beside every faucet in my house. In the bathroom Ivory is the first thing my baby reaches for. To her, it means the fun of her daily bath. To me, its gentle care of her marvelous skin proves its priceless purity and its value for my own complexion.

But in the kitchen or laundry Ivory does three things for me which no other *one* soap can do. Its rich mild suds clean just as thoroughly as Jane's yellow soap. But they *protect* while they *clean*—why, my painted woodwork and the linoleum and my colored clothes keep as bright looking as new. And—washing dishes or cleaning the bathroom or putting wool blankets through suds is nothing more to my hands than a gentle Ivory bath.

That's why Jane's eyes grew so round when I told her *I* had just finished housecleaning, too.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I always thought you must have a maid—you have such *nice* hands!"

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

Free: A little book on charm. "What kind of care for different complexions? For hands, for hair, for figures? Write for "On the Art of Being Charming." Address Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VJ-60, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.